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THE CORRESPONDENCE OF *GRAY, WALPOLE, WEST AND ASHTON*

(1734-1771)

Oxford University Press
London Edinburgh Glasgow New York
Toronto Melbourne Bombay
Humphrey Milford *M.A. Publisher to the University*

Emery Walker Ph. sc.

Thomas Gray

from the painting by Jonathan Richardson
in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge

THE

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

GRAY, WALPOLE, WEST AND ASHTON

(1734–1771)

INCLUDING MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED LETTERS

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

Chronologically arranged and edited with

Introduction, Notes, and Index

by

PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A. D.LITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

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VOL. I. 1734–1740

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

CAPTAIN SIR FRANCIS ERNEST WALLER

BART.

OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS

WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE

DURING THE GREAT WAR

ON ST. CRISPIN'S DAY, 25 OCTOBER 1914

THE 499TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

WHERE HIS ANCESTOR, SIR RICHARD WALLER

TOOK PRISONER

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

BY

THE EDITOR

'*Qui ante diem periit,*
Sed miles, sed pro patria.'

PREFACE

Of the 248 letters, constituting the Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton, contained in these volumes, 111 are now printed for the first time, namely eighty-nine by Gray, five by Walpole, nine by West, and eight by Ashton; and twenty-one are now first printed in full, namely fifteen by Gray, one by Walpole, one by West, and four by Ashton. Of the remaining 116, which have been reprinted from various sources, forty-nine were written by Gray, twenty-nine by Walpole, twenty-nine by West, and nine by Ashton; thus making a total of 153 letters by Gray, thirty-five by Walpole, thirty-nine by West, and twenty-one by Ashton[1].

The hitherto unpublished letters of Gray, Walpole, and West, it was my good fortune to find, in the course of my inquiries for Walpole letters[2], in the possession of the late Sir Francis E. Waller, Bart., of Woodcote, Warwick, who not only readily acceded to my request for permission to publish them, but further, with great generosity, placed at my disposal for a prolonged period, for the purposes of this work, the whole of his valuable

[1] See analysis at end of *List of Letters*, pp. lvi–vii. The nine unpublished letters of West are those mentioned by Walpole in his letter to Mason of 8 Dec. 1773. That so few of Walpole's early letters to Gray and West have been preserved is due to the fact that they were for the most part destroyed by the recipients—see Walpole's letter to Mason of 27 Nov. 1773.

[2] With a view to a supplement to the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of the *Letters of Horace Walpole*.

collection of Walpole correspondence and other papers preserved at Woodcote. This collection, it may be explained, came, as it were, by direct descent from Walpole himself to the late owner, having been bequeathed to the then head of the family, Sir Wathen Waller, the first Baronet, by Walpole's executrix and residuary legatee, Mrs. Damer (only child of Walpole's first cousin and life-long friend, Henry Seymour Conway, afterwards Field-Marshal Conway), who died in 1828.

The letters of Ashton now first published have been transcribed from MS. *Add.* 32,562 in the British Museum, which consists of copies of letters exchanged between Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton, made from the originals by Mitford in 1853, at which date they were in the possession of Lady Frankland Lewis, wife of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, Bart., of Harpton Court, Radnor[3]. The greater part of these letters, which are now for the first time given in their entirety, were printed from Mitford's MS. by the late Mr. D. C. Tovey, in his volume on *Gray and his Friends*, published by the Cambridge University Press in 1890. As Mr. Tovey's text proved on collation to be by no means free from inaccuracies[4], due partly to misreadings of Mitford's handwriting, which is not always easy to decipher, and partly to carelessness of transcription, a fresh transcript was made by me from Mitford's MS. for the purposes of the present work. Mr. Tovey was inclined to assume that Mitford's transcript was an exact

[3] See Letter 65, n. 6.

[4] These will be found registered in the notes to the letters in which they occur.

reproduction of the originals even to the minutest details[5]. This, however, proves not to be the case. Having, through the courtesy of Mr. Quaritch, had the opportunity of collating with the original one of the letters copied by Mitford, namely that written by Gray to Ashton from Paris on 29 May 1739[6], I found that the abbreviations which abound in Mitford's transcript, and which Mr. Tovey has conscientiously reproduced as characteristic of the writer of the letter, have no counterpart in the original, but were evidently introduced by Mitford merely for his own convenience as a labour-saving expedient. I have consequently felt justified in ignoring Mitford's abbreviations throughout.

In the case of previously printed letters, other than those mentioned above, of which the originals were not available, the text reproduced is that of the earliest editor; that is, as a rule, either Mason (in his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, published in 1775), or Miss Berry (in the *Works of Lord Orford*, published in 1798). A few individual letters, not included in those works, have been reprinted from other sources; namely Letter 16, from Mrs. Paget Toynbee's *Letters of Horace Walpole*; Letter 30, from Mitford's *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*; Letter 156, from the facsimile in Pinkerton's *Walpoliana*; and Letters 164 and 215, from Mitford's *Correspondence of Gray and Norton Nicholls*. Unfortunately, as my own experience has proved, it is impossible to feel any confidence as to the genuineness or completeness of the text of letters printed by Mason

[5] See *Gray and his Friends*, p. viii.
[6] Letter 92.

or by Miss Berry. Of Mason's editorial methods it is difficult to speak with moderation. Hardly a letter in the present collection passed through his hands without being garbled or 'faked'[7]. He altered dates, transferred passages from one letter to another, combined together letters of widely different dates, 'improved' the grammar and diction, and even went so far as to insert matter of his own—in short, he took the same liberties with these letters as, according to Mitford[8], he did with Gray's letters to Wharton and to Norton Nicholls, 'altering, abridging, and transposing the materials, according to his own judgment: so that there is scarcely a genuine letter by Gray in the whole of his volume.' Miss Berry, though she seldom tampered with the actual text, frequently suppressed passages, sometimes of considerable length and importance, without any indication of the fact[9].

In order to furnish as faithful a text as possible of the letters in the present work, I have thought it advisable, as first editor, to reproduce as far as practicable the spelling, punctuation, use of capitals, and other peculiarities of the originals, in conformity with the procedure of the late Mr. Tovey in his standard edition of the *Letters of Gray*, in all cases where I had the originals at my disposal. In other cases I have, as already stated, followed either a transcript or the earliest printed text, as being the nearest available approach to the original.

The task of determining the chronological sequence

[7] See, for instance, Letters 28, 37, 39, 43, 61, 71, 162, 163, 171, 179, 182.

[8] See his preface to the *Correspondence of Gray and Norton Nicholls*, p. viii.

[9] See, for instance, Letters 133, 154, 168, 231, 233.

Vol. i, page xi, note 10.

It appears from an entry in a MS. *Common Place Book* of Horace Walpole in the Collection of Earl Waldegrave at Chewton Priory, to which the Editor has had access since these volumes were printed off, that the epitaph on Ashton, here attributed to Gray (the MS. of it in the Waller Collection being in his handwriting), was written by Ashton himself about the year 1742.

1699 Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton
October 1915 *To face p. xi.*

of the letters has been one of considerable difficulty, owing to the fact that a large number of the unpublished letters, especially the earlier ones, are undated, or at any rate have no date of the year. The dates of the majority of these have eventually been determined with more or less certainty from internal evidence, or by the aid of such hints as were to be gleaned from addresses and postmarks, or from the character of the handwriting. In a few cases, however, the dates assigned are purely conjectural; consequently, so far as these are concerned, this first attempt at a chronological arrangement must be regarded as provisional.

The present volumes contain, in addition to the new letters, sundry hitherto unpublished poems and translations by Gray and West. Several of these have been preserved as detached pieces with the original letters in the Waller Collection, while others were enclosed in letters to Walpole. There are two pieces by Gray—the first of these, which, according to a pencil note by Walpole, was 'written when he was very young', is a translation (sixteen lines) from the *Thebaid* of Statius[10], and is probably Gray's earliest extant effort in verse; the other, which is his earliest extant original poem, is an epistle in verse addressed to Walpole from Cambridge in a letter dated 8 December 1734[11]. The unpublished pieces by West are ten in number. These consist of translations from the *Georgics*[12], and from

[10] See facsimile in vol. ii, opposite p. 299; and *Appendix* A. 1, where also will be found a hitherto unprinted epitaph on Ashton by Gray.

[11] See Letter 4.

[12] See *Appendix* B. 5. This is no doubt the translation enclosed in West's letter to Walpole of 23 Jan. 1740 (Letter 110).

Horace (*Odes* iii. 13)[13]; imitations from four French madrigals[14]; a Latin poem on the death of Queen Caroline[15]; two English poems, addressed to Walpole, one on Lady Walpole's Chelsea Grotto[16], the other on the view from the Thatched House at Richmond[17]; and the fragment (supposed to have been lost) of West's tragedy of *Pausanias*[18]. Besides these, there are copies, evidently made for Walpole, of two Latin poems[19], no doubt Eton exercises, which were printed anonymously in *Musæ Etonenses*, and which are now first identified, on Walpole's authority, as by West[20].

Summary notices of the four Correspondents represented in these volumes will be found in the Introduction, in which also are discussed certain disputed points in connexion with the biography of Gray.

The notes to the letters are derived from various sources. Those for which the Editor is responsible are unsigned, as are those by the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee on such of the letters of Horace Walpole edited by her as are included in the present work. All other notes are signed with the name of the editor to whom they are due, the name being enclosed within brackets when the substance only of a note is given.

A full Index is provided, together with a List of Letters, and a Chronological Table of the principal events recorded or referred to in the letters and notes.

[13] See Letter 32.
[14] See *Appendix* B. 6.
[15] See *Appendix* B. 4.
[16] See Letter 47.
[17] See Letter 82.
[18] See *Appendix* B. 7.
[19] See *Appendix* B. 1, 2.
[20] A complete list of such of West's poems and translations as have been preserved will be found in *Appendix* C.

I am indebted for assistance to numerous friends and correspondents, among whom I must mention in the first place my friend, Mr. F. G. Stokes, whose researches and acumen have contributed in no small degree to the elucidation of the many problems presented to a first editor by the unpublished letters. My acknowledgements are also due to the Vice-Provost of Eton (Mr. F. Warre Cornish), who has kindly furnished me with information respecting Eton contemporaries of Gray; to Lord Kilbracken; the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford (Dr. Magrath); the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford (Dr. C. H. Firth); the Quain Professor of English Literature at University College, London (Dr. W. P. Ker); Mr. P. E. Matheson, of New College; the Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum (Mr. G. F. Barwick); Mr. W. Barclay Squire, of the British Museum; Professor Edward Bensly, of Aberystwyth; Mr. A. H. Mann, of Cambridge; and to my brother, Mr. William Toynbee; also to the following, for information with regard to Cambridge matters, which is for the most part specifically acknowledged in the notes, viz. the Registrary of Cambridge University (Dr. J. N. Keynes); the Master of Peterhouse (Sir A. W. Ward); the Master of Pembroke (Mr. W. S. Hadley); Dr. T. A. Walker, Librarian of Peterhouse, and editor of the *Peterhouse Admission Book*; Mr. Ellis H. Minns, Librarian of Pembroke; and Rev. G. A. Schneider, Librarian of Caius. I am, further, indebted to Mr. S. C. Cockerell, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, for permission to reproduce the Richardson portrait of Gray

in his keeping ; to Mr. John Murray, for permission to reproduce his portrait of Gray by Benjamin Wilson ; and to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, for the loan of an original letter of Gray. Finally, I must express my acknowledgements to the Press readers, to whose vigilance I am indebted for the correction of sundry wrong references, as well as for the identification of certain others which had escaped my researches.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

FIVEWAYS, BURNHAM, BUCKS.
31 *October*, 1914.

*** The publication of this work, which was completed many months ago, was delayed by the outbreak of war, in the course of which the owner of the original letters now first printed, Captain Sir Francis Ernest Waller, Bart., of the Royal Fusiliers, was killed in action near Neuve-Chapelle, in France (25 October 1914). These volumes, the dedication of which had been accepted by him, are now inscribed to his memory.

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INTRODUCTION

§ 1. The 'Quadruple Alliance'.

The four friends, Thomas Gray, Horace Walpole, Richard West, and Thomas Ashton, whose Correspondence is contained in these volumes, formed at Eton what was known, at any rate in their own immediate circle, as the 'Quadruple Alliance'[1]. They were all much of an age. Gray was born on 26 December 1716; Walpole on 24 September 1717; West and Ashton were born in the same year as Gray, but the precise dates of their birth have not been recorded. Walpole was thus the youngest of the four; while, from the fact that he was the first to leave Eton for the University, it is probable that Ashton was the eldest.

§ 2. Their Pseudonyms.

Each member of the 'Quadruple Alliance' was distinguished among his intimates by a pseudonym. In the preliminary note preserved with the originals of Gray's early letters to Walpole, the latter writes: 'These first letters from Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole were written when they were both lads just removed from school to the University, where they and Mr.

[1] See Walpole to West, 9 Nov. 1735 (Letter 19), quoted below.

Ashton had assumed feigned names, and assigned others to their particular acquaintance, that they might correspond with the greater freedom'[2].

Gray, as appears from sundry of his early letters, was known as 'Orosmades' (or 'Orozmades'), an alteration apparently, either accidental or deliberate, of Oromasdes, the name of the principal Zoroastrian divinity. West, from a play upon his name, was called 'Favonius' or 'Zephyrus'[3] (the West wind). Walpole's designation, as we now first learn from hitherto unpublished letters of Gray and West in which he is so addressed, was 'Celadon', presumably after the amorous shepherd of that name in D'Urfé's pastoral romance of *Astrée*, or perhaps after the swain so called in Thomson's *Summer*. With regard to Ashton's pseudonym there is considerable uncertainty. West, writing from Oxford on 29 October 1735 to Walpole at Cambridge, says[4]: 'I must ask a few questions . . . Is Orosmades defunct? Does Almanzor exist? Is the divine Plato alive? What sort of a thing is Tydeus?' Walpole replies on 9 November[5]: 'Tydeus rose and set at Eton: he is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmades and Almanzor are just the same; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato improves every day; so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time, though I believe you will guess there is no quad-

[2] See below, p. xxxii.

[3] By Ashton he was often addressed as 'Zephyrille'.

[4] Letter 18.

[5] Letter 19.

ruple alliance: that was a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton.'

The four individuals here in question were obviously Eton friends of Walpole and West at Cambridge. Foremost among these were undoubtedly Gray and Ashton, as is evident from Walpole's reference in the note above quoted. 'Orosmades', as has been seen, was Gray. Ashton has usually been identified with 'Plato'; but it is more probable that he was 'Almanzor'[6]. The terms in which Walpole speaks of 'Plato' are hardly consistent with the intimate relations which are known to have subsisted between him and Ashton. Further, 'Plato' is only once mentioned by Gray (namely, in his letter to Walpole of 24 Dec. 1735)[7], and that only incidentally, in consequence of a reference by West to Walpole's mention of him. 'Almanzor', on the other hand, as appears from Gray's references to him, was intimate, as was Ashton, both with Walpole and with Gray. 'Almanzor' was at King's[8], as was Ashton; and was in residence before Walpole went up to Cambridge[9], as was Ashton. 'Almanzor', again, is mentioned next after 'Orosmades' by West in his list, and the two are coupled together by Walpole, as his two closest Eton friends at Cambridge, as Gray and Ashton undoubtedly were. All the available evidence, there-

[6] Almanzor was a character in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*. The name was perhaps bestowed upon Ashton (or whoever the individual in question was) in consequence of his having acted the part in a performance at Eton; just as Dodd, another Eton contemporary, for a similar reason was called 'Tamerlane' (see Letter 32, n. 10). For the identification of Ashton with 'Plato', see Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 2, 81 n.

[7] Letter 22.

[8] See Letters 2, 14.

[9] See Letters 2, 10, 14.

fore, points to the identification of Ashton with 'Almanzor'. The identity of 'Plato' and 'Tydeus' has not been established; nor has that of 'Puffendorf' and 'Prato', two other friends mentioned by West in his letter to Walpole of 21 June 1739 [10].

§ 3. Gray at Eton and Cambridge—His alleged early residence at Pembroke.

Gray, whose father is described as a 'money scrivener' or 'exchange broker', was born in Cornhill on 26 December 1716. In or about 1726 he was sent to Eton, where two of his mother's brothers, Robert and William Antrobus, were assistant masters. From Eton he went to Cambridge, where he was entered as a pensioner at Peterhouse (of which College his uncle, Robert Antrobus, was a Fellow) on 4 July 1734, and he began residence on 9 October following [11].

The persistent statement of recent biographers [12] that Gray went for a time first to Pembroke, pending his admission to Peterhouse, has no evidence to support it. In the Peterhouse Admission Book [13], in which the record of Gray's admission is printed in full, no mention is made of any migration from Pembroke; he is described simply as from Eton ('Thomas Gray Middlesexiensis in Scholâ publicâ Etonensi institutus'). Nor is there any record in the Pembroke Admission Book

[10] Letter 94.

[11] See *Peterhouse Admission Book*, ed. Dr. T. A. Walker, p. 267.

[12] See, for instance, Gosse's *Gray*, ed. 1909, p. 8; and Tovey's biography in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. x, p. 117.

[13] See note 11.

of his having been entered there, as alleged, in 1734 before his admission to Peterhouse[14]. Gray's early letters to Walpole, dating from April 1734, now first published in these volumes, are equally silent on the subject.

This legend as to Gray's early residence at Pembroke seems to have originated in a slip on the part of Mitford, the well-known editor of the works of Gray. Mason in his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, published in 1775, states[15] that Gray 'was educated at Eton School under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, who was at that time one of the assistant masters, and also a Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to which place Mr. Gray removed, and was there admitted a pensioner in the year 1734'. This account is repeated almost verbatim in the *Life of Gray* published in 1816 by Mitford[16], who in the succeeding paragraph says: 'When Gray removed to Peterhouse [i. e. from Eton] Horace Walpole went to King's College in the same University.' In the version of his *Life of Gray*, however, published twenty years later (in 1836)[17] Mitford, apparently by an oversight, made a material alteration in this account. He there states that Gray 'was educated at Eton under the protection of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, who was at that time assistant to D[r] George[18], and also

[14] Information kindly supplied by Mr. Ellis H. Minns, Librarian of Pembroke College.

[15] Page 3.

[16] Prefixed to the *Works of Thomas Gray*, vol. i, p. ii.

[17] Prefixed to the Aldine edition of the *Works of Gray*, vol. i, p. ii.

[18] William George, D.D., Head Master of Eton, afterwards Provost of King's, and Dean of Lincoln.

a Fellow of Pembroke College at Cambridge, where Gray was admitted as a pensioner in 1734'. Here we have the statement that Gray's uncle was a Fellow, not of Peterhouse (as he was in fact), but of Pembroke, and that Gray was admitted as a pensioner at the latter college. In view of this statement, the 'removal to Peterhouse' in the next sentence naturally acquires a wholly different significance, and implies a removal, not from Eton, as before, but from Pembroke, to Peterhouse. On the strength of this erroneous statement on the part of Mitford, Gray's alleged residence at Pembroke in 1734 has been accepted as a fact by subsequent biographers[19]; but, as has been shown above, it is unsupported by positive evidence of any description, and there is every reason to discredit it[20].

Gray, who was elected Cosin scholar at Peterhouse on 17 October 1734[21], and Hale scholar on 27 June of the following year[22], remained in residence at Cambridge until September 1738, when he left, without taking a degree, with the intention of studying law in London, where he proposed to join West in the Inner Temple[23]. This project, however, was abandoned in consequence of an invitation from Walpole to accompany him on a prolonged tour on the Continent.

[19] Not, however, by Leslie Stephen, who in his article on Gray in the *Dictionary of National Biography* ignores the alleged early residence at Pembroke.

[20] See 'Gray and Pembroke Hall: a Mistake of a Biographer', in *The Times*, 27 July 1914.

[21] See *Peterhouse Admission Book*, p. 267; and Letter 2.

[22] See *Peterhouse Admission Book*, p. 267.

[23] See Letter 79.

§ 4. Foreign Tour of Gray and Walpole.

Gray remained under his father's roof in Cornhill until 10 March 1739, when he and Walpole left London for Paris. Here they stayed until the end of May. From Paris they went, in company with Walpole's cousin, Henry Seymour Conway, to Rheims, where they made a stay of three months, for the purpose of learning French. Thence, by way of Geneva (where they parted from Conway) and Lyons, they travelled to Turin, over the Alps, and made for Florence, staying at Genoa, Parma, Piacenza, Modena, and Bologna *en route*. They reached Florence on 18 December 1739, where they remained for three months, 'chiefly for the sake of Mr. Horace Mann, the English Minister'[24], whose family was connected with that of Walpole. At the end of March 1740 they proceeded to Rome, in order to be present at the election of a new Pope in succession to Clement XII; 'but the Conclave continuing, and the heats coming on'[25], after an excursion to Naples, they returned at the beginning of July to Florence, where they stayed with Mann until April of the following year (1741), when they set out for the fair at Reggio. Here, in May, Gray and Walpole quarrelled and parted company, Gray 'going to Venice with Mr. Francis Whithed and Mr. John Chute, for the festival of the Ascension'[26], while Walpole remained at Reggio, where he 'fell ill of a kind of quinsy, and was given over for five hours,

[24] Walpole, in *Short Notes of my Life*.

[25] Walpole, *loc. cit.*

[26] Walpole, *loc. cit.*

escaping with great difficulty'[27]. Gray remained at Venice till the middle of July, when he started homewards alone. Travelling by Turin and Lyons, the same route that he and Walpole had taken on the outward journey, and revisiting by the way the Grande Chartreuse (on which occasion probably he wrote his famous Alcaic ode[28]), he arrived in London on 1 September 1741, after an absence from England of nearly two years and a half. Walpole, after recovering from his illness at Reggio, proceeded to Venice in company with the Earl of Lincoln, and his tutor, Joseph Spence, 'and after a month's stay there, returned with them by sea from Genoa, landing at Antibes'[29], and reaching London, by way of Paris, on 14 September, just a fortnight later than Gray.

§ 5. The Quarrel between Gray and Walpole—The part played by Ashton—Their Reconciliation.

The origin of the quarrel at Reggio between Gray and Walpole has been the subject of much speculation. The story recorded by Mitford[30] to the effect that the

[27] Walpole, *loc. cit.*

[28] 'Oh tu, severi relligio loci.'

[29] Walpole, *loc. cit.*

[30] See *Works of Gray*, ed. 1835, vol. ii, pp. 174–5, where, in a note to a letter in which Gray informs Wharton that he has been reconciled with Walpole, Mitford writes: 'I am now, by the kindness of a gentleman *, to whom I have been more than once obliged, enabled to lay before the public, the real cause of their separation, on the authority of the late Mr. Isaac Reed †; in whose hand writing, in Wakefield's Life of Gray, is the following note.

* This was probably Samuel Rogers—see Mitford's note at the end of Appendix D, in *Works of Gray*, ed. 1835, vol. i, p. cx.

† Isaac Reed (1742–1807), best known as editor of Shakespeare. He was an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole.

breach was occasioned by Gray's discovery that Walpole had opened a letter of his, may be dismissed without hesitation. If Walpole had been guilty of any such action, it is inconceivable that Gray could have ever renewed cordial and confidential relations with him, as was the case a few years after the quarrel.

No hint as to the cause of their difference is to be found in Gray's correspondence[31]. Walpole, on the other hand, when Mason was engaged upon his *Life of Gray*, not only wrote a full and frank statement to him privately, but also dictated a note which he desired Mason to insert in elucidation of his reference to the quarrel—a note which duly appeared (with a few trifling alterations) in the published work[32]. Walpole's statement, with the note in question, was contained in his letter to Mason of 2 March 1773:

"Mr. Roberts, of the Pell-office, who was likely to be well informed, told me at Mr. Deacon's, 19th April, 1799, that the quarrel between Gray and Walpole was occasioned by a suspicion Mr. Walpole entertained, that Mr. Gray had spoken ill of him, to some friends in England. To ascertain this, he clandestinely opened a letter, and resealed it, which Mr. Gray, with great propriety resented; there seems to have been but little cordiality afterwards between them."'

It will be noted that this story was told to Isaac Reed nearly sixty years after the occurrence of the incident it professes to explain, two years after the death of Walpole, and nearly thirty after the death of Gray. Reed's statement as to the nature of the relations between Gray and Walpole subsequent to their reconciliation is belied by the tone of their correspondence, to say nothing of the fact that Gray was a frequent visitor at Strawberry Hill.

[31] Not at any rate in the published correspondence. In the Preface to the third volume of Tovey's edition of the *Letters of Gray*, mention is made of 'an early correspondence of Gray's, which is said to throw light upon his difference with Walpole'; but this alleged correspondence has not been traced.

[32] Page 41.

'How shall I thank you for the kind manner in which you submit your papers to my correction[33]? But if you are friendly I must be just, I am so far from being dissatisfied, that I must beg leave to sharpen your pen, and in that light only, with regard to myself, would make any alterations in your text. I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a Prime Minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior; I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating. At the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part, had I had the sense to take advantage of it; he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider, till we became incompatible. After this confession, I fear you will think I fall far short of the justice I promised him, in the words which I should wish to have substituted to

33 Mason submitted to Horace Walpole for revision those parts of his *Life of Gray* in which Walpole's name was mentioned.

some of yours. If you think them inadequate to the state of the case, as I own they are, preserve this letter, and let some future Sir John Dalrymple[34] produce it to load my memory—but I own I do not desire that any ambiguity should aid his invention to forge an account for me. If you have no objection, I would propose your narrative should run thus, and contain no more, till a more proper time shall come for stating the truth, as I have related it to you. While I am living, it is not pleasant to read one's private quarrels discussed in magazines and newspapers.

In Section Second. "But I must here add in order to forewarn my readers of a disappointment that this correspondence (viz. during his travels) is defective towards the end, and includes no description either of Venice or its territory, the last places which Mr. Gray visited. This defect was occasioned by an unfortunate disagreement between him and Mr. Walpole, which arising from the great difference of temper between the pensive, curious philosophy of the former, and the gay and youthful inconsideration of the latter, occasioned their separation at Reggio."

Note to be added. "In justice to the memory of so respectable a friend, Mr. Walpole enjoins me to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel, confessing that more attention, complaisance and deference on his part to a warm friendship, and to a very superior understanding and judgment might have prevented a rupture, that gave much uneasiness to both, and a lasting concern to the survivor, though in the year 1744[35] a reconciliation was effected

[34] Sir John Dalrymple (1726–1810) had recently (1771) published three volumes of *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, which were severely criticized by Walpole.

[35] The reconciliation seems to have taken place, not in 1744, but in the following year (see below, n. 38).

between them by a lady[36], who wished well to them both."

This note I think will specify all that is necessary, and though humiliating to me, it is due to my friend, and a vindication I owe him.'

There is no reason to doubt that in this 'confession' of Walpole's we have the true story of the origin of the quarrel. It is not difficult to imagine how, in the circumstances as described by Walpole, the relations between him and Gray gradually became strained, until at last they reached the breaking point. The actual breach is supposed to have been precipitated through the agency of a third person, namely Ashton, who appears to have acted the part of mischief-maker by communicating to Walpole expressions reflecting upon the latter from a letter written to himself by Gray. Such, at least, seems the inference to be drawn from Gray's reference to Ashton, his contempt for whom he does not conceal, in his letter to Wharton describing the scene of the reconciliation between Walpole and himself[37]. In this letter, which was dated from Stoke on 16 November 1745[38], Gray writes :—

[36] This lady has not been identified.

[37] See Tovey's *Letters of Gray*, vol. i, p. 125 n.; and *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. x, p. 119. The overtures for the reconciliation came from Walpole—see Gray's letter to Chute quoted in next note.

[38] The letter is dated by Wharton '16 Nov. 1744 or 1745'. That the latter is the correct date is proved by Gray's letter to Chute of 12 October 1746 (the year of which is fixed by the date of Chute's return to England, viz. the end of September, 1746—see Walpole to Mann, 2 Oct. 1746), in which he says: 'I find, then, Mr. Walpole made mention of me to you; yes, we are together again. It is about a year, I believe, since he wrote to me to offer it, and there has been (particularly of late), in appearance, the same kindness and confidence almost as of old.'

'Here I am at Stoke, whither I came on Tuesday, & shall be again in town on Saturday. . . . You may be curious to know what has passed. I wrote a note the night I came, & immediately received a very civil answer. I went the following evening to see *the Party* (as Mrs. Foible says[39]), was somewhat abashed at his confidence: he came to meet me, kissed me on both sides with all the ease of one, who receives an acquaintance just come out of the country, squatted me into a fauteuil: began to talk of the town and this and that and t'other, and continued with little interruption for three hours, when I took my leave very indifferently pleased, but treated with wondrous good-breeding. I supped with him next night (as he desired). Ashton was there, whose formalities tickled me inwardly, for he, I found, was to be angry about the letter I had wrote him. However, in going home together our hackney-coach jumbled us into a sort of reconciliation; he hammered out somewhat like an excuse; and I received it very readily, because I cared not two pence, whether it were true or not. So we grew the best acquaintance imaginable, and I set with him on Sunday some hours alone, when he informed me of abundance of anecdotes much to my satisfaction, and in short opened (I really believe) his heart to me with that sincerity, that I found I had still less reason to have a good opinion of him, than (if possible) I ever had before. Next morning I breakfasted alone with Mr. W., when we had all the éclaircissement I ever expected, and I left him far better satisfied, than I had been hitherto. When I return, I shall see him again.'

[39] In Congreve's *Way of the World*, iii. 5.

§ 6. Gray in Residence at Cambridge—Publication of his Poems.

A few weeks after his return to England Gray lost his father (6 November 1741), and he seems in consequence to have reverted for a time to his original intention of making a profession of the law. With this end in view, in October of the following year, having in the meanwhile lost his friend Richard West (1 June 1742), who was to have been the companion of his studies, he returned to Cambridge, where he entered as a Fellow Commoner at Peterhouse, in order to qualify for the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. He took the degree two years later (1744), but his pursuit of the law went no further; and from this time forward, with a few brief intervals, until the day of his death, he lived more or less in studious retirement in College rooms at Cambridge.

In the summer of 1747 Gray, at Walpole's instance, allowed his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* to be published (anonymously) by Dodsley; and in the following year this and two other odes, viz. those *On the Spring* and *On the Death of a Favourite Cat*, were printed (also anonymously) in the second volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands*. The *Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard* was published (anonymously) by Gray, in order to forestall a pirated edition, in 1751, and was reprinted, together with the three odes already published, and the *Hymn to Adversity*, and the *Long Story*, in the volume of *Designs by Mr. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. Gray*, issued by Dodsley

in 1753. In 1757 Walpole printed, as the first productions of his press at Strawberry Hill, Gray's two Pindaric odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and the *Bard*. In December of the same year Gray's pre-eminence as the first poet of the day was recognized by the offer of the Poet Laureateship in succession to Colley Cibber, but the offer was refused. Gray published nothing more until 1768, in which year two editions of *Poems by Mr. Gray* were issued, one in London by Dodsley, the other in Glasgow by Foulis, the contents of the two being identical, and consisting of the poems already published, with the exception of the *Long Story*, together with three new ones, viz. the *Fatal Sisters*, the *Descent of Odin*, and the *Triumphs of Owen*. In this same year (1768) Gray was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and was also elected a Fellow of Pembroke, whither he had migrated from Peterhouse in 1756, in consequence of a disturbance in that College. In gratitude to the Duke of Grafton, to whom he owed his appointment as Professor, Gray composed the ode on the occasion of the Duke's installation as Chancellor of the University, the performance of which took place on 1 July of the following year (1769). This was Gray's last production—he died two years later, on 30 July 1771, of gout, in his rooms at Pembroke, and was buried in Stoke Poges churchyard, in the same vault in which he had laid his mother eighteen years before.

§ 7. The Newly Printed Letters of Gray—Walpole's Estimate of the Early Letters—Evidence of his intention to publish them.

The letters of Gray included in these volumes, as has already been stated in the Preface, are 153 in number, of which 103 are now first printed or first printed in full. The most attractive of the newly printed letters are undoubtedly those written to Walpole between 1734 and 1738, during Gray's early residence at Cambridge, not only on account of their intrinsic charm and vivacity, but as a revelation of Gray's strongly affectionate nature. These youthful letters are of especial interest, further, in that they throw quite a new light on the early relations between Gray and Walpole, which prove to have been of a far more intimate character than had hitherto been suspected.

Walpole's own appreciation of these letters is recorded in a note in his handwriting[40], written four or five years after Gray's death, on a slip of paper preserved with the originals :—

These first letters from Mr. Gray to Mr. Walpole were written when they were both lads just removed from school to the University, where they and Mr. Ashton had assumed feigned names, and assigned others to their particular acquaintance, that they might correspond with the greater freedom. This puerility,

[40] See facsimile, opposite p. xxxiii. This note must have been written in or after 1775, the year in which Mason published his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, as is evident from Walpole's reference to that work.

These first letters from Mr Gray to Mr Walpole were written when they were both Lads just removed from School to the University, where they & Mr Ashton had assumed feigned names, & assigned others to their particular acquaintance, that they might correspond with the greater freedom. This puerility, excusable at their ages of Eighteen and Seventeen, would have been ridiculous at a riper age, they soon laid it aside. Consequently when Mr W. entrusted these Letters to Mr Mason that he might select such as were proper for publication, all those childish distinctions were struck out, & Mr Mason made a very judicious selection for the Press. Mr W. notwithstanding was too partial to those early blossoms of his friends Wit, genius & humour, that he ever determined to destroy them — yet as they are too trifling for the public Eye, he begs his Executor to burn them after reading, or at least after he has transcribed such as would be no reflection on the taste & good sense of the Writer.

H.W.

excusable at the ages of eighteen and seventeen[41], would have been ridiculous at a riper age, and they soon laid it aside. Consequently when Mr. W. entrusted these letters to Mr. Mason that he might select such as were proper for publication, all those childish distinctions were struck out, and Mr. Mason made a very judicious selection[42] for the Press. Mr. W. notwithstanding was so partial to those early blossoms of his friend's wit, genius and humour, that he could not determine to destroy them—yet as they are too trifling for the public eye, he begs his executor to burn them after reading, or at least after having transcribed such as would be no reflection on the taste and good sense of the writer.

H. W.

In spite of the approval expressed by Walpole in this note of Mason's, 'judicious selection' from the letters, and notwithstanding the directions to his executor as to their ultimate destruction, it is evident from the care with which he has 'edited', and in some cases annotated, the originals that he himself contemplated the eventual publication of the whole collection. In many of the letters the initial address[43] has been cut out with scissors, the missing text on the reverse side

[41] Gray having been born in 1716 and Walpole in 1717, this gives the year 1734 as the date of the beginning of the correspondence. Gray's first letter was in fact written (so far as can be ascertained) in April of that year.

[42] Mason did not 'select' more than half a dozen of the early letters out of a total of thirty-eight. His hideous scrawl disfigures some of the later letters; fortunately he spared the earlier ones.

[43] No doubt in these cases Gray had addressed Walpole by his 'feigned name' of 'Celadon' (see above, § 2), which Walpole, who throughout his life was haunted by the dread of ridicule, was anxious to suppress lest it should expose him to the banter of his acquaintance.

being replaced by Walpole in pencil; in others, portions of the letter itself have been cut away; while in others, again, sentences have been scored through, and words have been erased and altered[44].

That none of these early letters was included by Miss Berry in the selection from the correspondence of Gray and Walpole which she published shortly after the death of the latter[45], was doubtless due to the fact that, in her view, they were too trivial to rank with those 'perfect models of correctly-elegant epistolary style', as she describes the letters of Gray's maturer years.

§ 8. Horace Walpole—Early Years.

Horace Walpole, fourth and youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, was born in Arlington Street on 24 September 1717, four years before his father became Prime Minister. After a brief period with a tutor in Kent, on 26 April 1727, when he was not yet ten, he was sent to Eton, where he remained for seven years, until 23 September 1734. His principal friends at

[44] With the exception of an isolated word here and there it has been possible, with patience, to decipher the whole of the passages scored through by Walpole, owing to the fact that the ink used for deletion is of a slightly different shade from that of the original handwriting. It might not unnaturally be assumed that these suppressed words and passages were unfit for publication. But in no single instance did this prove to be the case; they were evidently struck out because they might possibly have exposed Walpole to a little mild 'chaff'! A typical instance occurs in Letter 8, where in the following sentence the last seven words (here italicized) have been carefully crossed out: 'pray d'ye design to go [to the masquerade] as a Judge, or a Devil; or undisguised: *or as an Angel in propriâ Personâ.*'

[45] In vol. v of the *Works of Lord Orford*, issued in 1798.

Eton, besides Gray, West, and Ashton, were his cousins, Francis and Henry Seymour Conway (afterwards respectively Marquis of Hertford, and Field-Marshal Conway), Charles Lyttelton (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), George Selwyn, and George Montagu, with all of whom he maintained more or less intimate relations in after life. From Eton he went on 11 March 1735 to King's College, Cambridge, his father's College. He records[46] that he 'continued at Cambridge, though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738', but 'did not leave it in form' till the spring of 1739. His only recorded achievement at the University was the contribution of a Latin poem to the Cambridge *Gratulatio*, to which Gray and Ashton also contributed, on the occasion of the marriage (27 April 1736) of Frederick, Prince of Wales. He left Cambridge without taking a degree. Some years before, while he was yet at Eton (27 May 1731), Sir Robert Walpole had entered him at Lincoln's Inn, intending him for the law, but he 'never went thither, not caring for the profession'. On 20 August 1737 he lost his mother, to whom he had been devotedly attached. Shortly after, Sir Robert appointed him Inspector of Imports and Exports at the Custom House, an appointment which he resigned a few months later on receiving (29 January 1738) the place of Usher of the Exchequer, to which, as soon as he came of age, were added 'two other little patent-places in the Exchequer'. He was thus provided for life with a comfortable income of

[46] In *Short Notes of my Life.*

well over £1,000 a year from these sinecures alone[47]. Being now independent, and desirous of seeing the world, on leaving Cambridge, with Sir Robert Walpole's sanction, he invited Gray to be the companion of his travels, and on 10 March 1739 they left England on the continental tour of which mention has already been made[48].

§ 9. Walpole in Parliament—Intercourse with Gray—Strawberry Hill.

Walpole returned to England in September 1741, having during his absence (in the previous May) been elected M.P. for Callington. In February 1742 Sir Robert Walpole resigned office, and was created Earl of Orford; in the following March Walpole made his first speech in the House of Commons, in opposition to the motion for a Secret Committee on his father. Meanwhile Lord Orford left the official residence in Downing Street, where he had resided since September 1735, and moved to a house in Arlington Street, which,

[47] See his *Account of my Conduct relative to the Places I hold under Government*, in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii, p. 364.

[48] See above, § 4. Mason states that Walpole's motive for going abroad was a disinclination 'to enter so early into the business of Parliament', to which Sir Robert Walpole had now destined him. There is reason to believe, however, that his desire for a prolonged absence from England at this time was not unconnected with the love affair hinted at in Gray's letter of 23 February 1738 (Letter 76). In a letter to Ashton written by Walpole from Rome on 28 May 1740 (Letter 120), more than a year after he left home, in which he discusses the question of his return, there is a significant sentence—'I know the causes that drove me out of England, and I don't know that they are remedied'—which suggests something more than a mere distaste for political life.

on his death in March 1745, he bequeathed to Walpole, together with '£5,000 in money, and £1,000 a year from the Collector's place in the Custom House[49]'. In November of this same year the intercourse between Gray and Walpole, which had been interrupted since their quarrel at Reggio in May 1741, was resumed on Walpole's invitation, and their former friendly relations were re-established[50]. In May 1747, in which year he became a Fellow of the Royal Society and was re-elected M.P. for Callington, Walpole took the house at Strawberry Hill, which thenceforth became the centre of his various activities, social, literary, and artistic. Here Gray was a frequent guest, his first visit being paid within a few months of Walpole's installation[51], and here as seems probable about this same time were painted the well-known portraits of him and his host by Eckhardt[52]. In the winter of 1749 Walpole was attacked by a couple of highwaymen in Hyde Park, and narrowly escaped being shot, a ball passing through the top of his coach within an inch of his head—an accident which evoked a lively expression of concern on the part of Gray[53]. At the general election of 1754 he was elected M.P. for Castle Rising, but vacated the seat in February 1757, in order to stand for King's Lynn, which he represented (being re-elected in 1761) until his retirement from Parliament in 1768.

[49] See *Short Notes of my Life*. From Walpole's *Account* quoted above (in n. 47) it appears that of the legacy of £5,000 he 'never received but £1,000 and none of the interest'. . .

[50] See above, § 5.

[51] See Letters 165, 166.

[52] See Frontispiece to vol. ii and Plate opposite p. 69, vol. ii.

[53] See Letter 169.

§ 10. The Strawberry Hill Press—Walpole's Literary Works—His Indebtedness to Gray—Visits to Paris—Death of Gray.

On 25 June 1757 Walpole erected a private printing-press at Strawberry Hill[54], the first-fruits of which, as already stated[55], were Gray's two odes, the *Progress of Poesy* and the *Bard*, which were published by Dodsley in the following August. In the next year Walpole printed his own *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, which was followed in 1762 by the first two volumes of his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*. The third volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, together with a *Catalogue of Engravers in England*, was printed in 1764, and in the same year he printed, for the first time, an edition, with notes, of the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. In this year, too, was published anonymously (so far as the public was concerned, though Gray was in the secret[56]) his 'Gothic romance', the *Castle of Otranto*, the authorship of which was avowed in a second edition a few months later. In September 1765, being disgusted with the state of affairs at home, Walpole left England on a visit to Paris, where he remained until the following April. It was on the occasion of this visit, during which he was laid up for six weeks by a very violent attack of gout[57], that he first made the acquaintance of Madame du Deffand,

[54] Among the Walpole MSS. in the Waller Collection is an unpublished *Journal of the Printing-Office at Strawberry Hill*, which by the courtesy of the late Sir Francis Waller has been utilized in the present work.

[55] See above, § 6.

[56] See Letter 231, n. 3.

[57] See Letter 233.

of whom he wrote an entertaining account to Gray[58]. This acquaintance, which rapidly ripened into a warm friendship, was the prime motive of the subsequent visits which Walpole paid to the French capital every two or three years until they were brought to an end by the outbreak of war between France and England in 1778. His famous pretended Letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau, which gained him a great reputation in Paris, was written at this time. In 1767 he paid a second visit to Paris, and at the beginning of the next year he published his *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*, a work which involved him in considerable controversy, and which, with the exception of his tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, written and printed this year, but not published until 1781, was his last publication of importance.

In the composition of his 'learned' works Walpole was largely indebted for advice and assistance to Gray, who not only made copious extracts for him from MSS. and early printed books in the Cambridge libraries and at the British Museum, but also supplied him with many of his notes, and, in some cases, with valuable original matter as the result of his own researches[59].

[58] See Letter 235.

[59] The notes to Walpole's edition of the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, for instance, were supplied almost entirely by Gray (see Letters 222, 223); for his contributions to the *Anecdotes of Painting*, see Letters 215, 216, 238, 240; for the *Historic Doubts on Richard the Third*, see Letters 237, 238, 240–3, 246. Walpole was ready and anxious to make public acknowledgement of the assistance thus received, but save on one occasion (see Letter 215, n. 78) refrained from doing so by Gray's express desire (see Letter 223).

Gray's last letter to Walpole, written in daily expectation of an attack of gout, is dated from Cambridge on 17 September 1770. The news of his death, which took place in the following summer (30 July), reached Walpole in Paris. The announcement came as a great shock.

'I was struck in a most sensible manner', he writes to Conway on the day (11 August) he received the news; 'when I saw in the newspapers that Gray is dead! So very ancient an intimacy, and, I suppose, the natural reflection to self on losing a person but a year older, made me absolutely start in my chair. It seemed more a corporal than a mental blow; and yet I am exceedingly concerned for him, and everybody must be so for the loss of such a genius. He called on me but two or three days before I came hither[60]; he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his stomach—but I expected his death no more than my own—and yet the same death will probably be mine[61].'

Walpole, in spite of the gout, to which he ultimately succumbed, was destined to survive for many years yet. He paid a last visit to Paris in 1775, in which year Ashton died, with whom he had broken five-and-twenty years before[62]. In 1780 he lost his old friend Madame du Deffand. In 1791, on the death of his nephew, he succeeded to the Earldom of Orford. Conway, who was his junior by four years, died in 1795. Walpole followed on 2 March 1797, in his eightieth year, the

[60] Walpole left England on 7 July, so that he saw Gray for the last time within a month of his death.

[61] See also his letter to Cole of 12 Aug.

[62] See below, § 12.

last survivor, by nearly a quarter of a century, of the 'Quadruple Alliance'.

§ 11. Richard West.

Richard West, the 'Favonius' of the 'Quadruple Alliance'[63], who on his mother's side was a grandson of Bishop Burnet, was the only son of Richard West, an eminent lawyer, who became Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was born in 1716, and was sent to Eton probably in 1726, the year in which his father died. He was a delicate youth. Cole, who had been intimate with him at Eton, describes him as 'tall and slim, of a pale and meagre look and complexion, and promised not half what he performed[64]'. Unlike the other three members of the 'Quadruple Alliance', West went from Eton to Oxford, where he matriculated, as a commoner, at Christ Church on 22 May 1735. Both he and Gray, on leaving Eton, had the reputation of being good classical scholars; and at this time, according to Mason[65], West was reckoned the more brilliant genius of the two. That he had an undoubted poetical gift is testified by the remains which have been preserved by the piety of his friends[66]. His academical career was undistinguished,

[63] See above, § 2.

[64] MS. note quoted by Mitford (in *Works of Gray*, vol. i, p. cv).

[65] See his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 3–4.

[66] A few years after West's death Walpole suggested to Gray the publication of a volume of his own and West's poems. Gray drew up a list of such of West's pieces as he had in his possession and sent it to Walpole (see Letter 162), but the proposed collection never saw the light. West's most important poem, the *Monody on Queen Caroline*, was at Walpole's instance included by Dodsley in his *Collection of Poems* published in 1748. Several pieces not mentioned by Gray, which had been

and he came away from Oxford, after a residence of three years, without taking a degree. He had early been destined for his father's profession of the bar, and to this end he had been admitted at the Inner Temple in 1733. On quitting the University (April, 1738) he settled in the Temple, where it was intended that Gray should join him; but this arrangement was upset by Gray's continental tour with Walpole. The law, however, had little attraction for West—he had no ambition to sit upon a bench, he writes to Gray[67]—and before the return of the latter he had left the Temple, and turned his thoughts to the army[68]. Meanwhile the state of his health, which had caused his friends much anxiety, was becoming rapidly worse. Gray had found him weak and dispirited, and before long, in the spring of 1742, he began to complain of a racking cough, which sapped his strength and robbed him of his sleep[69]. He had by this time removed to a country house near Hatfield, where the end came shortly after (1 June 1742), so suddenly that both Gray and Ashton wrote to him after he had been dead some days[70]. Gray, who first learned of West's death through reading in a newspaper some

preserved by Walpole, including the fragment of West's tragedy of *Pausanias*, are printed for the first time in the present volumes. A complete list of West's pieces, so far as they are known, is given in *Appendix* C.

[67] See Letter 121.

[68] See Letter 137.

[69] See Letter 142, in which he characteristically encloses a Latin poem on his cough.

[70] There is reason to believe that his disorder, which was of a consumptive nature, was aggravated by the discovery that his mother had been guilty of a criminal intrigue with his father's secretary, and, according to one story, of a darker crime still (see Letter 114, n. 4).

lines to his memory by Ashton[71], had enclosed in his letter, which was returned to him unopened, his *Ode on the Spring*[72]. He gave expression to his own grief in the well-known sonnet *On the Death of Richard West*, written in the following August, and in some lines[73] in the fragmentary fourth book of his Latin poem *De Principiis Cogitandi*, which was dedicated to West.

§ 12. Thomas Ashton.

Ashton, who is almost certainly to be identified with 'Almanzor'—the 'long ungainly mortal of King's', of Gray's letter to Walpole of 27 January 1735[74]—was the son of a schoolmaster at Lancaster. He was born in 1716, the same year as Gray and West, and entered Eton about the same time, but was apparently somewhat their senior. From Eton he was elected to King's College, Cambridge, in 1733, and was admitted scholar on 11 August of the following year. In 1737, through the good offices of Walpole, whose friendship, as the son of the Prime Minister, he seems to have assiduously cultivated, both at Eton and King's, he was appointed tutor to the youthful Earl of Plymouth, an appointment which he held for several years. In 1738 he took the degree of B.A., and was elected to a fellowship at King's. In 1742, having in the meanwhile taken his M.A. degree (1742) and been ordained (1740), he was, again by

[71] These lines, which were sent by Walpole to Mann, are printed in Mrs. Toynbee's *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. i, p. 248.

[72] See Letters 153 and 157, n. 4.

[73] These appear to have been written some years later; they were enclosed by Gray in a letter to Walpole in 1747 (see Letter 162).

[74] Letter 11—see above, § 2.

Walpole's influence, nominated to the Crown living of Aldingham in Lancashire[75]. In 1745 he was elected Fellow of Eton, which also, according to Cole, he owed to Walpole. Four years later he was presented to the rectory of Sturminster Marshall, in Dorsetshire, which in 1752 he exchanged for that of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. In 1759 he took the degree of D.D. at Cambridge. In the following year he married a Miss Amyand. In January 1762 he preached before the House of Commons, and in May of the same year he was elected to the preachership at Lincoln's Inn, which he resigned after a tenure of two years. In 1770 he published a volume of *Sermons on Several Occasions*, to which was prefixed an engraving of his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds[76]. He died at Bath on 1 March 1775, having had a paralytic stroke several years before.

Ashton is the least attractive of the four Eton friends, his personality as revealed in his letters being hardly a pleasing one. The part he played in the quarrel between Gray and Walpole in 1741, which estranged him from Gray, has already been mentioned[77]. Not many years later he became estranged from Walpole also[78], with whom he had lived for a time after the return of the latter from abroad[79]. A final rupture between them took place in 1750. The immediate cause was the publication by Ashton in that year of a book[80] in which

[75] See Letters 144, n. 4, and 153, n. 3.

[76] See Plate in vol. ii, opposite p. 102. He had also been painted by Eckhardt (see n. 82, below), and, no doubt as a popular preacher, by Gainsborough.

[77] See above, § 5.

[78] See Letter 167.

[79] See Letter 144, n. 4.

[80] See Letter 170, n. 3.

he attacked Walpole's friend, Dr. Conyers Middleton. In a letter to Mann shortly after (25 July 1750) Walpole wrote :—

'I believe you have often heard me mention a Mr. Ashton, a clergyman, who, in one word, has great preferments, and owes everything upon earth to me. I have long had reason to complain of his behaviour ; in short, my father is dead, and I can make no bishops. He has at last quite thrown off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton, taking for his motto these lines :

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum[81].

I have forbid him my house, and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture[82] :

Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
Quid vacat, et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum[83].

[81] Horace, 1 *Epist.* i. 14, 11.

[82] This was doubtless the portrait of Ashton by Eckhardt, which hung in Walpole's bed-chamber at Strawberry Hill (see *Description of Strawberry Hill*, in *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii, p. 452).

[83] In a subsequent letter to Mann (22 Dec. 1750) Walpole adds: 'I have given you scraps of Ashton's history. To perfect his ingratitude, he has struck up an intimacy with my second brother, and done his utmost to make a new quarrel between us, on the merit of having broke with me on the affair of Dr. Middleton.'

LIST OF LETTERS

1734

1* Gray to Walpole. [April 16, 1734].
2* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Oct. 31, 1734].
3* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge] 23rd Sunday after Trinity [Nov. 17, 1734].
4* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Dec. 8, 1734].
5* Gray to Walpole. From St. Peter's Charnel-house. [Dec. 1734].

1735

6* Gray to Walpole. [Jan. 6, 1735].
7* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge] Jan. 12 [1735].
8* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Jan. 14, 1735].
9* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge] Sunday, Jan. 21 [19] [1735].
10* Gray to Walpole. Tuesday, Jan. 21 [1735], P: C:
11* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Jan. 27, 1735].
12* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Feb. 4, 1735].
13* Gray to Walpole. Feb. 25 [1735], Pet: Col:
14* Gray to Walpole. March 5 [1735], Cambridge.
15* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge] July 3 [1735].
16 Walpole to Gray. Cambridge, 1735.
17 Ashton to West. [Cambridge, Oct. 1735].
18* West to Walpole. Ch. Ch. Oct. 29, 1735.
19 Walpole to West. King's College, Nov. 9, 1735.
20 West to Gray. Christ Church, Nov. 14, 1735.
21 Gray to West. [Dec. 1735].
22* Gray to Walpole. Dec. 24 [1735], Peter-house.

1736

23* Gray to Walpole. Jan. 3 [1736], London.
24* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Jan. 16, 1736].

* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

25‡ Ashton to West. [Cambridge], Jan. 29 [1736].
26§ Ashton to West. March 4 [1736], King's.
27* Gray to Walpole. March 11 [1736], Cambridge.
28† Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, March 28, 1736].
29‡ Ashton to West. [Cambridge], April 11 [1736].
30 Gray to West. Cantabr. May 8, 1736.
31 West to Gray. Christ Church, May 24, 1736.
32* West to Walpole. Christ Church, June 1, 1736.
33‡ Ashton to West. [June, 1736].
34 Ashton to West. [June, 1736].
35* Gray to Walpole. June 11 [1736], London.
36 Ashton to West. June 24, 1736. King's Coll.
37† Gray to Walpole. [July 15, 1736].
38 West to Ashton. [July, 1736].
39† Gray to Walpole. [Burnham, Aug. 1736].
40 Ashton to West. Thursday 12 [August], 1736.
41 Walpole to West. King's College, Aug. 17, 1736.
42 West to Walpole. Aug. 1736.
43† Gray to Walpole. [Burnham, Sept. 26, 1736].
44* Gray to Walpole. [London, Oct. 13, 1736].
45* Gray to Walpole. [London, October, 1736].
46* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge] Oct. 27 [1736].
47* West to Walpole. Ch. Ch. Oct. 31, 1736.
48 Gray to West. Peterhouse, Dec. 1736.
49 West to Gray. Christ Church, Dec. 22, 1736.
50* Gray to Walpole. Wednesday [Dec. 29, 1736], Cambridge.

1737

51* Walpole to West. London, Dec. 3, 1736 [Jan. 3, 1736–7].
52 West to Walpole. Christ Church, Jan. 12, 1736–7.
53 West to Walpole. Christ Church, Feb. 27, 1736–7.
54‡ Ashton to West. [Cambridge, March, 1737].
55 Gray to West. Cambridge, March, 1737.

‡ Now first printed in full from Mitford's transcript in Brit. Mus.
§ Now first printed from Mitford's transcript in Brit. Mus.
* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.
† Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection.

56§ Ashton to West. King's Coll. April 5, 1737.
57* West to Walpole. H. G. April 18, 1737.
58 West to Gray. Christ Church, July 4, 1737.
59§ Ashton to West. King's Coll., Cambridge, July 7, 1737.
60 West to Walpole. Tuesday, July 12, 1737.
61† Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, July, 1737].
62§ Ashton to West. King's, Aug. 11, 1737.
63 Gray to West. London, Aug. 22, 1737.
64* Gray to Walpole. [London, August, 1737].
65§ Ashton to West. King's College, Cambridge, [Sept. 1737].
66* Gray to Walpole. [London, November, 1737].
67 Ashton to West. King's Coll: Camb: Nov. 16 [1737].
68* West to Walpole. Christ Church, Dec. 1, 1737.
69 West to Gray. Christ Church, Dec. 2, [1737].
70§ Ashton to West. Dec. 6, 1737.
71† Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1737].

1738

72* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Jan. 10, 1738].
73* Gray to Walpole Jan. 15 [1738], Cambridge.
74 Gray to West. [Jan. 22, 1738].
75 West to Gray. Dartmouth Street, Feb. 21, 1737–8.
76* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Feb. 23, 1738].
77* Gray to Walpole. March 7 [1738], Cantab.
78* Gray to Walpole. Cam., March 20 [1738].
79 Gray to West. [Cambridge] Jun. 1738.
80 Gray to Ashton. June 30 [1738], Cambridge.
81 West to Gray. August 29, 1738.
82* West to Walpole. Epsom, Sept. 7, 1738.
83 Ashton to West. Sept. 9, 1738. Hanover Square.
84 Gray to West. [Cambridge], Sept. 1738.
85 West to Gray. Sept. 17, 1738.
86* Gray to Walpole. Tuesday night [Sept. 19, 1738].

§ Now first printed from Mitford's transcript in Brit. Mus.
* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.
† Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection.

1739

87 Gray to West. Paris, April 12, 1739.
88 Walpole to West. Paris, April 21, 1739.
89 Gray to Ashton. Paris, April 21 [1739].
90 Walpole to West. Paris [May], 1739.
91 Gray to West. Paris, May 22, 1739.
92 Gray to Ashton. Paris, May 29 [1739].
93 Walpole to West. Rheims, June 18, 1739.
94 West to Walpole. Temple, June 21, 1739.
95 Walpole to West. Rheims, July 20, 1739.
96 Gray and Walpole to Ashton. Rheims, July [1739].
97 Gray to Ashton. Rheims, Aug. 25 [1739].
98 Ashton to West. London, Aug. 25, 1739.
99 Gray to West. Lyons, Sept. 18, 1739.
100* West to Gray and Walpole. Temple, Sept. 24 [1739].
101 Walpole to West. Savoy, Sept. 28, 1739.
102 West to Gray. Temple, Sept. 28, 1739.
103* West to Walpole. Oct. 15 [1739].
104 Walpole to West. Turin, Nov. 11, 1739.
105 Gray to West. Turin, Nov. 16, 1739.
106 Gray to West. Genoa, Nov. 21, 1739.
107 West to Walpole. Temple, Dec. 13, 1739.
108 Walpole to West. Bologna, [Dec. 14], 1739.

1740

109 Gray to West. Florence, Jan. 15, 1740.
110 West to Walpole. [London], Jan. 23, 1740.
111 Walpole to West. Florence, Jan. 24, 1740.
112 Walpole to West. Florence, Feb. 27, 1740.
113 Walpole to West. Siena, March 22, 1740.
114 Walpole and Gray to West. Rome, April 16, 1740.
115 West to Gray. [April, 1740].
116 Walpole to West. Rome, May 7, 1740.
117 Walpole and Gray to Ashton. Rome, May 14, 1740.
118 Gray to West. Tivoli, May 20, 1740.
119 Gray to West. Rome, May, 1740.

* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

120 Walpole to Ashton. Rome, May 28, 1740.
121 West to Gray. Bond Street, June 5, 1740.
122 Walpole to West. Naples, June 14, 1740.
123§ Ashton to West. [1740].
124 Gray to West. Florence, July 16, 1740.
125 Walpole and Gray to West. Florence, July 31, 1740.
126§ Ashton to West. London, Aug. 13, 1740.
127 Gray to West. Florence, Sept. 25, 1740.
128 West to Ashton. Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 31, 1740.
129 Walpole to West. Florence, Oct. 2, 1740.
130* West to Walpole. Old Bond Street, Nov. 10, 1740.
131 Walpole to West. Florence, Nov. 1740.
132 West to Ashton. [1740].

1741

133† West to Walpole. March 29, 1741.
134 Gray to West. Florence, April 21, 1741.
135 West to Ashton. Paris, May 8 [1741].
136 Walpole to West. Reggio, May 10, 1741.
137 West to Walpole. London, June 22, 1741.
138 Ashton to Walpole. Acton, July 5, 1741.

1742

139 Gray to West. [Jan. 1742].
140 West to Gray. Popes, March 28, 1742.
141 Gray to West. [April, 1742].
142 West to Gray. Popes, April 4, 1742.
143 Gray to West. London, April, Thursday [1742].
144 West to Ashton. Tuesday, April 15 [1742].
145 West to Gray. April, [1742].
146 Gray to West. London, April, 1742.
147 Walpole to West. London, May 4, 1742.
148 West to Gray. Popes, May 5, 1742.

§ Now first printed from Mitford's transcript in Brit. Mus.
* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.
† Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection.

149 Gray to West. London, May 8, 1742.
150 West to Gray. Popes, May 11, 1742.
151 Gray to West. London, May 27, 1742.
152 Ashton to West. Downing Street, June 3, 1742.
153 Gray to Ashton. June 17, Stoke, 1742.

1746

154† Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1746.
155* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, March 28, 1746].
156 Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, July 7 [1746].
157* Gray to Walpole. Camb. Oct. 20 [1746].
158 Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, Dec. Monday [1746].

1747

159 Gray to Walpole. January, 1747.
160 Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, March 1, 1747.
161* Gray to Walpole. Stoke, [May 3, 1747].
162† Gray to Walpole. Cambr. Sunday [1747].
163† Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, 1747].
164 Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, 1747].
165* Gray to Walpole. Wednesday [August, 1747].
166* Gray to Walpole. Stoke, Wednesday, Sept. 9 [1747].
167 Gray to Walpole. Nov. Tuesday, Cambridge [1747].

1748

168† Gray to Walpole. [1748].

1749

169* Gray to Walpole. Sunday Nov. 12 [1749], Cambridge.

1750

170 Gray to Walpole. Stoke, June 12, 1750.

† Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection.
* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

1751

171† Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751].
172 Gray to Walpole. Ash-Wednesday [Feb. 20], Cambridge, 1751.
173 Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, March 3, 1751.
174* Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, April 16 [1751].
175† Gray to Walpole. Sept. 8 [1751], Camb.
176* Gray to Walpole. Camb. Sept. 29, Sunday [1751].
177* Gray to Walpole. Tuesday [Nov. 26, 1751], Cambridge.
178* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], Dec. 31 [1751].

1752

179† Gray to Walpole. Wednesday [July 8, 1752], Stoke.
180 Gray to Walpole. [Stoke, 1752].
181* Gray to Walpole. Camb. Dec. 17, Sunday [1752].

1753

182† Gray to Walpole. Camb. Feb. 13, 1753.
183 Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1753.
184* Gray to Walpole. Stoke. Feb. 27 [1753].

1754

185* Gray to Walpole. Friday [Feb. 15, 1754], Cambridge.
186* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], March 3, 1754.
187* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, March 17, 1754].
188* Gray to Walpole. Camb. April 11, 1754.
189* Gray to Walpole. May 23 [1754], Cambridge.

1755

190* Gray to Walpole. The Vine, Tuesday, July 22 [1755].
191* Gray to Walpole. Aug. 8. Stoke, 1755.
192* Gray to Walpole. Aug. 10, 1755. Stoke.
193* Gray to Walpole. Stoke, Aug. 14, 1755.
194* Gray to Walpole. [Stoke], Oct. 14, 1755.
195* Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, Christmas Day, 1755.

† Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection.
* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

1756

196* Gray to Walpole. July 30, Friday, 1756. Stoke.
197* Gray to Walpole. Wednesday, Aug. 4, 1756. Stoke.
198* Gray to Walpole. Stoke, Aug. 29, 1756.
199* Gray to Walpole. Sept. 8, 1756. The Vine.
200* Gray to Walpole. The Vine. Sept. 11 [12], Sunday [1756]
201* Gray to Walpole. The Vine. Sept. [19], Sunday [1756].
202* Gray to Walpole. The Vine. Tuesday [Sept. 21, 1756].

1757

203* Gray to Walpole. Friday morning, March 11 [1757].
204 Gray to Walpole. Stoke, July 11, 1757.
205* Gray to Walpole. Stoke, Aug. 10, 1757.
206* Gray to Walpole. Stoke, Oct. 13, 1757.
207* Gray to Walpole. Friday [Oct. 21, 1757].

1758

208* Gray to Walpole. Jan. 17, 1758. Pemb. Hall.
209* Gray to Walpole. July 22, 1758. Stoke.

1759

210* Gray to Walpole. [London], Wednesday; Feb. 14 [1759].
211 Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1759.

1760

212 Gray to Walpole. [March, 1760].
213* Gray to Walpole. Wednesday morning [1760].
214* Walpole to Gray. [August, 1760].
215 Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, Sept. 2, 1760.
216* Gray to Walpole. Southampton Row, anno 1mo Geo. 3ii [November, 1760].
217 Gray to Walpole. [December, 1760].

1761

218* Gray to Walpole. Thursday [Sept. 10, 1761].

* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

1762

219* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], Thursday, Feb. 11, 1762.
220 Gray to Walpole. Sunday, February 28, 1762.
221* Gray to Walpole. [December, 1762].

1763

222* Gray to Walpole. Pemb. Hall, Sept. 12, 1763.
223* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge, Sept 19, 1763].

1764

224* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], Jan. 27, 1764.
225* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], Tuesday [Jan. 31, 1764].
226* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], March, Sunday [1764].
227* Gray to Walpole. Pemb. Coll., Sunday [April 15, 1764].
228* Gray to Walpole. Pemb. Hall, April 25 [1764].
229* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], July 10, 1764.
230* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], Aug. 17, 1764.
231† Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], Sunday, Dec. 30, 1764.

1765

232* Gray to Walpole. [London, November, 1765].
233† Walpole to Gray. Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.
234 Gray to Walpole. Cambridge, December 13, 1765.

1766

235 Walpole to Gray. Paris, January 25, 1766.
236* Gray to Walpole. Sept. 24, 1766. Pemb. Hall.

1767

237* Gray to Walpole. [Cambridge], 24 Dec. 1767.

* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.
† Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection.

1768

238 Gray to Walpole. Feb. 14, 1768. Pembroke College.
239 Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, February 18, 1768.
240 Gray to Walpole. Pembroke College, Feb. 25, 1768.
241 Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, Friday night, February 26 [1768].
242 Gray to Walpole. Pembroke Hall, March 6, 1768.
243* Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, March 8, 1768.

1769

244* Gray to Walpole. Friday [April, 1769], Jermyn Street.
245* Gray to Walpole. Pembroke Hall, 26 May 1769.

1770

246* Gray to Walpole. Pemb. Hall, 12 Sept. 1770.
247* Gray to Walpole. Sept. 17, 1770. Pemb. Coll.

1771

248* Walpole to Gray. Arlington Street, March 25, 1771.

ANALYSIS OF LIST

GRAY TO WALPOLE			
	now first printed	89	
	now first printed in full	15	123
	reprinted	19	
GRAY TO WEST			
	reprinted		25
GRAY TO ASHTON			
	reprinted		5
WALPOLE TO GRAY			
	now first printed	4	
	now first printed in full	1	11
	reprinted	6	
WALPOLE TO WEST			
	now first printed	1	
	reprinted	20	21

* Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

WALPOLE TO ASHTON				
reprinted				3
WEST TO GRAY				
reprinted				16
WEST TO WALPOLE				
now first printed	9			
now first printed in full	1			18
reprinted	8			
WEST TO ASHTON				
reprinted				5
ASHTON TO WALPOLE				
reprinted				1
ASHTON TO WEST				
now first printed	8			
now first printed in full	4			20
reprinted	8			
LETTERS OF GRAY				
now first printed	89			
now first printed in full	15		153	
reprinted	49			
LETTERS OF WALPOLE				
now first printed	5			
now first printed in full	1		35	
reprinted	29			
LETTERS OF WEST				248
now first printed	9			
now first printed in full	1		39	
reprinted	29			
LETTERS OF ASHTON				
now first printed	8			
now first printed in full	4		21	
reprinted	9			
TOTAL				
now first printed	111			
now first printed in full	21			248
reprinted	116			

LIST OF PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. I

THOMAS GRAY . . . . . *Frontispiece*
from painting by Jonathan Richardson *in* Fitzwilliam Museum *at* Cambridge.

FACSIMILE OF NOTE BY HORACE WALPOLE . *Facing* p. xxxiii
from original in Waller Collection.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM GRAY TO WALPOLE . „ p. 1
from original in Waller Collection.

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . „ p. 55
from painting by Jonathan Richardson *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM GRAY TO WALPOLE . „ p. 105
from original in Waller Collection.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM WEST TO WALPOLE . „ p. 163
from original in Waller Collection.

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THOMAS GRAY . . . . . *Frontispiece*
from painting by J. G. Eckhardt *in* National Portrait Gallery.

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Facing* p. 69
from painting by J. G. Eckhardt *in* National Portrait Gallery.

THOMAS ASHTON . . . . . *Facing* p. 102
from mezzotint by J. McArdell *after painting by* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . „ 173
from mezzotint by J. McArdell *after painting by* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM GRAY TO WALPOLE . „ 261
from original in Waller Collection.

THOMAS GRAY . . . . . „ 293
from painting by Benjamin Wilson *in possession of* Mr. John Murray.

FACSIMILE OF TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS BY GRAY „ 299
from original in Waller Collection.

I believe by your not making me happy in a longer letter than that I have just received, you had a design to prevent my tiring you with a tedious one; but in revenge for your neglect I'm resolved to send you one five times as long: S^r, do you think, that I'll be fobb'd off with eleven lines and a half: after waiting this week in continual expectation, & proposing to myself all the pleasure, that you, if you would, might give me; Gadsbud! I am provoked into a fermentation! when I see you next, I'll firk you, I'll rattle you with a Certi-orari: let me tell you; I am at present as full of wrath & choler, as as you are of wit & good-nature; though I begin to doubt your title to the last of them, since you have balked me in this manner: what an excuse do you make with your Passion-week & fiddle-faddle, as if you could ever be at a loss what to say; why, I, that am in the country could give you a full & true account of half a dozen

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

GRAY, WALPOLE, WEST, AND ASHTON

1. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[April 16, 1734][1]

[ ][2]

I BELIEVE by your not making me happy in a longer letter than that I have just received, you had a design to prevent my tireing you with a tedious one; but in revenge for your neglect I'm resolved to

LETTER 1.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; the letter is assigned conjecturally to the year 1734 from considerations of handwriting, and because it was apparently written before either Gray or Walpole went up to Cambridge, which Gray did in October 1734, and Walpole in March 1735.

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out, as has been done in the case of many of Gray's early letters to Walpole; these excisions were no doubt made by Walpole himself, in accordance with the suggestion of Mason, who in a letter to Walpole, dated 4 Jan. 1774, while he was engaged upon his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, wrote: 'As to your preserving Mr. Gray's letters I have only to say that I wish when you look them over again, you would only erase some passages, for instance the infantine beginnings and conclusions of some of them, which are hardly fit for schoolboys, and yet will not be considered as written by a schoolboy; this was a liberty I once thought of taking myself, before I returned them.'

send you one five times as long: S^r^, do you think, that I'll be fob'd off with eleven lines and a half? after waiting this week in continual expectation, & proposing to myself all the pleasure, that you, if you would, might give me; Gadsbud! I am provoked into a fermentation! when I see you next, I'll firk you, I'll rattle you with a Certiorari[3]: let me tell you; I am at present as full of wrath & choler, as—as—you are of wit & good-nature; though I begin to doubt your title to the last of them, since you have balked me in this manner: what an excuse do you make with your Paſsion-week & fiddle-faddle, as if you could ever be at a loſs what to say; why, I, that am in the country[4] could give you a full & true account of half a dozen Intrigues, nay I have an amour carried on almost under my window between a boar & a sow, people of very good fashion, that come to an aſsignation, and squeak like ten masquerades; I have a great mind to make you hear the whole progreſs of the affair, together with the humours of Miſs Pigsnies, the lady's Confidente; but you will think perhaps I invent it, & so I shall let it alone: but I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; in town, and not able to furnish out an epistle as long as a Cows tail! (excuse the rusticity of my simile) in short, I have tryed and condemned you in my mind, all that you can alledge to save yourself won't do; for I find by your excuses you are brought to your

[3] Congreve, *Double Dealer*, ii. 4: '*Sir Paul Plyant.* Gadsbud! I am provoked into a fermentation . . . I'll rattle him up, I warrant you, I'll firk him with a certiorari!'

[4] In what place it is impossible to say, the postmark unfortunately being defective (see note 8).

To

The Hon^ble Mr Horatio
=pole at the house of the
honourable S^r Robert
in S^t James's Square
Lond.

derniere Chemise [5]; and as you stand guilty, I adjudge you to be drawn to the place of execution, your chamber; where taking pen in hand, you shall write a letter as long as this, to him, who is nothing, when not

your sincere friend
& most devoted humble Serv[t]

[ ][6] T: GRAY.

Addressed: To
The Hon[rble] M[r] Horatio [Wal-]
-pole at the house of th[e right]
honourable S[r] Robert [Walpole]
in S[t] James's Square[7]
Lond[on]

Postmark: ....N[8] 17
AP

[5] This is no doubt an allusion to Cibber's comedy, *Love's Last Shift*, the title of which had been rendered in French as *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*.

[6] A postscript (apparently) has been cut out, carrying with it part of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets).

[7] Letters addressed by Gray to Horace Walpole in St. James's Square can be assigned with certainty to a date anterior to 22 Sept. 1735, on which day, as appears from the following announcement, his father transferred his residence to Downing Street: 'Yesterday the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, with his Lady and Family removed from their House in St. James's Square, to his new House adjoining to the Treasury in St. James's Park' (i. e. in Downing Street). (*London Daily Post*, Tuesday, 23 Sept. 1735.)

[8] The postmark of the place is undecipherable, save for the impress of a final N.

2. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Oct. 31, 1734][1]

[ ][2]

FOR Gods sake send me your Quære's, & I'll do my best to get information upon those Points, you don't understand: I warrant, you imagine that People in one College, know the Customs of others; but you mistake, they are quite little Societies by themselves: y^e^ Dreſses, Language, Customs &c are different in different Colledges: what paſses for Wit in one, would not be understood if it were carried to another: thus the Men of Peter-house, Pembroke & Clare-hall of course must be Tories; those of Trinity, Rakes; of Kings, Scholars; of Sidney, Wigs; of S^t^ Johns, Worthy men & so on: now what to say about this Terra Incognita, I don't know; First then it is a great old Town, shaped like a Spider, with a nasty lump in the middle of it, & half a dozen scambling long legs: it has 14 Parishes, 12 Colledges, & 4 Halls, these Halls only entertain Students, who after a term of years, are elected into the Colledges: there are 5 ranks in the University, subor-

LETTER 2.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark. The date 1735 has been inserted in the original by Mason; but the actual date must be 1734, for the letter could not have been written on 31 Oct. 1735, since it is addressed to Sir Robert Walpole's house in St. James's Square (see Letter 1, n. 7); further, the letter was obviously written before Walpole went up to King's, which he did on 11 March 1735.

[2] A strip containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it a line of the text on the other side (see n. 3).

dinate to the Vice-chancellour, who is chose annually: these are [Masters, Fellows, Fellow-Commoners, Pensione][3]rs, & Sizers; The Masters of Colledges are twelve grey-hair'd Gentlefolks, who are all mad with Pride; the Fellows are sleepy, drunken, dull, illiterate Things; the Fellow-Com: are imitatours of the Fellows, or else Beaux, or else nothing: the Pension: grave, formal Sots, who would be thought old; or else drink Ale, & sing Songs against y^e^ Excise. The Sizers are Graziers Eldest Sons, who come to get good Learning, that they may all be Archbishops of Canterbury: these 2 last Orders are qualified to take Scholarships; one of which, your humble Serv^t^ has had given him[4]: first they led me into the hall, & there I swore Allegiance to y^e^ King; then I went to a room, where I took 50000 Latin Oaths, such as, to wear a Square Cap, to make 6 verses upon the Epistle or Gospel every Sunday morning, to chant very loud in Chappel, to wear a clean Surplice, &c: &c: Now as to eating: the Fellow-Com: dine at the Fellows Table, their Commons is worth 6^s-4^d a-week, the Pensioners pay but 2^s-4^d; if any body don't like their Commons, they send down into the Kitchen to know, what's for Sizing; the Cook sends up a Catalogue of what there is; & they chuse, what they please: they are obliged to pay for Commons, whither they eat it, or no: there is always Plenty enough: the Sizers feast upon the leavings of the rest; as to dreſs,

[3] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[4] Gray, who began residence at Peterhouse on 9 Oct. 1734, three weeks before the date of this letter, had been appointed Cosin scholar on Oct. 17. (See *Peterhouse Admission Book*, ed. T. A. Walker, p. 267.)

the Fell: Commoners usually wear a Prunella Gown with Sleeves, a hat & no band; but their proper habit has its Sleeves trimmed with Gold-lace, this they only wear at publick Ceremonies; neither do the Noblemen use their pr: Habit commonly, but wear only a black Padesoy Gown: the Men of Kings are a sort of University by themselves; & differ in Customs from all the rest; every body hates 'em & when Almanzor[5] comes to me, our Peoples stare at him, like a Lord-mayors Show, & wonder to see a human Creature among them: if I tell you, I never stirr out, perhaps you won't believe me; especially when you know, there's a Club of Wits kept at the Mitre, all such as come from Eton; where Alm: would introduce me, if I so pleased:—yet you will not think it strange, that I don't go abroad, when I tell you, that I am got into a room; such [a][6] hugeous one, that little i is quite lost in it; so [that][6] when I get up in the morning, I begin to travel [tow][6]ards the middle of it with might & main, & with much ado about noon bate at a great Table, which stands half-way it: so then, by that[7] time, (after having pursued my journey full speed); that I arrive at the door, it is so dark & late, & I am so tired, that I am obliged to turn back again: so about Midnight I get to the bedside: then, thinks you, I suppose, he goes to sleep: hold, you a bit; in this Country it is so far from that, that we go to bed to wake, & rise to sleep: in short, those that go along the street, do nothing but walk in their sleep: they run against every Post they meet: but

[5] Probably Ashton (see *Introd.* § 2.)

[6] MS. torn.

[7] *Sic.*

I beg pardon, for talking so much of myself, since that's not, what you care for—(To be continued) [8]

Addressed: To
The Hon^rble Horace Walpole Esq
at the house of the right
Hon^rble S^r Robert Walpole in
S^t James's Square
London

Postmark: CAM I
BRIDGE NO

3. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

With care Carridge pade — To mie Nufs att London — Present These

[Cambridge] 23^d Sund^y after Trin:
[Nov. 17, 1734] [1]

HONNER'D NURSE

THIS comes to let you know, that I am in good health; but that I should not have been so, if it had not been for your kind promise of coming to tend me yourself, & see the effect of your own Prescription: and I should desire of you, so please you, as how that, you would be so good as to be so kind, as to do me the favour of bringing down with you a quantity of it, prepared as your Grandmothers Aunt, poor M^rs Hawthorn (God [2] rest her soul, for she was as well a natured,

[8] The continuation does not appear.

LETTER 3.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is determined by the reference to Stevens the actor (see n. 16).

[2] This word has been changed

a good Gentlewoman, as ever broke bread[3], or trod upon Shoe-leather[4]; though I say it, that should not say it; for you know, she was related to me, & marry'd not a jot the worse, I trow) used to make it: now I would not put you to this trouble, if I could provide myself of the Ingredients here; but truly, when I went to the Poticaries for a drachm of Spirit of Ridicule; the saucy Jackanapes of a Prentice-Boy fleered at me, I warrant ye, as who should say, you don't know your Errand: so by my troth, away ambles me I (like a fool as I came) home again, & when I came to look of your Receipt; to be sure, there was Sp^t^ of RIDICULE in great Letters, as plain as the nose in one's face: & so, back hurries I in a making-Water-while, as one may say[5], & when I came there, says I; you stripling, up-start, worsted-stocking, white-liver'd, lath-backed[6], impudent Princox, says I; abuse me! that am your betters every day in the week, says I; you ill-begotten, pocky, rascally, damned Son of a Bitch, says I—for you know, when he put me in such a perilous Passion, how could one help telling him his own—why, 'twould have provoked any Christian[7] in the world, tho' twere a Dog—to speak; & so if you'll be so kind, I'll take care you

by Walpole into 'fudge', and then smudged out.

[3] *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 4: 'an honest maid as ever broke bread.'

[4] *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1: 'As proper man as ever trod upon neat's leather.'

[5] Wycherley, *Plain Dealer*, iii. 1: '*Widow Blackacre.* O no; stay but a making-water while (as one may say) and I'll be with you again.'

[6] *Plain Dealer*, ii. 1: '*Widow Blackacre.* Thou pitiful, paltry, lath-backed fellow . . .'

[7] For this word, which has been scored through, but is still plainly legible, Walpole has substituted 'man'.

shall be satisfied for your trouble : so, this is all at present from

your ever-dutifull & most
obedient & most affectionate,
loving God-daughter
PRU: OROSMADES[8]

A Discourse

Πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα πιὸς,
καὶ πάντα τόβακκο[9]

If I should undertake to prove to you, that everything is Tobacco, it might be looked upon as an Absurdity after the rev^rd & learn^d D^n Swift has made it so manifest, that every thing is a Pudding[10] : but I conceive it will not be so difficult to shew, that Tobacco is every thing (at least here) for there is not a soul in our Colledge (a body I should say) who does not smoke or chew : there's nothing but Whiffing from Fellow to Sizer ; nay, even the very Chimnies, that they may'nt be thought partic'lar, must needs smoke, like the rest : whilst unfashionable I labour thro' clouds of it, with as much pains, as Milton's poor Devil took, when he

[8] Orosmades was the name by which Gray was known among the members of the 'Quadruple Alliance' (see *Introd.* § 2).

[9] This is a parody of the first line of an epigram by Glycon in the Greek Anthology : 'Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν.' Gray's πιὸς is a pseudo-Greek word, to represent 'pie', as an equivalent of 'pudding' (see n. 10): 'All is dust, and all is pie, and all is tobacco.'

[10] Not Swift apparently, but Henry Carey, who in *A Learned Dissertation upon Dumpling* (1726) says : 'The universe itself is but a pudding of elements. Empires, kingdoms, states and republics are but puddings of people differently made up. The celestial and terrestrial orbs are decipher'd to us by a pair of globes or mathematical puddings.'

travel'd through Chaos[11]:—but, as to the Guzzling affair, you mistook in thinking it was the Old fellows, that were with me; no 'twas a thousand times worse; they were all young ones—do but imagine me pent up in a room hired for the purpose, & none of the largest, from 7 a-clock at night, till 4 in the morning! 'midst hogsheads of Liquor & quantities of Tobacco, surrounded by 30 of these creatures, infinitely below the meanest People you could even form an Idea off[12]; toasting bawdy healths & deafned with their unmeaning Roar; Jesus[13]! but I must tell you of a fat Mortal, who stuck close to me, & was as drunk (as Miſs Edwards[14]—which story I'm afraid by the by, was too well-fancied, to be real) well! he was so maudlin & so loving & told me long Stories, interrupted by the sourest Interjections, with moral Discourses upon God knows what! that I was almost drunk too: oh—I must just beg lea[ve to men][15]tion one more, who, they tell me, has no fault, but that, he's a little too *foppish* & talks like a London-Rake; this fine Gentleman is quite master of the Spectator & retails it for ever; among the rest, he gave his humble Opinion of the present state of the Play-house; that Stevens[16] had a very

[11] *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

[12] *Sic.*

[13] This word has been scored through.

[14] This name has been heavily scored through, but is just decipherable; the person in question is perhaps the 'Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams', mentioned in Walpole's letter to Mann of 2 Dec. 1748.

[15] Piece cut out (see n. 20); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[16] Stevens (or Stephens) made his first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden on Oct. 19 of this year (1734), as Othello. Davies says of him: 'he was a button-maker—in 1734 he ventured to act Othello; his figure was not unsuitable to the part; his

graceful Motion, spoke well, &c, but that he must needs give his Voice for Mr Quin[17]; Mrs Thurmond[18] too was in great favour with him: as for the Opera's he could not understand them, but had heard Margaretta[19] & Nicolini[20] highly commended by those, that were judges: by God, says another, those Opera's are the ruin of the nation; no honest people can go to 'em, & those, that do, are ashamed of themselves; else why should they go in Masques & Disguises thither —no body in the company found out his blunder, so nobody laugh'd but I, which was taken for applause.

voice was strong . . . he was in form bulky, and in the management of his person awkward' (see Genest, *Account of English Stage*, vol. iii, pp. 456–7).

[17] James Quin (1693–1766); he had played Othello at Drury Lane (his first appearance there for sixteen years) on Sept. 10. Articles comparing the acting of 'Mr. Stevens, the new actor', with that of Quin and Cibber appeared in the *Grub-street Journal* for Oct. 31, Nov. 7, and Nov. 14. (See *Gent. Mag.* 1734, p. 593.)

[18] Mrs. Thurmond (*née* Lewis) played Desdemona to Quin's Othello at Drury Lane. She was an accomplished actress both in tragedy and comedy; among her other parts were Ophelia, Portia, Lady Macduff, and Polly Peachum in the *Beggar's Opera*. She appears to have left the stage in 1737.

[19] The Italian opera-singer, Francesca Margherita de l'Épine, known as Margherita, who sang for some years in London between 1692 and 1718, and died in England about 1750.

[20] Nicolino Grimaldi, known as Nicolini; he performed in London between 1708 and 1717. Addison devotes a *Spectator* (No. 13) to 'Signior Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket' in the opera of *Hydaspes*. Nicolini left London for a time at the end of the season of 1712, upon which occasion Addison wrote of him (*Spectator*, No. 405): 'I am very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this day [June 14, 1712], that we are likely to lose the greatest performer in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not acquaint my readers, that I am speaking of Signior Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist, for having shown us the Italian music in its perfection.'

you'll think it a strange compliment, when I tell you how often I thought of you, all the while: but will forgive me, when you recollect, that 'twas a great piece of Philosophy in me, to be able, in y^e^ midst of Noise & Disturbance, to call to mind the most agreeable thing in nature: when you could give me so much Pleasure, absent; what must you do, when with me? tho' perhaps its policy in you to stay away so long, that you may increase my Desire of seeing you: in your next send me word, how soon you design, to come to the relief

of your [ ][21]

4. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Dec. 8, 1734][1]

[ ][2]

I (tho' I say it) had too much modesty to venture answering your dear, diverting Letter, in the Poetical Strain myself: but, when I was last at the Devil, meeting by chance with the deceased M^r^ Dennis[3]

[21] A piece containing the signature has been cut out, carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 15).

Letter 4.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year is determined by the address (see Letter 1, n. 7).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 7).

[3] John Dennis, author and critic, the object of the ridicule of Swift and Pope; he died on Jan. 6 of this year (1734). The name has been scored through, but is still legible, and Walpole has written it in again above.

there, he offer'd his Service, &, being tip'd with a Tester, wrought, what follows—[4]

From purling Streams & the Elysian Scene,
From Groves, that smile with never-fading Green
I reascend; in Atropos' despight
Restored to Celadon[5], & upper light:
Ye gods, that sway the Regions under ground,
Reveal to mortal View your realms profound;
At his command admit the eye of Day;
When Celadon commands, what God can disobey?
Nor seeks he your Tartarean fires to know,
The house of Torture, & th' Abyſs of Woe;
But happy fields & Mansions free from Pain,
Gay Meads, & springing flowers best please y^e^ gentle Swain:
That little, naked, melancholy thing
My Soul[6], when first she tryed her flight to wing;
Began with speed new Regions to explore,
And blunder'd thro' a narrow Postern door;
First most devoutly having said its Prayers,
It tumbled down a thousand pair of [Stairs][7],
Thro' Entries long, thro' Cellars vast & deep,

[4] These are no doubt the verses referred to by Horace Walpole in his memoir of Gray (prefixed by Mitford to his edition of the *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, Lond. 1853), in which he says: 'One of his first pieces of poetry was an answer in English verse to an epistle from H.W.' (p. xxxi).

[5] Celadon (the name of the amorous shepherd in D'Urfé's pastoral romance of *Astrée*, and hence that of the luckless swain in Thomson's *Summer*, and of numerous others) was the pseudonym under which Walpole figured in his youthful correspondence with Gray and West.

[6] Perhaps a reminiscence of Hadrian's lines to his soul: 'Animula vagula blandula'.

[7] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing word has been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

Where ghostly Rats their habitations keep,
Where Spiders spread their Webs, & owlish Goblins
sleep.
After so many Chances had befell,
It came into a mead of Asphodel:
Betwixt the Confines of y^e^ light & dark
It lies, of 'Lyzium y^e^ S^t^ James's park:
Here Spirit-Beaux flutter along the Mall,
And Shadows in disguise scate o'er y^e^ Iced Canal:
Here groves embower'd, & more sequester'd Shades,
Frequented by y^e^ Ghosts of Ancient Maids,
Are seen to rise: the melancholy Scene
With gloomy haunts, & twilight walks between
Conceals the wayward band: here spend their time
Greensickneſs Girls, that died in youthful prime,
Virgins forlorn, all drest in Willow-green-i
With Queen Elizabeth and Nicolini.[8]
More to reveal, or many words to use
Would tire alike your patience & my muse.
Believe, that never was so faithful found
Queen Proserpine to Pluto under ground,
Or Cleopatra to her Marc-Antony
As Orozmades[9] to his Celadony.

P:S:

Lucrece for half a crown will shew you fun,
But M^rs^ Oldfield[10] is become a Nun.
Nobles & Cits, Prince Pluto & his Spouse
Flock to the Ghost of Covent-Garden house:

[8] The well-known opera-singer (see Letter 3, n. 20).

[9] See Letter 3, n. 8.

[10] Mrs. Oldfield (1683–1730), the actress, and reputed wife of General Charles Churchill.

Plays, which were hiſs'd above, below revive;
When dead applauded, that were damn'd alive:
The People, as in life, still keep their Paſsions,
But differ something from the world in Fashions.
Queen Artemisia breakfasts on Bohea,
And Alexander wears a Ramilie.[11]

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble Horatio Walpole Esq
at the house of the right
hon^ble S^r Robert Walpole
in S^t James's Square
London

Postmark: CAM BRIDGE 9 DE

5. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

Præscript: you don't send me word
when you think you shall come
to Sarag[1]:

From S^t Peters Charnel-house [Dec. 1734][2]

DEAR DIMIDIUM ANIMÆ MEÆ

AS you take a great deal of pleasure in concluding that I am dead, & resolve not to let me live any longer; methinks you ought to be good to my Ashes,

[11] A wig having a long plait behind tied with a bow at top and bottom. (*N. E. D.*)

LETTER 5.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This word has been crossed through by Walpole, who has substituted 'Cambr:'

[2] The date of the month is conjectural, the postmark having been cut off (see n. 4), but the reference to 'a hard frost' shows that it was winter; the date of the year is determined by the address (see Letter 1, n. 7), if the conjectural restoration (see n. 5) be correct.

& give 'em leave to rest in peace: but instead of that, whereas I ought to be divested of all human Paſsions, & forget the Pleasures of your World; you must needs be diverting me, so that I made every nail in my Coffin start with laughing: it happen'd, that on the 26th Instant at twelve of the clock at midnight, being a hard frost; I had wrapt myself up in my Shroud very snugg & warm; when in comes your Letter, which (as I told you before) made me stretch my Skeleton-jaws in such a horse-laugh, that all the dead pop'd up their heads & stared: but to see the frowzy Countenances of the Creatures especially one old Lady-Carcase, that made most hideous Grimaces, & would needs tell me, that I was a very uncivil Person to disturb a Woman of her Quality, that did me the honour to lie so near me: & truly she had not been in such a Surprise, this threescore & ten Year, come next March: besides her Commode was discomposed, & in her hurry she had lost her Wedding Ring, which she was buried in; nay, she said, she believed she should fall in fits, & certainly, that would be her Death: but I gave her a Rowland for her Oliver[3], 'i'gad: I told her Ladyship the more she stirred, the more she'd stink & that to my knowledge, tho' she put a good face upon the matter; she was not sound: so she lay'd her down very quietly, and crept under her Winding-Sheet for fear of Spirits. now your Arrival only can deliver me from such a state of Separation; for, as your Soul is large enough to serve for both of us, it will be ill-natured of you, if you don't reanimate my Corps: at least I hope

3 Southerne, *Oroonoko*, ii. 1: 'I have a Rowland for her Oliver, and so you may tell her.'

for a place in your heart, as formerly: tho', by your last letter, but one; it seems, you have either forgot yourself, or entertain a leſs favourable Opinion of me, than that; with which you once honoured

your friend, the Defunct . . .

As my letter ends so prettily in that p . . . .[4]

Addressed: [To]
[The Hon^ble Horatio] Wal-
[-pole Esq at the house of t]he right
[Hon^ble S^r Robert Wal]pole in
[S^t James's Square]
[Lond]on[5]

6. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

To the faithful Miradolin,
third Son of the Vizier-azem.
Continuance of Health & long life[1]

WHEN the Dew of the morning is upon me, thy Image is before mine eyes; nor, when the night overshadoweth me, dost thou depart from me. shall I ne'er behold thine eyes, until our eternal meeting in y^e immortal Chioses[2] of Paradise; and sure at that

[4] Three parts of the second leaf of the letter have been torn and cut off, carrying away a part of the signature and postscript, as well as nearly the whole of the address on the other side.

[5] The address is restored conjecturally (see n. 4), on the analogy of that of the previous letter.

LETTER 6.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The oriental sources of this letter have not been traced.

[2] *Sic*; this is probably a misreading on Gray's part for *Chiosces* (or *Kiosks*, as we now write the word). 'In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of

hour, thy Soul will have little need of Ablution in the sight of Israphiel [3], the Angel of examination: surely, it is pure as the Snow on Mount Ararat, & beautiful as the cheeks of the Houries: the Feast of Ramadan [4] is now past away, & thou thinkest not of leaving Candahar [5]; what shall I say unto thee, thou unkind one? thou hast lost me in oblivion, & I am become as one, whom thou never didst remember: before; we were as two Palm-trees in the Vale of Medina, I flourish'd in thy friendship, & bore my head aloft: but now I wander in Solitarineſs, as a traveller in the sandy desarts of Barca, & pine in vain to tast of the living fountain of thy conversation: I have beheld thee in my Slumbers, I have attempted to seize on thee, I sought for thee & behold! thou wert not there! thou wert departed, as the smoke, or as the Shadows, when the Sun entreth his bed-chamber: were I to behold thy countenance, tho' afar off; my heart should bound as the Antelope; yea! my soul should be as light, as the Roe-buck on the hills of Erzerom. I swear by Abubekir [6], thou art sweet in my thoughts as the

it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall . . . it is the scene of their greatest pleasures.' (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, *Letter from Adrianople*, 1 April 1718.)

[3] Israfil is the archangel who will sound the trumpet at the day of resurrection. (Hughes, *Dict. of Islam.*)

[4] Properly speaking, Ramadan is not a feast, but a thirty days' fast, during the hours of daylight, throughout the ninth month of the Mahometan year. Gray presumably means Christmas (see n. 9).

[5] London.

[6] Abubakr was the father of Ayeshah, Mahomet's wife, and the first Khalifah or successor of Mahomet. (Hughes, *Dict. of Islam.*)

Pine-apple of Damascus to the tast; & more refreshing, than the fragrant Breezes of Idumea, the chain of Destiny has link'd me unto thee, & the mark, which Gabriel stamped on my forehead at my Nativity, was, Born for Miradolin. let not the Demon Negidher separate us, nor the evil Tagot[7] interpose between us. Be thou unto me, as Mohammed to Ajesha[8]; as the Bowers of Admoim to those, whom the Sun hath overtaken; or as the costly Sherbets of Stamboul to the thirsty: the grace of providence, and the smiles of heaven be upon thee. may white Angels guard thee from the efforts of the rebellious Genii.

Adieu

OROZMADES

The last day of the Ramadan,
6th of ye 1st Moon[9] [Jan. 6, 1735][10]

[7] Tagut, which Sale says properly signifies an idol, and also the devil, is mentioned in the *Koran*: 'Whoever shall deny Tagut, and believe in God, he shall surely take hold on a strong handle, which shall not be broken . . . God is the patron of those who believe; he shall lead them out of darkness into light: but as to those who believe not, their patrons are Tagut; they shall lead them from the light into darkness' (ed. Sale, 1734, chap. ii, p. 31).

[8] His wife.

[9] Doubtless meant to indicate Twelfth Night (Jan. 6).

[10] Three parts of the second leaf of the letter have been torn off, carrying away the address, postmark, &c. The date 1735 is assigned conjecturally, on the strength of a fragment of the address, which contains the last two letters of the words 'Walpole' and 'St James's' (see Letter 1, n. 7).

7. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge] Jan: 12 [1735][1]

HOW severe is forgetful old Age
To confine a poor Devil so?
That I almost despair
To see even the Air;
Much more my dear Damon—hey ho!

Thou dear envious Imp, to set me a longing with accounts of Plays & Opera's, & Masquerades after hearing of which, I can no more think of Logick & Stuff, than you could of Divinity at a Ball, or of Caudle & Carraway-Comfits after having been stuffed at a Christening: heaven knows! we have nobody in our Colledge, that has seen London, but one; and he, I believe comes out of Vinegar-yard[2], & looks like toasted Cheshire cheese, strewed with brown Sugar. I beg you, give me the minutest Circumstances of your Diversions & your Indiversions; tho' if it is as great a trouble to you to write, as it is a pleasure to me to get 'em by heart, I fear I shan't hear from you once in a twelve-month, & dear now, be very punctual & very long: if I had the least particle of pleasure, you should know it; & so you should if I had any thing troublesome; tho' in Cambridge there is nothing so troublesome, as that one has nothing to trouble one. every thing is so tediously regular, so samish, that I expire

LETTER 7.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is determined by the address (see Letter 1, n. 7).

[2] Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane.

for want of a little variety. I am just as I was, & so is every thing about me; I hope you'll forgive my formality, in being just the same

Friend of yours, & just
the same Servant

OROZMADES.

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horace Walpole
Esq at his house in S^t^
James's Square
London

Postmark: SAFFRON 13
WALDEN 1A

8. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Jan. 14, 1735][1]

Tityre, dum patulæ recubo sub tegmine fagi

Though you'll think perhaps it's a little too cold weather for giving oneself languishing airs under a tree; however supposing it's by the fireside, it will be full as well; so as I was going to say—but, I believe, I was going to say nothing, so I must begin over again—

MY DEAREST CELADON[2]

YESTERDAY morning, (being the morning I set apart for lying abed till one aclock) I was waked

LETTER 8.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark, and by the reference to Plough-Monday (see n. 4); that of the year is determined by the address (see Letter 1, n. 7), and by the reference to 'Pope's Letter' (see n. 6).

[2] These three words have been scored through, but are plainly legible (see Letter 4, n. 5).

about ten with hollowing & the Noise of a Bagpipe at the door; so I got up, & open'd the door, & saw all the court full of strange appearances: at first I concluded 'twas you with a whole Masquerade at your heels, but upon more mature deliberation imagined it might be Amadis de Gaul come to set me free from this enchanted Castle with his train of conquer'd Monsters & Oddities: the first, whom I took for the Knight in person, had his face painted after the manner of y^e^ ancient Britains. he played melodiously on the aforenamed Instrument, & had a Plow upon his Back; what it meant, I did not apprehend at first: he said nothing at all, but made many very significant Grimaces: before him & on each side a Number of Folks cover'd over with Tags & Points form'd themselves into a Country Dance: there follow'd something, which I apprehended was the beauteous Oriana[3], in a white Dimoty Petticoat & Boddice; her head & face were veil'd: she was supported by her two Gentlemen-ushers, & seem'd to be very obstreperous, for she struggled & kicked, & snorted, & fizzled: I concluded she was falling in fits, & was running with my Hungary water Bottle: when she was so violent, that she got loose from her Attendants, & run away upon all fours into the middle of y^e^ Court, & her hood falling off discover'd a large pair of Ears. in short, Oriana was metamorphosed into a very genteel Jack-ass: upon this the whole crowd set up a great Shout of, God speed the Plough. after all I was inform'd by a Negro Gentle-

[3] Oriana is the heroine of the romance of *Amadis of Gaul*, whom Amadis eventually marries.

woman with a very long beard, who had a great deal to do in the Ceremony, that it was Plough-Monday[4], & that all this was the Custom of the Country; they march in this manner thro' all the Colledges in Town. the Term is now begun again, & I have made such a wonderful progreſs in Philosophy, that I begin to be quite persuaded, that black is white, & that fire will not burn, & that I ought not, either to give credit to my eyes or feeling; they tell me too, that I am nothing in the world, & that I only fancy, I exist: do but come to me quickly & one leſson of thine, my dear Philosopher, will restore me to the use of my Senses, & make me think myself something, as long as I am

your friend & Servant

T: Gray.

[ ][5].

P:S: the inclosed is the oath of Matriculation. I am charmed with Popes Letter[6]—never did any body long for anything, as I do for your Masquerade; pray d'ye design to go, as a Judge, or a Devil; or undisguised: or as an Angel in propriâ Personâ[7].

[4] Plough-Monday is the first Monday after Epiphany; it fell this year (1735) on Jan. 13, hence the date of this letter (Plough-Monday being 'yesterday') is Tuesday, Jan. 14.

[5] A piece beneath the signature has been cut out, carrying with it part of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets).

[6] That is, *The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (the Prologue to the Satires), which was published in the January preceding Arbuthnot's death (27 Feb. 1735).

[7] These seven words have been scored through and almost obliterated, but are just decipherable.

I wonder how you can dislike the Distreſsed Mother[8]—
[ ]⁹

Addressed: To
[T]he Honorᵇˡᵉ Mʳ Horace Walpole [10]
[at] the House of yᵉ right honᵇˡᵉ
[S]ʳ Robert Walpole in Sᵗ
James's Square
London

Postmark: CAM 15
BRIDGE IA

9. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge] Sunday: Jan: 21[1] [19] [1735][2]
[ ][3]

YOU have perform'd your promise as fully, as I could have wish'd it: there seems to have been no occasion for ushering it in with an Apology, since I have long learnt to be more than contented with whatever comes from a hand so dear. the things, that are to be deliver'd by word of mouth, give me so much im-

[8] By Ambrose Philips; it was this play (an adaptation of Racine's *Andromaque*, produced at Drury Lane in 1712) which was ridiculed by Henry Carey in his *Namby-Pamby*:

'He no longer writes of mammy
Andromache and her lammy,
Hanging panging at the breast
Of a matron most distressed!'

[9] The last line of the postscript has been cut out.

[10] See n. 5.

LETTER 9.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This letter is evidently misdated. Jan. 21 fell on Sunday in 1733; but this letter, as the postmark shows, was written from Cambridge, where Gray did not begin residence until 9 Oct. 1734. Further, the postmark, which in the case of letters written by Gray from Cambridge is almost invariably a day later than the date of the letter, is Jan. 20; so that the correct date must be Jan. 19, which fell on Sunday in 1735.

[2] The date of the year is determined partly by the address (see Letter 1, n. 7), partly by the considerations mentioned in the previous note.

[3] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 4).

patience, that I would desire you to send down your mouth by the coach, if I were not apprehensive what a loſs it would be to the next Masquerade, & what a dearth of pretty things it might occasion in town; however I hope you'll not fail to send your thoughts by the post, without a Masque. you are extremely good in making me a feast every other day; I have kept myself alive all this long Christmas by the help of your letters, & a few Mince-pyes, which an old Gentlewoman in this town sends me, & in whose favour I have made no small progreſs, I can aſsure you. you must know, I make my Addreſses to her by calling her, Grandmother; in so much, that she sends her Niece every day to know how I do: N:B: the other [day she][4] was dying, as every one thought, but herself: and when the Physician told her how dangerous her case was; she fell into a violent paſsion with him: marry come up! she dye! no, indeed would'nt she; dye quotha! she'd as soon be hang'd: in short she was so resolutely bent upon not dying, that she really did live, & is now as well as

your sincerest friend

OROZMADES

P:S: Punch[5] is more smart, than ordinary.

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ M^r^ Horace Walpole
at his house in S^t^ James's
Square
London

Postmark: CAM 20
BRIDGE IA

[4] Piece cut out (see n. 3); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[5] Perhaps a reference to the Punch in one of Rich's pantomimes, the other characters of which were Harlequin and Scaramouch.

10. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

Tuesday Jan: 21 [1735][1] P: C:[2]

I, OROZMADES, Master of the noble Science of Defence, hearing of the great reputation of thee, Timothy Celadon, do challenge & invite thee to contend with me at long-love, great-affection, or whatever other weapon you shall make choice of, in Kings-Colledge Quadrangle, a Week hence precisely — — —

Vivat Rex —

And that you may not fail me, I believe I shall see you at London beforehand; Almanzor[3] persuades me, and I have a months mind[4] to it myself; tho' I think it a foolish undertaking enough would you advise me to come, or not? for I stand wavering. but pray, don't importune, don't preſs, dear S^r^ Celadon; oh Jesus![5] I believe, if you should importune, I shall—be very coming:—if I do venture, I must borrow your Disguise[6]; for nobody, but you, must know, that I am in town: well! be it, as it will, you have got my Soul

LETTER 10.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Jan. 21 fell on Tuesday in 1735, which year is also indicated by the address (see Letter 9, n. 1).

[2] That is, Peterhouse (St. Peter's College); cf. Letter 13, which is dated from Pet: Col:

[3] See Letter 2, n. 5.

[4] Congreve, *Way of the World*, iii. 6: '*Foible*. She has a month's mind; but I know M^r^ Mirabell can't abide her.'

[5] Walpole first altered this word to 'Crimini!', and then scored it through, and re-wrote 'Jesus!' above the line; the original word is still decipherable.

[6] No doubt an allusion to the masquerades mentioned in the previous letters.

with you already; I should think, 'twould be better, for you to bring it hither to the rest of me, than make my body take a journey to it; besides it would be cheaper to me, for that can come down in the coach with you; but my limbs must pay for their passage up. I hate living by halves, for now I lead such a kind of I don't know how—as it were—: in short, what the devil d'ye mean by keeping me from myself so long? I expect to be pay'd with interest, & in a short time to be a whole thing, whereas at this present writing, I am but a

DEMI—OROZ:

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ M^r^ Horace Walpole
at the house of the right
hon^ble^ S^r^ Robert Walpole
in S^t^ James's Square
London

Postmark: CAM 22
BRIDGE IA

II. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Jan. 27, 1735][1]

[ ][2]

DON'T believe, that I would refuse to do anything for your sake, since at this present I am starving for you, & losing my dinner; that I may have the better opportunity of writing: you could not have given me a fairer occasion for shewing my obedience to your commands,

LETTER II.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date 1735 has been inserted in the original (by Mason); this date is confirmed by the address (see Letter 9, n. 2).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 5).

than you have done in bidding me stay, where I am; for tho' before I was quite set upon coming to town, you give me so many reasons against it, that I am perfectly easy, & shall expect your coming with great resignation, that is, if you don't make it too long first: I read yesterday in the news, that S^r R:W:[2] youngest Son, a young Gentleman of great hopes, was coming to Trinity-Colledge, Cambridge; pray, let me know, whither you are acquainted with him, & what hopes we may entertain of him; there are few here, but what give a good character of him, especially a long ungainly Mortal of Kings Col:[3] & a little, waddling Fresh-man of Pet: House[4], who pretend to be intimate with him: I can't see, how it should be; but however every body begins to envy the[m already;. they are p]^[5]eople of very bad Repute; one of 'em is neither a Whig, nor a Tory, & the other paſses for a Conjurer:—there is nothing to be seen in the Streets, at present, but new-made Batchelors, who walk to & fro, to shew their new Gowns; their examination is now over, during which time, they are obliged to set in the theatre for three days, from 8 in the morning till 5 at night without any fire; the first two days, they are liable to all the impertinent Questions w^ch any Master of arts is pleased to ask them; they must answer every thing in Philosophy, which is proposed to them, & all this in Latin: the 3^d day the first Moderator takes 'em out, half a dozen at a time, into a Gallery atop of the theatre, in sight of

[3] No doubt Ashton.

[4] Gray himself; he often alludes to his own diminutive stature.

[5] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

every body, but out of hearing; he examines them again, as long as he will, & in what Sciences he pleases: the Junior-Moderator does the same thing in the afternoon; & then both the Proctors, if they have a mind; but they seldom do: the next day the Vice-chancellour & two Proctors tell them, whither they shall have their degrees, or not; & put on their Batchelours Gown & Cap: then they go all into the Schools, & one fellow belonging to each of the Colledges, gets into the Rostrum, & asks each of his Batchelours some strange Question: this was one, wh^{ch} was asked t'other day— Mi Filî, Domine, Domine N: quid est Matrimonium? The Answer was, Est conjunctio nunc copulativa, nunc disjunctiva. so then every body must laugh & the ceremony is ended. I tell you this, because it will be mine own Case some time or other, so I hope you will excuse me for tiring you with the account. and now, my dearest Hamlet, heaven send me safe from Wittemberg, or thee . . .[6]

P:S: my letter last
time was too late for
the Post, so I hope
you'll forgive it—
Jan: 27: Rome . . .[6]

Addressed: To
[Th]e Hon^{rble} Horace Walpole
[E]sq at the house of the
[r]ight Hon^{ble} S^{r} Robert Walpole
[i]n S^{t} James's Square
London

[6] Piece torn off, carrying with it part of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets), as well as the postmark.

12. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Feb. 4, 1735][1]

[ ][2]

I HAVE so little to write, & so much to say; that, when you really do come, you may expect for the first fortnight to do nothing, but hearken to my Questions; & to spend the next month in answering them: nay, I aſsure you, I limit the time only that you may rest a while, to take breath; otherwise I could listen to you for the whole two years with an infinite deal of pleasure. I am forming the image to myself of your journey hither; I suppose you will come down Eſsex way, & if you do, first you must croſs Epping forest[3], & there you must be rob'd: then you go a long way, & at last you come to Gog-magog hills[3], and then you must be overturn'd: I hope, you have not hurt yourself; but you must come at last to Foulmoor[4] fields, & then you must fall Squash into a bog, pray, don't be frighted, for in about an hour and half you may chance to get out; now perhaps if it is not dark, you m[ay see the

LETTER 12.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year is determined by the address (see Letters 1, n. 7; 9, n. 2).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 5).

[3] Compare Walpole's letter to Gray of Oct. 1735 (Letter 16).

[4] This is no doubt the place called Fowlmere in Paterson's *Road-Book*; it was nine miles from Cambridge on the road from London to Ely.

t]op[5] of King's Chappel; tho' if it should be night, it is very likely, you won't be able to see at all: however at last you get into Cambridge, all bemudded & tired, with three wheels and a half to the coach, four horses lame, and two blind: the first thing, that appears, is a row of Alms-houses, & presently on the right-hand you'll see a thing like two Presbyterian Meeting-houses with the backside of a little Church between them, & here you must find out by Sympathy, that this is Peter-house, & that I am but a little way off, I shall soon feel how near you are; then you should say—no, no, I should say—but I believe I shall be too much overjoy'd to say anything, well; be that, as it will, I still hope, you will be almost as much so: dear S^r^, you are welcome to Cambridge; what d'y^e^ think? Pilk Hale[6] about 3 months ago had a great inclination to visit Malepert[7], but thought it would not be well-bred not to let him know it beforehand; & being at a loſs, who he should send; I persuaded him to go himself, & let him know M^r^ Hale would wait upon him in the afternoon. and so he did: Mal: promised to return it very soon; & ever since the other has staid at home with all his fine things

[5] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[6] This was perhaps William Hale, eldest son of Sir Bernard Hale, of King's Walden, Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer (d. 1729). Hale, who was a contemporary of Gray and Walpole at Eton, was admitted a Pensioner at Peterhouse on 12 July 1734, nine days after Gray; his tutor was the Rev. George Birkett, who was also Gray's tutor. Hale died at Chelsea on 14 Sept. 1793. General Bernard Hale and General John Hale were his younger brothers (*Peterhouse Admission Book*, ed. Walker, p. 268).

[7] Possibly this was Hale's tutor, Birkett (see n. 6).

set out to the best advantage, & is quite sure he'll come, & expects him every hour :—[8]

Addressed: [To]
The H[on^ble Horace Walp]ole
Esq a[t his house in S^t J]ames's
Squa[re
London]

Postmark: 5 FE

13. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

May it please your We-ship

IN consideration of the time your Petitioner has past in your honours Service, as also on account of the great Services your petitioner's relations have had the honour to perform for your Honour's Ancestors; since it is well known that your petit^rs Grandmother's Aunt's Cousin-german had y^e honour to pull out your honour's great Uncle's Wive's brother's hollow tooth; as also, to go further backwards, your Pet^rs relation was Physician to King Cadwallader, one of your highneſses fore-fathers, and cured him of a fishes-bone, which had stuck in his throat fifteen years, & three days and would neither come up, nor down: also the Emperour Maximus, a very near relation of your serene Haughtineſses, entertain'd your Petit^rs progenitor in his army, as a Jester, who is said to have had so much

[8] The middle of the second leaf of the letter has been cut out, carrying with it the concluding portion of the text, as well as the postmark of the place, and most of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets).

LETTER 13.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

wit, that he could devour ten peck-loaves at a Meal, & tosſ off as many hog-sheads of strong beer without taking breath: I could enumerate more than all this, but hope, this will be sufficient to prevail upon your generosity to make me your first Minister, and Confidant

And your Petr shall *ever pray*

Thou hast been for this month, like an auctioneer's mallet, just a-coming! just a-coming! and pray what has next Thursday in it, more than last Wednesday, to make me expect you with any tolerable Certainty? when these two eyes behold thee, I question, whether I shall believe them: three long months is a long while, for a poor lone woman[1] to bear; and I have born, & born, and been fub'd off, & fub'd off from this day to that day by you, thou Honey-suckle Villain (as Mrs Quickly says) oh! thou art an infinitive thing upon my score of impatience[2]. remember you are a day in my debt for every hour you have made me wait, & I shall come upon you for the payment, & perhaps with interest: ——I begin to bear my Crest aloft when I hear of your pride; I dare not tell Ashton[3] anything about it, for he hopes to see you behave with great affability to every body, & you'll have many lectures upon that Subject: I begin to pity the poor Man, that is to be with you:

[1] Altered by Walpole to 'creature', which he has also written in above the line.

[2] 2 *Hen.* IV. i. 2: '*Mrs. Quickly.* He 's an infinitive thing upon my score.... A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day.... Ah! thou honey-suckle villain!'

[3] This name has been scored through, but is still decipherable.

he is extremely modest, & as humble as you could wish; you may snub him with a look; I fancy he will intrude very little. make hast & pack up your things, the Coach is at the door: drive away to

[4]

Feb: 25: [1735][5] Pet: Col:[6]

Addressed: To
The Hon[ble] M[r] Horac[e]
Walpole at his house [in]
S[t] James's Square
Londo[n]

Postmark: CAM 26
BRIDGE FE

14. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

March: 5 [1735][1] Cambridge

[ ][2]

IF you please to remember, that about a fortnight ago, you sent me to Almanzor's[3] room, there to wait

[4] The signature of the letter has been cut away (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets).

[5] The date of the year is determined by the address (see Letters 1, n. 7; 9, n. 2).

[6] See Letter 10, n. 2.

LETTER 14.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This date, which has been inserted in the original (by Mason), is confirmed by the address (see Letters 1, n. 7; 9, n. 2).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 5).

[3] See Letter 2, n. 5.

for you: & there it seems I might have stayed till this time, & been never the nearer: after all this, I see nothing should hinder, but that about the 29th of next February there may be some small probability of your being just a-going to think of setting out on ye 29th of Febr: Anno Domini, 1737[4]: at which time your humble servant will most punctually meet you; but in the mean time I would advise with you how Almanzor & I shall pass the time; whither you think it best for us to double our selves up nicely in the corner of some old Draw, that at your arrival, we may come out spick & span new in all our pleats; but perhaps by that time we may grow out of fashion, or moth-eaten; or to compose ourselves with a good dose of Laudanum for a year or two, & so dream of you; [but then you may][5] find it too hard a matter to wake us, or perhaps you will let us lye, & snore on till Doomsday: prithee don't mind Finances & my lord Chancellour, but make haste hither. oh! I forgot how obligingly in your last letter to me, you let us both know, that you did not care a farthing, whither you saw us this twelvemonth; for I imagine you mean't it to both, because it was directed to me at Kings-colledge[6]: I own, I quite believe you; but did not think you would mortify me so much as to tell me so; however I have learn'd to be pleased with anything, that comes from you, & still try to persuade myself, that you would think

[4] An equivalent of the Greek Calends.

[5] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[6] Almanzor (i.e. Ashton) was at King's; Gray, of course, was at Peterhouse.

Cambridge more disagreeable without, than you will with

yours most faithfully

[ ][7]

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble [M^r Horace]
Walpole at [his house in]
S^t James's [Square
London][8]

15. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge] July–3^d–[1735]

My Dearest Horace

Donec gratus eram tibi[2]

I WAS happier than D^r Heighington[3], or his Wife Lydia[4]; however I find being from you agrees as ill with me, as if I never had felt your absence before:

[7] The signature has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[8] The upper half of the second leaf of the letter has been torn off, carrying with it (apparently) a postscript, as well as the postmark and part of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets).

Letter 15.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is determined by the address (see Letter 1, n. 7), and by the fact that Gray did not begin residence at Cambridge until 9 Oct. 1734 (see Letter 9, n. 2).

[2] Horace, 3 *Odes* ix. 1.

[3] Musgrave Heighington (1690–*c.* 1774), a native of Durham, well known in East Anglia between 1733 and 1746, as a musician and composer. He was for a time organist at Great Yarmouth, and during this period gave concerts in Norwich, Spalding, Yarmouth, and Holt (in the neighbourhood of Sir Robert Walpole's seat at Houghton). In 1745 he published *Six Select Odes of Anacreon in Greek and Six of Horace in Latin, set to Music*, dedicated to Robert Walpole, second Earl of Orford. In his preface to this work he speaks of these odes as having been 'chiefly compos'd for the private Entertainment, and some of them by the

I have composed a hymn about it mighty moving, & thrum it perpetually, for I've changed my harp into a harpsicord & am as melodious, as the Day is long: I am sorry, I can give you no further Information about Mr Cornwallis [5], there was a Congregation held yesterday, but nothing further done about his degree for the present: I received a long letter mighty pretty, in Latin, from West [6] yesterday; partly about butter'd Turnips, partly about an Eclipse, that I under-

particular Command of your Lordship's noble Father, under whose Patronage, had Fate permitted, they were design'd to appear in Publick'. One of the odes of Horace set by him (p. 23) is that quoted by Gray, the ninth of the third book, which is written for two voices, one part being assigned to 'Lydia', a character in the ode. Mrs. Heighington (an Irish lady, whose maiden name was Anne Conway) sang with her husband at concerts. It is evident that Walpole had lately heard her sing the part of 'Lydia' in Heighington's setting of this ode, and that he had mentioned it to Gray, who hence refers to Mrs. Heighington as 'Lydia'. Among the subscribers to Heighington's work is a long list of Walpoles and Conways, and it is probable that Sir Robert Walpole's patronage of him and his wife was due to the latter's being a family connexion of the Conways, who were nearly related to the Walpoles through the marriage of Francis Conway, first Baron Conway, with Charlotte Shorter (as his third wife), sister of Catherine Shorter, the wife of Sir Robert Walpole. (From information kindly supplied by Mr. A. H. Mann, of King's Field, Cambridge.)

[4] See previous note.

[5] Hon. Frederick Cornwallis (1713–83), seventh son of Charles, fifth Baron Cornwallis, a contemporary (though several years their senior) of Gray and Walpole at Eton, whence he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted as a pensioner in Feb. 1732, and of which he became a Fellow in 1738 (see Letter 78). He took his M.A. degree in 1736, without taking the B.A., as being the son of a Peer. He was successively Canon of Windsor (1746), Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (1750), Dean of St. Paul's (1766), and Archbishop of Canterbury (1768–83).

[6] Richard West (see *Introd.* § 11), the only member of the 'Quadruple Alliance' who went to Oxford. The letter referred to by Gray has not been preserved.

stood no more than the Man in the Moon; he desired his love to you in English;

I wish a great deal of happineſs to you, a good journey to Houghton[7], & a more entertaining Companion, than

yours most sincerely
T: GRAY

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horace
Walpole Esq in S^t^ Jame's
Square
London

Postmark: CAM 4
BRIDGE IY

16. WALPOLE TO GRAY.

From Cambridge, 1735.

In the style of Addison's *Travels*[1].

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE you saw in the newspapers that I was going to make the tour of Italy[2]; I shall therefore give you some account of the places I have seen, which are not to be found in Mr. Addison, whose method I shall follow[3]. On 9th of Oct^r^., 1735, we set out from

[7] Walpole usually spent part of the summer at his father's Norfolk seat.

LETTER 16.—Reprinted (with notes) from Mrs. Toynbee's *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. i, pp. 4–8. The heading and marginal notes are by Walpole.

[1] *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, in the Years 1701, 1702, 1703*. Lond. 1705.

[2] 'Horatio Walpole, Esq; third Son to Sir Robert Walpole, is setting out to make the Tour of Italy' (*Daily Journal*, Wed. 8 Oct. 1735).

[3] The places mentioned in this letter are on the high road from London to Cambridge.

Lodone[a] (the Lugdunum of the Ancients), the capital city of Lombardy, in a chariot-and-four. About 11 o'clock, we arrived at a place the Italians call Tempialbulo[b]. Virgil seems to have prophesied of this town when he says—

[a] London.

[b] White-chapel.

Amisit verum vetus Albula nomen[4].

By *Time* the founder's great design was crost,
And *Albula* its genuine title lost.

Here are no remains of Roman antiquity but a statue of Marc Aurelius[c], which the Lombards call Guglielmo Terzo, one of their kings, and some learned men[d] St. George and the Dragon. It is an equestrian statue, and almost equal to that of Charlemagne, at the Great Cross[e], at Lodone. The church is an old Gothic building, and reckoned the most ancient in Italy. Here was some time ago an altar-piece of the Lord's Supper, in which the painter having quarrelled with the Abbot[f] of this church, represented him like Judas[6], with this epigram :—

[c] Statue of King William at a stone-cutter's.

[d] See Addison, *Trav.*, p. 265.

[e] Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross.

[f] Dr. White Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough.

Falleris, hâc qui te piggi sub imagine credis,
Non similis Judas est tibi—poenituit.

Think not, vain man, thou here art represented,
Thou art not like to *Judas*—he repented.

[4] *Aen.* viii. 332.

[5] 'In Pavia . . . is a statue in brass of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place call Charles the Fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.'

[6] The correct version of this story is as follows: Dr. Richard Welton (d. 1726), the nonjuring Rector of Whitechapel, who resented Kennett's opposition to Sacheverell, employed the artist James Fellowes (d. 1730) to depict Kennett as Judas in an altar-piece in his church

From thence we made the best of our way to a town, which in English we should call Stony-Stratford, and corresponds with the description which Virgil has given of it—

> — *vivo praetervehor Ostia Saxo*
> *Stratfordi, Megarosque sinus, Tapsumque iacentem*[7].

Those that follow are little dirty towns, that seem to have been built only to be 'knocked[g]' on the head, like

[g] Expression of Addison on this line.

Antitheum, Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque[8].

[h] Bow.

The next town of note is Arc[h], so called from its being built in the shape of a bow—*ab Eoo curvatur in Arcum.* From Arc we travelled through a very pleasant country to Epino[i], whose forest is celebrated by Virgil in these lines:—

[i] Epping.

> *Sylva Epini latè dumis, atque ilice nigrâ*
> *Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;*
> *Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles*[9].
>
> *Epinum's* woods with shrubs and gloomy oak
> Horrid, and all with brambles thick o'ergrown,
> Through which few narrow paths obscurely led.
> *Mr. Trap*[10].

We were here shown, at a distance, the thickets rendered so famous by the robberies of Gregorio[j]. Here

[j] Gregory, a noted highwayman. See Addison, *Trav.*, p. 11[11].

[7] *Aen.* iii. 688–9.

[8] *Aen.* vi. 483.

[9] *Aen.* ix. 381–3.

[10] Joseph Trapp (1679–1747), first Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1708). He translated Virgil into blank verse.

[11] 'We were here shown at a distance the Deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the penance of Mary Magdalene.'

I. was met by a very distant and troublesome relation. My namesake hints at such an one in those lines of his—

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, Cosiniſsime, rerum?[12]
Horace.

There stepp'd up one to me I hardly knew,
Embraced me, and cried, Cousin, how d'ye do?
Mr. Creech[13].

We lay that night at Oggerell[k], which is famous for nothing but being Horace's Oppidulo, *quod versu dicere non est*[15].

k Hockerel[14].

In our way to Parvulun[l], we saw a great castle[m], belonging to the Counts of Suffolcia; it is a vast pile of building, but quite in the old taste. Parvulun is a small village, but formerly remarkable for several miracles[n], said to be performed there by a Welsh saint[16], who, like Jupiter, was suckled by a goat, whence they think it

Porrum et Caepe nefas violare. Juv.[17]

l Littlebury.
m Audley Inn, the seat of the Earl of Suffolk.
n Winstanley's Wonders, or Tricks in Mechanics.

The wonders of Parvulun are in great repute all over Lombardy. We had very bad ways from hence to Pont Oſsoria[o], where are the ruins of a bridge that

o Bone Bridge[18].

[12] 1 *Sat.* ix. 3–4.

[13] Thomas Creech (1659–1700), of Wadham and All Souls Colleges, Oxford, the translator of Lucretius, Horace, and Theocritus.

[14] In Hertfordshire, close to Bishop's Stortford, 30 miles from London on the road to Cambridge.

[15] 1 *Sat.*, v. 87.

[16] Henry Winstanley (1644–1703), draughtsman and engineer. The 'tricks in mechanics' mentioned by Walpole were shown, for the benefit of his widow, at Winstanley's former house at Littlebury in Essex.

[17] Juvenal, *Sat.* xv. 9.

[18] Bournbridge, between Saffron Walden and Cambridge.

gives name to the town. The account they give of it is as follows :—St. Bona being desirous to pass over the river, met with a man who offered to carry her over ; he took her up in his arms, and under pretence of doing her service, was going to ravish her ; but she praying to the Virgin Mary for help, the wretch fell into the stream and was drowned, and immediately this bridge rose out of the water for her to go over. She was so touched with this signal deliverance, that she would not leave the place, but continued there till her death in exercises of devotion, and was buried in a little chapel at the foot of the bridge, with her story at length and this epitaph—*Hâc sita sunt ossâ Bonae Venerabilis ossa*[p] *!*

[p] Epitaph of Venerable Bede.

From Pont Olsoria we travelled by land to Nuovo Foro[q] (the Novum Forum of Jockius), where are held the greatest races in all Italy. We were shown in the treasury of the Benedictines' Convent an ancient gold cup which cost an hundred guineas (a great sum in those days)[19], and given, as the friar told us that attended us, by a certain German Prince, he did not very well know who, but he believed his name was one King George[r]. The inhabitants are wonderfully fond of horses, and to this day tell you most surprising stories of one Looby, a Boltognian. I saw a book dedicated to the head of that family, intituled *A Dis-*

[q] Newmarket.

[r] See p. 78[20].

[19] A fling at George II's parsimony.

[20] 'I asked an abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Cæsar.'

course on the Magnanimity of Bucephalus, and of the Duke of Bologne's Horse Looby[s][22].

[s] See p. 30[21].

I staid here three days, and in my way to Pavia[t] stopped at the Palace of Delfini[u], which is built on the top of a large barren mountain, and at a distance looks like the Ark resting on Mount Ararat. This mountain is called Gog, and opposite to one called Magog. They are very dangerous precipices, and occasioned the famous verse—

[t] Duke of Bolton [23]. Cambridge.

[u] Lord Godolphin's house on Gogmagog Hills.

Incidit in Gogum qui vult vitare Magogon[v].

[v] Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charibdim.

I need not repeat the history of Gog and Magog, it being known to every child, and to be found at large in most books of travels.

Pavia and its University are described by Mr. Addison, so I shall only mention a circumstance which I wonder escaped that learned gentleman. It is the name of the town, which is derived from the badneſs of the streets: *Pavia à non pavendo*, as *Lucus à non lucendo*.

Till next post, adieu!

Yours ever,

HORATIUS ITALICUS.

[21] 'When I was at Milan I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Borromean family, and entitled *A discourse on the Humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromée.*'

[22] Looby, whose sire was Bay Bolton, won a royal plate at Newmarket. 'Last Monday was run the great Match at Newmarket, on which was depending upwards of 30,000 *l.* between the Duke of Bolton's Looby . . . against Mr. Panton's Conqueror, 4 miles for 300 Guineas a Side . . . which was won by Mr. Panton's Conqueror.' (*Daily Gazeteer*, Wed. 8 Oct. 1735—a few days before this letter was written.)

[23] Charles Paulet (1685–1754), third Duke of Bolton.

17. ASHTON TO WEST.

[Cambridge, Oct. 1735][1]

THRICE-HIGHEST ZEPHYRILLE,

THE substance of your last letter, was a complaint for the loſs of three friends, & an enquiry after them. What intelligence concerning them, may be collected from my information, hear shortly.

To begin with the last, first. I can answer for one. The other Two are almost Strangers to me. I have seen neither of them these 4 Months. Walpole I have not heard from this fortnight, nor Gray, this Age.

The Papers say Walpole is for Italy instantly[2]. this Piece of News does but ill correspond with the last letter I had from him; but what reasons he may have since to alter his resolution, is to me a mystery.

Lord Conway[3] is in this Part of the World—a fall from his Horse at New Market has bruis'd his arm, but I hope, not dangerously. We have had some bustle here about the election of Proctor[4]. the Heads

LETTER 17.—First printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 66–8); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 199 ff.).

[1] The date is fixed by the references to the report as to Walpole's tour in Italy (see n. 2), and to the election of Proctors (see n. 4).

[2] See Letter 16, n. 2.

[3] Francis Seymour Conway (1718–94), second Baron Conway; afterwards (1750) Earl, and (1793) Marquis of Hertford. He was Horace Walpole's first cousin, and brother of Henry Seymour Conway (afterwards Field-Marshal Conway) (see Letter 71, n. 13).

[4] In October 1735 the Heads attempted to nominate the Proctors, and the Vice-Chancellor admitted Trant of Christ's as Proctor, instead of Caryl of Jesus, who had more votes in the Senate. Caryl appealed, but without success (see Tovey, *in loc.*).

of Colleges have chosen one, whom the White Hoods declare unduly elect: the affair may be of Service to Innkeepers & Lawyers. I am surprizd to hear such poor paltry harangues as are utterd once a week from the Rostra of this Nurse of Science. a good Sermon would be a great Novelty. Pray are they as rare with you. I dont know what they may be now. What they were 230 years agon I can tell. You shall have a specimen. The University had, says my Historian, three gentlemen, and three only, capable of Preaching. It so happend that in the absence of these three Concionators, M[r] Taverner[5] of Woodeaton, a gentleman of great repute for Learning, & Sheriff for the County entered the Pulpit, with Sword by his Side, & gold Chain round his Neck, & thus from his Stone-Tub begunn.—'Arriving at the Mount of St. Maries, in the Stony Stage[6], where I now stands[7], I have brought you some fine biskets baked in the oven of Charity, carefully conservd for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit & the Swallows of Salvation &c. Now to God the father &c. I heartily commend you.'

T. Ashton.

Received your letter at Lancaster[8] and answ[d] it, as you know, I am sure by this time.

[5] Richard Taverner (*c.* 1505–75), religious reformer, and author of an English version of the Bible (1539). He was High Sheriff for Oxfordshire in 1569, in which year he preached a sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford. He died at Wood Eaton, where he owned land, and was there buried. The anecdote related by Ashton is recorded by Anthony Wood in *Athenæ Oxonienses* (i. 144).

[6] This word is omitted by Tovey.

[7] Tovey: 'stand'.

[8] Ashton's father was usher of Lancaster Grammar School.

When I have any further intelligence from the lost Men, you shall certainly know—till then, & after then,

I am yours

entirely.

18. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Ch. Ch. Oct. 29. 1735——

My DEAREST CELADON,

CRIMINE quo merui juvenum placidiſsime[1] after a long tedious melancholy silence comes a letter, or rather the shadow of a letter, so short—I thought it a dream indeed.

Te querar, ah Celadon, (nisi differat aura querelas)
vel scripsiſse parum, vel siluiſse nimis.

Suffer then my poor little desponding letter to make it's appearance before all like a ghost wrapt up in a white sheet, and to make it's apology thus—

You say I have an aversion to Statius, & Statius surely is an honorable man, and even his ennemies must confeſs he has some perfections: But could you think I meant to wound you thro' his sides, or could I dream of your dear Pegasus, when I abused Domitian's horse.

Moreover, you treat me as a dreamer of dreams, and

LETTER 18.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection. With the originals of the letters from West to Walpole is preserved a slip of paper, on which is written in Walpole's hand: 'From Richard West, Only Son of Ld Chancellor West of Ireland, by Elizabeth, Daughter to Dr Burnet Bishop of Salisbury.'

[1] Statius, 5 *Sylvæ* iv (*Somnus*), 1: 'Crimine quo merui juvenis placidissime divûm'.

you call me by the heathenish name of Watteau, & you say I write down my falsa insomnia, & all that: if that be the case I am absolved already, for dreams you know always go by contraries; so that Statius has no longer any occasion to complain of Sleep[2].

But to wave this plea, surely you are not so far of Quarle's opinion, as to think crimes committed[3] actual sins: if so many a virgin has dreamed away her virginity. And now, to end like an Orator with a curious peroration,

O pardon, pardon a distempered mind;
Mercy 's the sweetest attribute of heaven.
Forget, forgive—Humanity may err—
I've injured Statius, I have wronged his muse,
And I have suffered—Oh my Celadon!
Shall one rash dream, th' infirmity of sleep,
Throw down the merit of my waking hours?
Damn'd visionary curse! so fares the wretch,
Whose sleep-beguiled hand stabbed his poor sire,
And waking finds despair—forget, forgive—
My dreams are guilty, but my heart is free[4].

By this time I think I must have mollified you, and so I conclude, sleeping or waking,

My dear Celadon,
your very faithful humble Servt.
R: West.

P.S.

I must ask a few questions. are you to travel

2 See n. 1.
3 *Sic.*
4 Dryden and Lee, *Œdipus*, iii. 1: '*Œdipus.* My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.'

soon[5]? is Orosmades[6] defunct? does Almanzor[7] exist? is the divine Plato[8] alive? what sort of a thing is Tydeus[9]?

I saw Ch. Lyttleton[10] about a week ago. I wish I could hear from you by the minutes.

Sic raro scribis ut totâ non quater horâ[11].

Oh why must envious space our friendship part?
Letters are feeble transcripts of the heart.
Forth from my mind so swift Ideas flow,
The dull line loiters, & the words move slow[12].
Still by the pen's delay my fancy's crost,
And ere I write, a thousand thoughts are lost.
Then oh! since writing is but vain at best,
Read all you can—& you may dream the rest[13].
Meantime how heavily my days now roll!
The morning lecture! & the evening bowl!
The cobweb-school! The tutor's flimzy tale!
The feast of folly! & the flow of ale[14]!

[5] Ashton had written to West shortly before: 'The Papers say Walpole is for Italy instantly' (see Letter 17).

[6] Gray.

[7] Probably Ashton (see *Introd.* § 2).

[8] Plato is identified by some with Ashton, but see *Introd.* § 2.

[9] Tydeus has not been identified.

[10] Charles Lyttelton (1714–68), third son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, fourth Baronet, of Hagley, Worcestershire; he was a contemporary (though several years their senior) of Gray, Walpole, Ashton, and West at Eton, and proceeded in Oct. 1732 to University College, Oxford. He was subsequently Dean of Exeter (1748), and Bishop of Carlisle (1762–8).

[11] Horace, 2 *Sat.* iii. 1: 'Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno . . .'

[12] Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, 371: 'The line too labours, and the words move slow.'

[13] Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, 124: 'Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.'

[14] Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, 2 *Sat.* i. 128: 'The feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

Who would not laugh if such strange things[15] there be[16]?
For me I hate the odious scene,—& dream of thee

Addressed: To
Horatio Walpole Esq^r.
at King's college
Cambridge

Postmark: OXFORD 30 OC

19. WALPOLE TO WEST.

DEAR WEST,

YOU expect a long letter from me, and have said in verse all that I intended to have said in far inferior prose. I intended filling three or four sides with exclamations against an university life, but you have showed me how strongly they may be expressed in three or four lines. I can't build without straw; nor have I the ingenuity of the spider to spin fine lines out of dirt: a master of a college would make but a miserable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge sophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati, quem pulpita pascunt[1].

But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-

[15] West first wrote 'scenes'.

[16] Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, 213: 'Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?'

LETTER 19.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 411–12.

[1] Juvenal, *Sat.* vii. 93.

run with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a *punctum, cujus nulla est pars :*

> Their time a moment, and a point their space[2].
>
> *Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus*
> *Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent :*
> *Tu coluisse novem musas, Romane, memento ;*
> *Hae tibi erunt artes. . . . .*[3]

We have not the least poetry stirring here ; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January[4] by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram. Tydeus rose and set at Eton : he is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmades and Almanzor are just the same ; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato improves every day ; so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time—though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance[5] : that was a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A short account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

My dear West,

your faithful friend,

H. Walpole.

King's College,
Nov. 9, 1735.

[2] Pope, *Essay on Man*, i. 72.

[3] *Aen.* vi. 850–3 (adapted).

[4] Anniversary of the 'martyrdom' of Charles I.

[5] Thus as boys they had called the intimacy formed at Eton between Walpole, Gray, West, and Ashton. *Berry.*—See *Introd.* §§ 1, 2.

20. WEST TO GRAY.

YOU use me very cruelly: You have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loſs is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better succeſs in behalf of your quondam school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Through many a flowery path and shelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to

Yours.

Christ Church. Nov. 14. 1735.

P.S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively, a history of your own time[1].

LETTER 20.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 6–7.

[1] An allusion to the *History of his own Times* (published in 1723–34) of West's maternal grandfather, Bishop Burnet.

21. GRAY TO WEST.

[Dec. 1735][1]

WHEN you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progreſs, and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was; I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the reformation[2]. However, as the most undeserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are

LETTER 21.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, p. 8, where this letter is combined with parts of Gray's letter of 8 May 1736 (Letter 30), and with other matter inserted by Mason.

[1] Date conjectural; the letter is a reply to West's of Nov. 14 (Letter 20) (see n. 2).

[2] Carrying on the allusion to the other history written by Mr. West's grandfather. *Mason.*—See postscript to West's letter. Burnet's *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, in 3 vols., was published 1679–1715.

not in danger of being crouded there; it is asking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

22. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

Dec: 24 [1735][1]—Peter-house

[ ][2]

AFTER having been very piously at S[t] Mary's church yesterday; as I was coming home; somebody told me, that you was come, & that your Servant had been to enquire for me: whereupon throwing off all the Pruderie & Reserve of a Cambridge Student, in a great extasie, I run in a vast hurry to set the Bells a-ringing, & kindle a thousand Bonfires—when amidst these Convulsions of Joy, I was stopt by one of our Colledge, who inform'd me, that a fine Gentleman in a laced hat & scarlet Stockings wanted me: so, you may conclude, as soon as I set eyes on him, I was ready to eat him for having your Livery on; but he soon checked me by acquainting me 'twas not You, that was come; but—Your Service: now undoubtedly after being so terribly bauked; one could not have lived, but by the help of Hartshorn, Hungary-Water, & your Journal, which gives one a greater Flow of Spirits, than ei[ther

LETTER 22.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is determined by the reference to Walpole's mention of 'Plato' (see n. 6).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 4).

of them.][3] [but, dear Celadon][4], nothing gave me half so much pleasure, as to find; that after the toil of the day was over, you could be so good as to throw away a moment in thinking of me, & had Spirits enough left, to make all the hideosities you underwent agreable by describing them:—by all that's, frightful, I was in agonies for you, when I saw you planted at the upper end of a Table so elegantly set out; like the King of Monsters in the Fairy-tales: never was any one's curiosity half so much raised by a blot, as mine is by that in your Diary: 'tis so judicious a Scratch, so genteel a Blurr, that I shall never be easy, till I know what it conceals; no more than I shall be, till I receive the things that are to come by word of mouth, w^ch^ (if 'twere posſible) would make me wish to see you more than ever: [5]sure West is as much improved as he says[6] Plato[7] is; since you could have the conscience to persuade him to come to Cambridge[5] . . . . .[8]

[3] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[4] Piece cut out; the missing words are supplied conjecturally from the fragments of writing which have escaped the scissors.

[5–5] This sentence has been heavily scored through, but is still decipherable.

[6] Gray originally wrote 'you say', which he altered to 'he says'; he probably intended to write 'as he says you say', since he is obviously referring to Walpole's phrase in his letter to West of 9 Nov. (Letter 19): 'Plato improves every day.'

[7] See Letter 18, n. 8.

[8] The second leaf, containing the remainder of the letter, and the address, &c., has been torn off.

Walker & Cockerell Pin. Sc.

Horace Walpole

from a painting by Jonathan Richardson.

23. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

Jan: 3— [1736][1] London

[ ][2]

A THOUSAND thanks for the thousand happy New-years you sent me, & which, I suppose, a thousand good-natured people have made you a present of, in the overflowings of their zeal:

—May each revolving year
With bleſsings crown'd, like this, returning smile
On [ ][3], the happiest of his Kind—

I need not wish anything further, since (as I wish, what you do) to be sure you know my wishes already: Wise folks say the wise mans happineſs is in himself; pray, are you the wise man? they tell you too, that mortal happineſs is not of long continuance; heaven send, yours may last, till you wish for a little misery; nay! and longer still: I can't tell whither our situations are much changed, since this time twelvemonth; certain I am however, that there is a great alteration: I don't succeed to your diversions in town, I believe, & yet am absent from Cambridge without regret, nay with

LETTER 23.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is determined by the references to the performances of *Adriano* and *Artaserse* (see nn. 4, 5), and of *Zara* (see n. 12).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 6).

[3] The name (probably Celadon) has been cut out, carrying with it a word on the other side (see n. 15).

pleasure, tho' not infinitely happier here:—I have very little to tell you, as to the place, call'd London: Adriano[4] expired a few days ago, & his auncient Predeceſsour Artaxerxes[5] succeeds him for the present, w^ch^ I think to visit to night: the [Town (in submiſsio]n[6] to your judgement) don't much admire Delane[7]; M^rs^ Porter[8] acts in y^e^ Albion Queens[9], but I ſhall stay for another Play, before I see her; neither have I much inclination for old Cibber[10] in S^r^ Courtly Nice[11],

[4] *Adriano* (adapted from Metastasio's *Adriano in Siria*, with music by Veracini) had been produced, as 'a new opera', at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on 29 Nov. 1735; it was performed several times in December, and was then withdrawn until the following February.

[5] 'An opera call'd Artaxerses' (adapted from Metastasio's *Artaserse*, with music by R. Broschi and Hasse) was announced for performance at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket on the Saturday (Jan. 10) following the date of this letter.

[6] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[7] Dennis Delane (d. 1750), an Irish actor, who began his career in Dublin, and came to London in 1730. After acting for four years at Goodman's Fields (where he played Othello, Macbeth, Lear, and Richard III, among other tragic parts), he removed to Covent Garden, where he made his first appearance as Alexander in Lee's *Rival Queens* on 25 Oct. 1735.

[8] Mary Porter (d. 1765) made her first appearance in 1699, and retired in 1743. After the retirement of Mrs. Oldfield (1730) she was the leading actress on the London stage. At this time (Jan. 1736) she was playing at Covent Garden.

[9] By John Banks (fl. 1696); it was originally (1684) called *Island Queens*, but the name was changed to *Albion Queens* on its first production at Drury Lane in 1704. Mrs. Porter was playing the part of Queen Elizabeth.

[10] Colley Cibber (1671–1757), actor, dramatist, and poet laureate (1730), the hero of the *Dunciad* on the deposition of Theobald (see Letter 57, n. 16). He retired from the stage in 1733, but made several reappearances during the next twelve years. He played Sir Courtly Nice, one of his most famous parts, at Drury Lane on 29 Dec. 1735, and 2 Jan. 1736.

[11] *Sir Courtly Nice, or It can-*

nor for young M^rs^ Cibber[12] in Voltaire's Zara[13], in w^ch^ she performs the principal part for y^e^ first time of her appearance in that way: I went to King Arthur[14] last night, which is exceeding fine; they have a new man to [suppl]y[15] Delane's place, one Johnson[16], with y^e^ finest person & face in the world to all appearance; but as awkward, as a Button-maker[17]; in short, if he knew how to manage his Beauties to advantage, I should not wonder, if all the Women run mad for him: the inchanted part of the play, is not Machinery, but actual magick: the second scene is a British temple enough to make one go back a thousand years, & really be in ancient Britain: the Songs are all Church-musick, & in

not be, comedy by John Crowne (d. *c.* 1703); it was first produced in 1685, and held the stage for upwards of a century.

[12] Susannah Maria Cibber (*née* Arne) (1714–66), singer and tragic actress; wife (1734) of Theophilus Cibber (son of Colley Cibber). She made her first appearance as an actress in the part of Zara at Drury Lane on Jan. 12 of this year, and was an immediate success. Her two most famous parts were Constance (in *King John*) and Ophelia. In 1753 she joined Garrick at Drury Lane, where she remained until her death. As a singer she had been a special favourite with Handel.

[13] Voltaire's *Zaïre*, the motive of which was borrowed from *Othello*, was produced in 1732; it was adapted for the English stage by Aaron Hill, and on its first appearance at Drury Lane had an uninterrupted run of fourteen nights.

[14] *King Arthur, or the British Worthy*, by Dryden, music by Purcell, first produced in 1791. It had been revived by Giffard at Goodman's Fields on the previous Dec. 19, and ran for thirty-six nights.

[15] Piece cut out (see n. 3); the missing word is supplied conjecturally from the fragments of writing which have escaped the scissors.

[16] Originally an artist; he engaged himself to the managers of Drury Lane (Booth, Cibber, and Wilks), by whom, it was alleged, he was unfairly ousted from the best parts; he appears to have died *c.* 1742. He played the part of Arthur in *King Arthur* at Goodman's Fields.

[17] This may be a glance at the actor Stevens (see Letter 3, n. 16).

every one of y^e^ Chorus's M^rs^ Chambers[18] sung y^e^ chief part, accompanied with

Roarings, Squawlings & Squeakations dire[19]

M^rs^ Giffard[20] is by way of Emmeline, & should be blind, but, heaven knows! I would not wish to see better than she does, & seems to do; for when Philidel[21] restores her to sight, her eyes are not at all better than before; she is led in at first, by a Creature, y^t^ was more like a Devil by half, than Grimbald[22] himself; she took herself for Madame la Confidente, but every body else took her to be in the Circumstances of Damnation: when Emmeline comes to her sight, she beholds this M^rs^ Matilda[23] first, & cries out

Are Women all like thee? such glorious Creatures![24]

which set the people into such a laugh, as lasted the whole Act: the Frost Scene is exceſsive fine; the first Scene of it is only a Cascade, that seems frozen; with the Genius of Winter asleep & wrapt in furs, who upon the approach of Cupid, after much quivering, & shaking sings the finest song in the Play: just after, the

[18] The same, no doubt, who subsequently made a hit as Polly Peachum in the *Beggar's Opera*, which she played to Lowe's Macheath; a painting of the two in these characters, by R. E. Pine, was engraved by McArdell in 1752.

[19] Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 628: 'Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.'

[20] Wife of the actor, who was manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields. It was under his management that Garrick made his first appearance. Giffard played the part of Oswald, and his wife that of Emmeline, in *King Arthur*.

[21] An Airy Spirit.

[22] An Earthy Spirit — 'the grossest, earthiest, ugliest fiend in hell'.

[23] Emmeline's attendant.

[24] Act iii. Sc. 2: '*Emmeline* (staring on *Matilda*). Are women such as thou? Such glorious creatures?'

Scene opens, & shows a view of arched rocks coverd with Ice & Snow to y^e^ end of y^e^ Stage; between the arches are upon pedestals of Snow eight Images of old men & women, that seem frozen into Statues, with Icicles hanging about them & almost hid in frost, & from y^e^ end come Singers, viz: M^rs^ Chambers, &c: & Dancers all rubbing their hands & chattering with cold with fur gowns & worsted gloves in abundance; there are several more beautiful Scenes; but rather than describe 'em, I ought to beg pardon for interrupting your happineſs so long, and conclude myself

your poor Servant ever

[ ][25]

24. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Jan. 16, 1736][1]

[ ][2]

I HAVE a tast for the works of Cramputius[3], & his Scraps; if you can fill twelve baskets with such fragments, I have a stomach for 'em all: one should have had a paſsion for Simplicia[4] oneself, if one had lived in those days; she is so open & unreserved in her behaviour: the pleasure of having a mistreſs, that when one made her a compliment, & call'd her Spider;

[25] Signature cut off; the top of a 'd' is visible, so that Gray probably signed himself Orozmades.

LETTER 24.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year, which must have been later than 1735 because of the address (see n. 8), is conjectural.

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[3, 4] These characters have not been identified.

should only cry, ehe! I don't doubt but Portia behaved just s[o][5] when Brutus made love to her; this was reckon'd a Scene of great Gallantry I suppose at that time, & Q: Craſsus Tubero[6] as pretty a fellow with the Women, as the Genie Jonquil[7]: I don't know, whither you have forgot Cambridge, or not; it's plain, you chuse, only to keep it in mind; it seems to be at this time of year, that the humour usually takes you to tell us stories about your coming, but however I would rather be deceived, than hear nothing at all of it; so say something of it pray; every body in Cambridge knows better than I; who remain

yours to command

PATIENT GRISSEL

For god'sake write often,
if it be but two Syllables

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble Horace
Walpole Esq, at the
Treasury[8],
Westminster

Postmark: CAM 17
BRIDGE IA

[5] MS. torn.

[6] This character has not been identified.

[7] 'Le Génie Jonquille' is a character in *L'Écumoire ou Tanzaï et Néadarné* by Crébillon fils (published in 1734, and translated into English under the title of 'The Skimmer' in 1735), in which he figures as the lover of Néadarné (see Livre iii, chap. 4).

[8] Sir Robert Walpole removed from St. James's Square to the Treasury in Downing Street on 22 Sept. 1735. Among the publications announced in the *London Magazine* for Oct. 1735 is 'Congratulatory verses to Sir *Robert Walpole* upon his taking Possession as first Commissioner of the Treasury, of the new House in St. *James*'s Park, in *September*, 1735'. (See Letter 1, n. 7.)

25. ASHTON TO WEST.

[Cambridge] Jan^{y}: 29th. [1736][1]

WHEN I compare the date of your letter [with that][2] of this, I own I am ashamd to see so wide a difference. But I thought [it advis]^{2}able to allow you a Respite in some Proportion to the fatigue I had given you. I approve entirely of your proposal for the abolition of flattery, which however seems to have been founded upon an errour your Modesty has occasiond.

To say the truth I do not think that an excefs of Praise is altogether inconsistent with the Sincerity, which is ever neceſsary to constitute a real friendship. However 'tis at best a poisonous Medicine, & never to be administerd but with good judgment, & upon nice occasions. Yet I must think Complaisance is as expedient in Friendship, as in Matrimony, & a mere ridiculous familiarity in one is as insipid as a heavy, dull indifference in the other. It looks so like the la, la, after fruition.

I fear my Zephyrille, your long stay in that Capua of Luxury[3] where you have now so long been quarterd,

LETTER 25.—Now first printed in full from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 202 ff.). The two concluding paragraphs of this letter were printed (in part) by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 65–6).

[1] The date of the year is determined by the references to Walpole, who went up to Cambridge in March 1735, and to Farinelli, who left London towards the end of 1736 (see n. 5).

[2] Hiatus in Mitford's transcript; no doubt the original MS. was torn. The restoration of the text is conjectural.

[3] Presumably London.

will quite enervate the Masculine endowments of your Spirit, & require an expeditious return to Rhedycina[4].

Gray is happily escapd from the Sirens Song tho' Farinelli[5] joind in the concert. Walpole[6] has now left us with a full resolution to taste of every fruit in that Paradise, except the forbidden tree. I hope you will see him often while he stays in Town. I did propose to see you too. but I must reserve that pleasure to a later day.

I fancy I have told you that a wild young Poet of Trinity College has taken a mad flight out of a garret Window[7]: but finding no Castle in the air to rest at, his wings failed him and so he dropt. His Life is not despaird of. If I have not told you this before 'tis news. If I have, you may toss this stupid letter by as an old Evening Post.

Yours ever

ASHTON.

[4] The Latinized form of the Welsh rendering of the name Oxford (Rhyd-ychain, the ford of oxen).

[5] Carlo Broschi, called Farinelli (1705–82), famous soprano singer. He sang in London during the three years 1734–6, his first appearance being in *Artaserse*, the music of which was chiefly by his brother, Riccardo Broschi (see Letters 23, n. 5; and 35, n. 4).

[6] Ashton doubtless means that Walpole had gone up to London and that Gray had left it.

[7] Tovey states, on the authority of the late Vice-Master, Dr. Aldis Wright, that no record of this exploit exists at Trinity.

26. ASHTON TO WEST.

March 4th. [1736][1] King's.

My dear West,

YOUR extreme Civility is the genteelest and severest reprimand in the World for my inexcusable rudeneſs; which no excuse, leſs than neceſsity can poſsibly palliate. a violent fit of adverse Valetude has for some time chaind up my thoughts & confind my hand and I have been able to scribble but one letter these three weeks.

You see my dear, my Pen is no sooner at your Command than it is at your Service. I am glad you have heard such a favorable report of its Performances. I hope you believe it and the best way I know to confirm your belief of it, is to keep them from your Sight. and to speak truth, I sett too great a value upon your Esteem, to run so manifest a risque of losing it.

Your Criticism on Letter Writing is pretty just, and considers these little rovings of fancy in a true light. but for my part I can no more think of particular rules calculated for the purpose of writing, than for conversing or walking, laughing, running, frowning or the like. What may be layd down in general is that every word or action should be suitable to the Time or Company in which the Actor or Speaker is situated. So of letters,

Letter 26.—Now first printed (save for a couple of sentences printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends*, p. 72) from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 177–8).

[1] Mitford dates this letter 1735; but, unless he were using old style, this cannot be correct, since Walpole, who is referred to as being in residence at Cambridge, did not go up to King's till 11 March 1735.

the directions will demand as many variations as the Persons you write to, or the Subjects you consider. and the Scroll will undoubtedly receive its Color from the Temper of Mind in which you set your Pen to Paper. and the length or brevity of a letter will depend upon a thousand unforeseen Events—I intended to have filled a sheet, & Walpoles Italian[2] coming in makes me finish before I come to the bottom of a Page

Yours sincerely

ASHTON.

27. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

March: 11: [1736][1]—Cambridge:

MY DEAREST HORACE

I WAS obliged by an unexpected accident to defer my journey somewhat longer than Monday, tho' it gave not at all the more time for pleasure, if it had, I should have been at the Masquerade with you: Ashton terrifies me with telling me, that according to his latest Advices we are to remain in a State of Separation from you the Lord knows how much longer; we are inconsolable at the News, & weep our half Pint apiece every day about it; if you don't

[2] In *Short Notes of my Life* Walpole says, 'I learnt Italian at Cambridge of Signor Piazza'. This was Girolamo Bartolomeo Piazza, 'formerly a Dominican friar, born at Alessandria della Paglia', according to Cole, who says that he was also Gray's Italian teacher, as well as his own (MS. note, printed by Mitford in *Works of Gray*, vol. i, p. cv). Piazza contributed an Italian poem to the Cambridge *Gratulatio* on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1736; he is there described as 'Assistente Italiano del Regio Professore delle Lingue Moderne'.

LETTER 27.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is conjectural; it must be subsequent to 1735 because of the address (see Letter 1, n. 7).

make more haste, instead of us you may chance to find a couple of Fountains by your fireside: if that should be our fate I begg I may have the Honour of washing your hands, & filling your Tea-kettle every morning, . . .[2]

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ M^r^ Horace Walpole
near Whitehall[3]
Westminster

Postmark: SAFFRON 12
WALDEN MR

28. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, March 28, 1736][1].

[ ][2]

YOU can never weary me with repetition[3] of any thing, that makes me sensible of your kindnefs:

[2] The rest has been cut off.

[3] That is, at the Treasury in Downing Street (see n. 1).

LETTER 28.—Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection. This letter was first printed in part (in a garbled text) by Mason (whose text, as in the case of all the letters from Gray to Walpole printed by Mason, has been reproduced by all subsequent editors) in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, London, 1775 (pp. 16–17). In a note on this letter, the earliest from Gray to Walpole hitherto printed, Mason remarks: 'M^r^ Walpole, on my informing him that it was my intention to publish the principal part of M^r^ Gray's correspondence with M^r^ West, very obligingly communicated to me the letters which he had also received from M^r^ Gray at the same period. From this collection I have selected such as I thought would be most likely to please the generality of readers; omitting, though with regret, many of the more sprightly and humorous sort, because either from their personality, or some other local circumstance, they did not seem so well adapted to hit the public taste.' The letters rejected by Mason, which were returned by him to Walpole (see *Introd.* § 7), are now for the first time printed in the present volumes.

[1] Mason dates this letter *Peterhouse*, Dec. 23, 1736; which is certainly wrong so far as the date of the month is concerned, as is proved by the postmark.

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 11).

[3] Mason: 'with the repetition'.

since that has been the only Idea of any social happineſs that I have ever received almost[4], & which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasineſses[5] mixed with it. but it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours, for which reason my letters are shorter & leſs frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. love, & brown Sugar must be a poor regale for one of your Goût, & alas! you know I am by trade a Grocer[6]. Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandize, you don't[7] profeſs dealing in; now & then indeed, & to oblige a friend you may perhaps slip a little out of your Pocket, as a decayed Gentlewoman would a piece of right Mechlin[8], or a little quantity of run Tea; but this only now & then, not to make a practise of it. Monsters, appertaining to this Climate, you have seen already both wet & dry: so you see[9] within how narrow bounds my Pen is circumscribed; & the whole contents of my share in our Correspondence may be reduced under the two heads of 1: You, 2: I[10]: the first is indeed a subject to expatiate upon, but [you might][11] laugh at me for talking of[12] what I do not

[4] Mason: 'that I have almost ever received'.

[5] Mason: 'uneasineſs'.

[6] Mason notes: 'That is, a man who deals only in coarse and ordinary wares: to these he compares the plain sincerity of his own friendship, undisguised by flattery.' Tovey suspects a personal allusion, possibly to the trade of Gray's grandfather, who is described as a merchant.

[7] Mason: 'do not'.

[8] Mason: 'mecklin'.

[9] Mason: 'perceive'.

[10] Mason: '1st, You, 2dly, I'.

[11] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[12] Mason: 'talking about'.

understand; the second is as tiny, as tiresome, wherefore you shall hear no more of it, till you come to Finis [13]. Ashton was here last night, he goes to morrow, he bid me farewell, & drank a health in Ale & small, to our meeting hereafter in a happy Eternity. Mrs Ward has bought her a silver Chamberpot. Mademoiselle Quimbeau (that was) is weary of her new husband, & has sent a petit billet to a gentleman to pray he would come, & ravish her. there is a curious woman here that spins Glaſs, & makes short Aprons, & furbelow'd petticoats of it, a very genteel wear for summer, & discover's [14] all the motions of the limbs to great advantage. she is a succeſsour of Jack, the Aple dumpling Spinner's: my Duck has eat a Snail, &c: & I am

yours eternally

T: G:

P:S: I give you a thousand thanks for your characters. if I knew whither West was in town, I'd write to him.

Addressed: To
The Honble Horace Walpole
Esq at the Treasury [15]
St James's

Postmark: CAM 29
BRIDGE MR

[13] Mason: 'the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you shall hear no more of it, than that it is, ever yours.' The remainder of the letter is omitted by Mason.

[14] *Sic.*

[15] This address proves the date of the letter to be subsequent to 1735 (see Letter 1, n. 7).

29. ASHTON TO WEST.

[Cambridge] April xi^th^ [1736][1]

My dear Zephyrille

HAVE you composd your Epithalamium[2] ? and in what shape will it appear ? do you dart yourself above the Clouds on a Pindaric Wing, or do you chant Ovidian Strains upon a Sprig of Myrtle? does your happy-daring Muse aspire to the aery tracts of the Mantuan Swan, or will she humbly condescend to hop from Spray to Spray with the Sparrow of Catullus ? My dear, I am confident that in whatever Manner she come, she will be so perfectly wellbred, & reach the Marriage Night with so much decorum that the tenderest ear of the most dainty Maid of honor need not shrink at her Conversation. Master Gray[3] seems to touch upon the Manner of Claudian. My own Lady closes her lips on this occasion. I hardly know whether she is more apprehensive of interrupting their Highnefses happinefs, or unwilling to make her appearance

Letter 29.—First printed in part by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 70–1); now first printed in full from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 178–9).

[1] The date of the year is determined by the reference to the marriage of the Prince of Wales (see n. 2).

[2] On the approaching marriage of Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, which was solemnized at St. James's on the evening of Tuesday, April 27 (*Lond. Mag.*, 1736, p. 218).

[3] See Letter 31, n. 4.

[in] any such honorable Company, & fearful to open her Mouth in so polite an Assembly. Though in truth, her feet have been of late so cramped up in Logical fetters, that she knows not how to form her Steps to Poetick Measure[4].

I am yours
ever
ASHTON.

30. GRAY TO WEST.

Cantabr. May 8, 1736

MY DEAR WEST,

MY letter enjoys itself before it is opened, in imagining the confusion you will be in when you hear that a coach and six is just stopped at Christ Church gates, and desires to speak with you[1], with a huddle of things in it, as different as ever met together

[4] Ashton, as a matter of fact, did contribute to the Cambridge *Gratulatio*. His poem consisted of five elegiac couplets, the first of which embodied the very thought expressed in this letter:—

'Jamdudum Logicis arctè devincta catenis
Dedidicit molles nostra Thalia pedes.'

LETTER 30.—Reprinted from Mitford's *Correspondence of Thomas Gray and William Mason*, Lond. 1853, pp. 1–4. Mason, in his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray* (pp. 7–10), prints a letter under the same date, which is made up partly of a previous letter of Gray's (Letter 21), partly of a portion (in a garbled text) of the letter printed by Mitford, and partly, as it seems, of interpolations of his own.

[1] An allusion to Walpole's approaching visit to Oxford, which took place shortly after this date (see Letter 32, n. 1).

in Noah's Ark; a fat one and a lean one, and one that can say a little with his mouth and a great deal with his pen, and one that can neither speak nor write. But you will see them; joy be with you! I hope too I shall shortly see you, at least *in congratulatione Oxoniensi*[2].

My dear West, I more than ever regret you[3]: it would be the greatest of pleasure to me to know[4] what you do, what you read, how[5] you spend your time, &c., and to tell you what I do not do, not read, and how I do not[6], for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives. Take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing busineſs, and yet neither something nor nothing give[7] me any pleasure[8]. For this little while last past[9] I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game at quoits together. You will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him[10].

[2] *Gratulatio Academiæ Oxoniensis, in Nuptias auspicatissimas illustrissimorum Principum Frederici Principis Walliæ & Augustæ Principissæ de Saxo-Gotha.* Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano. 1736. fol. For West's contribution, see Letter 31, n. 6.

[3] Mason omits the commencement of the letter, as far as this point, and substitutes something quite different, apparently of his own composition.

[4] Mason: 'When we meet it will, however, be my greatest of pleasures to know.'

[5] Mason: 'and how'.

[6] Mason: 'and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c.'

[7] Mason: 'gives'.

[8] Mason here inserts Gray's letter of Dec. 1735 (Letter 21).

[9] Mason: 'this little while past'.

[10] Mason here inserts: 'I send you my translation, which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the Poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I miſspend my days.'

E LIB. 6^to^ THEBAÏDOS[11].

Then thus the King[12]:—
Whoe'er the quoit can wield,
And furthest send its weight athwart the field,
Let him stand forth his brawny arm to boast.
Swift at the word, from out the gazing host,
Young Pterelas with strength unequal drew,
Labouring, the disc, and to small distance threw.
The band around admire the mighty mass,
A slipp'ry weight, and form'd of polish'd brass.
The love of honour bade two youths advance,
Achaians born, to try the glorious chance;
A third arose, of Acarnania he,
Of Pisa one, and three from Ephyre;
Nor more, for now Nesimachus's son[13],
By acclamations roused, came tow'ring on.
Another orb upheaved his strong right hand,
Then thus: 'Ye Argive flower, ye warlike band,
Who trust your arms shall rase the Tyrian towers,
And batter Cadmus' walls with stony showers,
Receive a worthier load; yon puny ball
Let youngsters toss:'—
He said, and scornful flung th' unheeded weight
Aloof; the champions, trembling at the sight,
Prevent disgrace, the palm despair'd resign;
All but two youths th' enormous orb decline,
These conscious shame withheld, and pride of noble line.

[11] According to Mason, Gray translated in all about 110 lines. Mitford prints the rendering of lines 646–88 (al. 624–66); Mason that of lines 704–24 (al. 682–99).

[12] Adrastus.

[13] Hippomedon.

As bright and huge the spacious circle lay,
With double light it beam'd against the day:
So glittering shows the Thracian Godhead's shield,
With such a gleam affrights Pangæa's field,
When blazing 'gainst the sun it shines from far,
And, clash'd, rebellows with the din of war.
Phlegyas the long-expected play began,
Summon'd his strength, and call'd forth all the man.
All eyes were bent on his experienced hand,
For oft in Pisa's sports, his native land
Admired that arm, oft on Alpheus' shore
The pond'rous brafs in exercise he bore;
Where flow'd the widest stream he took his stand;
Sure flew the disc from his unerring hand,
Nor stopp'd till it had cut the further strand.
And now in dust the polish'd ball he roll'd,
Then grasp'd its weight, elusive of his hold;
Now fitting to his gripe and nervous arm,
Suspends the crowd with expectation warm;
Nor tempts he yet the plain, but hurl'd upright,
Emits the mafs, a prelude of his might;
Firmly he plants each knee, and o'er his head,
Collecting all his force, the circle sped;
It towers to cut the clouds; now through the skies
Sings in its rapid way, and strengthens as it flies;
Anon, with slacken'd rage comes quiv'ring down,
Heavy and huge, and cleaves the solid ground.
So from th' astonish'd stars, her nightly train,
The sun's pale sister, drawn by magic strain,
Deserts precipitant her darken'd sphere:
In vain the nations with officious fear

Their cymbals toſs, and sounding braſs explore;
Th' Æmonian hag enjoys her dreadful hour,
And smiles malignant on the labouring power.

* * *
* * *

Third in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong, he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then with a tempest's whirl and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its antient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall,
The ponderous maſs sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoaking summit broke,
The eyeleſs Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the veſsel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulyſses scap'd his giant arm.
A tyger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,

A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

I will not plague you too much, and so break the affair in the middle, and give you leave to resume your Aristotle instead of

Your friend and servant,
T. GRAY[14].

31. WEST TO GRAY.

I AGREE with you that you have broke Statius's head[1], but it is in like manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's[2], you have foiled him infinitely at his own weapon; I must insist on seeing the rest of your translation, and then I will examine it entire, and compare it with the latin, and be very wise and severe, and put on an inflexible face, such as becomes the character of a true son of Aristarchus, of hyper-critical memory. In the mean while,

And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold,

is exactly Statius—Summos[3] auro mansueverat ungues. I never knew before that the golden fangs on hammer-cloths were so old a fashion. Your Hymenêal[4] I was

[14] Mason omits the conclusion of the letter.

LETTER 31.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 10–11.

[1] See previous letter.

[2] Hyacinthus was a youth beloved by Apollo. As the two were one day playing quoits, the quoit thrown by Hyacinthus rebounded from the ground, struck him in the face, and killed him. (Ovid, *Metam.* x. 174 ff.)

[3] In Statius, *Theb.* vi. 724 (al. 699): 'extremos auro mansuevérat ungues.'

[4] See Letter 29, n. 2. The poem, in Latin hexameters, is reprinted by Gosse in *Works of Gray*, vol. i, pp. 168 ff.

told was the best in the Cambridge Collection[5] before I saw it, and indeed, it is no great compliment to tell you I thought it so when I had seen it, but sincerely it pleased me best. Methinks the college bards have run into a strange taste on this occasion. Such soft unmeaning stuff about Venus and Cupid, and Peleus and Thetis, and Zephyrs and Dryads, was never read. As for my poor little Eclogue, it has been condemned and beheaded by our Westminster judges; an exordium of about sixteen lines absolutely cut off, and its other limbs quartered in a most barbarous manner. I will send it you in my next as my true and lawful heir, in exclusion of the pretender[6], who has the impudence to appear under my name.

As yet I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; history, morality, and natural philosophy have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? they call it idleneſs, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world, 'ac dulce otium & pœne omni negotio pulchrius.'

I am, dear Sir, yours while I am
R. W.

Christ Church, May 24, 1736.

[5] *Gratulatio Academiæ Cantabrigiensis Auspicatissimas Frederici Walliæ Principis & Augustæ Principissæ Saxo-Gothæ Nuptias Celebrantis.* Cantabrigiæ, Typis Academicis, 1736. fol. Walpole, Ashton, Dodd, and Lyne, among Gray's Eton contemporaries, also contributed Latin poems to this collection.

[6] West's poem, in Latin hexameters, was entitled '*Merlinus*; Ecloga'; as printed in the Oxford *Gratulatio* (see Letter 30, n. 2) it consisted of 46 lines, signed 'Ricardus West, ex Aede Christi Commensalis'.

32. WEST TO WALPOLE.

My dear Walpole,

OXFORD is so confounded & pleased with your late panægyric[1] that she knows not what to do with herself: the Royal Statue in the Dome at Queen's college[2] has been thrice seen publicly to dance a courant, & last night all the great heads round the theatre[3] shouted for joy to the great astonishment of all that were present, & besides all this in Magdalen

Letter 32.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Walpole had just been on a visit to Oxford. In a letter to George Montagu, of May 20, he writes: 'I have been a jaunt to Oxford. . . . I think it one of the most agreeable places I ever set my eyes on.'

[2] The recently erected statue of Queen Caroline (who had given £1,000 towards the rebuilding of the College) in the open cupola over the principal entrance from High Street.—On May 30, 1734, it was agreed between Dr. Joseph Smith *, Provost of Queen's College, and Henry Cheere †, of St. Margaret's, Westminster, that Cheere should make a marble statue, six feet high, after a model which had been seen and approved by Hon. George Clarke ‡ and Sir James Thornhill §; the statue to be finished by the latter end of May 1735, for £120, to be delivered at Oxford. The statue was in position on 12 Feb. 1736, as appears from a letter in the *Daily Post* of that date from a resident in Oxford, who mentions 'the open Temple over the main gate in High Street and the statue of Queen Caroline'. (Information kindly supplied by the Provost of Queen's.)

[3] The heads of the so-called 'sages of antiquity' at the north end of the Sheldonian Theatre, facing Broad Street.

* Provost, 1730–56; he had been Chaplain to Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales.

† The well-known statuary (1703–81), afterwards Sir Henry Cheere, who also executed the statue of Codrington and the busts in the Codrington Library at All Souls.

‡ Virtuoso and politician (1660–1736), Fellow of All Souls, at that time M.P. for Oxford University, of which he was a liberal benefactor.

§ The artist (1675–1734).

Chapel a frolic boy & a pious youth were heard repeating English verses round the Lyttleton moniment[4]. Indeed your last letter was' in every sentence, word, & comma, so very gay, high-spirited, & allegro, that I danced about the room all the while I read it like a madman, or like one bit by Lyne's Tarantula[5]; till at last I fell into a breathing sweat, & fell asleep: & you are like, as you deserve, to be troubled with the dream; which is a translation of, o fons Blandusiæ[6] &c in the 3d. book of Horace's odes[7]—I own I ought to be deterr'd from tacking Verses to the end of my letters since I have read yours, where the prose & poetry are both so exquisite, that for the future I shall never venture to send you either, except when I am in

[4] Walpole had evidently sent to West the same lines on two Lyttletons who were drowned in the Cherwell, near Magdalen, on 9 May 1635, which he had enclosed to Charles Lyttelton in his letter of May 22:

'The frolick boy, unfortunately gay,
Too near the current urg'd his little play;
The yielding bank beneath his feet retir'd;
And his soft soul absorb'd by waves expir'd.
The pious youth (ah! tyrant of the flood,
Why vainly pious, why untimely good?)
Plunged after him precipitate; and try'd
To save his brother; but in trying, dyed.'

The two brothers were buried in the College Chapel, where a monument by Nicholas Stone was erected to their memory.

[5] Richard Lyne, a senior contemporary of Walpole and his friends at Eton, had recently written a Latin poem *De Tarantula* (subsequently printed in *Musæ Etonenses*, Lond. 1755, vol. ii, pp. 34 ff.). Lyne, who was a King's Scholar, went to King's College, Cambridge in 1733; he returned to Eton as Assistant Master, and in 1752 was elected Fellow of Eton.

[6] *Sic*; modern editions read 'Bandusiæ'.

[7] *Ode* xiii. This is no doubt the translation referred to by West in his next letter to Walpole (Letter 42).

a dream as at present, tho' I must confeſs I never dream on twoheaded Parnaſsus [8]. I desire my Service to Dod [9], & Mr Whaley [10]; and am, Dear Sir,

yours R W.

To the fountain Blandusia

Blandusian Nymph, to grace thy spring
Flourets & hallow'd wine I bring:
To-morrow dooms the sportive Kid
Beneath thy grot to bleed.

[8] 'biceps Parnassus' (Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 221).

[9] John Dodd (d. 1782), of Swallowfield, Berkshire, an Eton contemporary, now at King's, where, like Walpole, he was a fellow-commoner. He was afterwards for many years M.P. for Reading. William Cole writes of him: 'Mr Dodd was my fellow-collegian and school-fellow at Eton, a man universally beloved, lively, generous and sensible. I think his father kept an inn at Chester; but a Judge Dodd, of that county, related to him, left him a large fortune. He had a wretched tutor at College, John Whaley, who would have ruined most other people; but Mr Dodd's natural good sense got the better of his vile example. Mr Walpole and Mr Dodd, while at College, were united in the strictest friendship.' (MS. note, quoted by Cunningham, in *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. ix, p. 522.) Dodd was among the contributors to the Cambridge *Gratulatio* on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales in 1736, his poem being signed 'Joh. Dodd, Coll. Regal. Socio-Commensalis'.

[10] John Whaley, tutor at Cambridge both to Dodd (see n. 9) and Horace Walpole ('My public tutor was Mr John Smith; my private, Mr Anstey: afterwards Mr John Whaley was my tutor'—*Short Notes of my Life*). A series of letters addressed to Horace Walpole by Whaley, while the latter was on a tour in England with Dodd during the long vacation of 1735, is in the Waller Collection. From a note appended by Walpole to one of these letters it appears that Dodd was known to his intimates at Cambridge as 'Tamerlane', from his having 'acted the part of Tamerlane at Eton'. Whaley published in 1745 a volume of original poems, one of which is addressed to Horace Walpole. In a letter dated 12 Sept. 1743, he informs Walpole that Dodd's brother, St. Leger, had 'died of his wounds at Dettingen'.

See! his ripe front the horn displays,
Prophetic pledge of amorous [11] frays:
His blood, alaſs! runs youth in vain,
His blood thy streams shall stain.
Thy shade still mocks the Dog-Star's heat,
Still underneath thy cool retreat
To rest the flocks & herds repair,
and breathe Thy gentler air.
Thy waters too shall live in verse,
While I the sacred grott rehearse,
—Whence Thou more tunefull than my song
Run'ſt murmuring along.

You know Dryden & Congreve & Cowley have in all their translations from Horace's odes paraphrased him extremely. Back'd by Milton's authority, I am entirely for a close translation of him, with little variation. No paraphrase I ever read of him, has hit the curiosa felicitas of expreſsion, which is the principal beauty in Horace—the phrase, Runs youth, is imitated from Milton's Ran nectar in his 4th. book[12]. adieu, & remember me to Gray & where is Ashton?

Christ-Church June. 1.–36.

Addressed: To
Horace Walpole Esqr.
at King's College
Cambridge

Postmark: OXFORD 2 IV

[11] West first wrote 'future'.

[12] *Par. Lost*, iv. 420.

33. ASHTON TO WEST.

[June, 1736][1].

YOUR last letter, the little Smiling infant of your fertile fancy, was so obliging, so extremely pretty, & so expreſs an image of its Papa, that I needed not your Name subscribd to acquaint me with its Author. It was kind to excuse my Nonsense, but it was kinder still to imagine it had a meaning. Obscurity will sometimes paſs for Mystery, but it was the exceſs of your good Nature, not defect of judgment, made you give the favorable Construction to my unintelligible jargon. I can aſsure you it has no beauty but what it receives from your interpretation who by a kind of Chymical Operation may extract Gold, from the heavy & lumpish Earth. When I sat down to write, I do believe, I had some intent to say something; but in a Moment, the Weather-Cock of my brain, whirld round to the South-West corner of my imagination, & wise Observators say, we are to expect nothing from that Quarter, but Clouds & Rain, & Mire & Dirt.

But tho I was[2] not insensible to the beautys that occur in every part of your Epistle, yet no place of it made so deep an impreſsion on my mind as that which relates to Quid[3]. Poor Quid! if his cheek had

LETTER 33.—First printed in part by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 73–4); now first printed in full from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 189 ff.).

[1] Date conjectural.

[2] Tovey: 'Tho' I am'.

[3] The nickname of John Prinsep, a junior Eton contemporary (1731–5) of Walpole and his friends. For Ashton's reference to him here, see Letter 34, n. 4.

burnt every time I [had] thoughts of him, he would wish I had chose another subject for my thoughts. I hope you think not, I want any instigation to exert myself in behalf of so good a Man. The recollection of what I have felt will represent his Misfortunes to me in the justest light. Non ignaru' mali miseris succurrere disco[4]. Fortune has learnt me to pity the distreſsd, but has put it out of my Power to relieve them. What I can, I will. Prinsep should be happy, if I could say, what I will, I can. He is most powerfully recommended by two very prevailing advocates, Great Merit & small fortune.

I went immediately to Horatio & acquainted him with the Case. He seemd extremely willing to do anything he could; but as he has no acquaintance with any of the Gentlemen who are likely to hasten the succeſsion from Eton, I really cannot see how he can be of any Service to Quid. Whatever is, or may be in my Power to oblige him, he may infallibly depend upon, as upon many accounts, so because he is approvd by you, who are

most dear to

ASHTON.

[4] *Aen.* i. 630 (adapted).

34. ASHTON TO WEST.

[June, 1736][1]

I AM in raptures, my dearest West, at the description of Oxford[2]. If it exceeds my idea, it must exceed every thing. I can imagine nothing leſs than Heaven top'd Towers, Hesperian groves, & Gates of Chrysolite. if it should answer my expectation it is the Place in the World, the most improper for what it is designd. unfitt for any study, but Architecture & Botany. Yet Philosophical insensibility clouds the eyes of your elders, and Aristotle is permitted to fix his throne, in a City too noble for the court of Alexander. Well! but do they not pay adoration to the steps of Newton? is not Lock[3] reverd among you? I am sure, my dear, you must admire these human wits divine, who have so artfully unravelld the intricate Maze of thought, so curiously explaind the grand Simplicity of the Works of Nature. But pray, have you laid out any Plan for Study, or do you rove at large in the field of literature? I am at a loſs here, my dearest Zephyrille, I travell in an unknown region without a guide & if I err in my first step my expedition will only serve to carry me further from my way. But of this hereafter. I have

LETTER 34.—First printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 74–7); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 182 ff.).

[1] The date is fixed approximately by the reference to 'the description of Oxford' (see n. 2).

[2] This is no doubt a reference to Walpole's account of his visit to Oxford in May (see Letter 32, n. 1).

[3] *Sic*; John Locke (1632–1704), author of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*.

just receivd a little intelligence which I will communicate to you instantly. It relates to Prinsep[4]. We have heard that Mr Lane[5] a fellow of our Society is dead. If it is true, tho it is not yet confirmd, Prinseps Succesion is by no means impossible. Bid him look about him. What he does should be done quickly. I take it for granted that if the Captain take advantage of Mr Lane's death, the two next Seniors will make sufficient interest for their own Election. Hall[6] we hear, is secure of Mr Green[7], and Dr Berriman[8] will undoubtedly prevail upon Willymot[9]. Prinsep then will stand first upon the roll. What I would propose then is to make personal interest with Mr Ewer[10], or Mr Sleech[11] (who are both obligd to resign within the year) or if he can more conveniently engage these by means of the Duke of Rutland[12] & the Bishop

[4] For an explanation of Ashton's scheme as to 'Prinsep's succession' (i.e. his election to King's College), see Tovey, *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 72–3.

[5] Thomas Lane, Fellow of King's, B.A. 1729; M.A. 1733; the rumour of his death was unfounded.

[6] Henry Hall, Fellow of King's, B.A. 1740; M.A. 1744.

[7] Edward Greene, Fellow of King's, B.A. 1714; M.A. 1718.

[8] William Berriman (1688–1750), of Oriel College, Oxford; D.D. 1722; Fellow of Eton, 1727.

[9] William Willymott (d. 1737), Fellow of King's, B.A. 1697; M.A. 1700; LL.D. 1707; Rector of Milton, Cambs., 1735; he had been a master at Eton, and in 1721 was elected Vice-Provost of King's.

[10] John Ewer (d. 1774), Fellow of King's, B.A. 1728; M.A. 1732; he was a master at Eton, and subsequently travelling tutor to the Marquis of Granby (see n. 12); Rector of Bottesford, 1735; Canon of Windsor, 1738; D.D. 1756; Bishop of Llandaff, 1761–68; Bishop of Bangor, 1768–74.

[11] John Sleech, Fellow of King's, B.A. 1733; M.A. 1737; younger brother of Stephen Sleech, Provost of Eton, 1746–65.

[12] John Manners (1696–1779), third Duke of Rutland, to whose

of Exeter[13]. He will say, this is proceeding upon supposition. Tis true, Mr Lane's death is not yet certain, but consider, it will be sufficient for him to engage a conditional Promise, that if his seniors shall be all removd[14] before the Election bills are closd: either of the Gentlemen I mentiond (who will be both of them on the spot) would make room[15] for his Succeſsion. And in the meantime alarm Hall and Wagstaffe[16] with the news of Lane's death, to sett their friends at work, but be as silent as may be of his own design. What think you? is the scheme impracticable? I profeſs I dont think it is. Let him make sure, in Case he comes, to be Senior, for it is here confidently believd he will be, and if he is but a Moment so, it will be enough if Ewer and Sleech are upon the Place. Only upon the supposition of the Certainty of this intelligence, lett us substitute

	Mr Lane	Sparkes[17]
in the room of	Mr Greene	Hall
	Dr Willymott	Wagstaffe
	Mr Ewer, Mr Sleech	Prinsep

eldest son, the famous Marquis of Granby (1721–70), Ewer had been tutor (see n. 10).

[13] Stephen Weston (1665–1742), Fellow of King's, B.A. 1686; M.A. 1690; master at Eton, 1690–1707, where Sir Robert Walpole was his pupil; Bishop of Exeter (through Walpole's interest), 1724–42. He was brother-in-law of Sleech (see n. 11). A son of his, Edward Weston, also a Fellow of King's, was Horace Walpole's tutor in 1725 (see Walpole's *Short Notes of my Life*).

[14] This word is omitted by Tovey.

[15] Tovey: 'way'.

[16] Wagstaffe did not go to King's.

[17] Edward Sparkes, Fellow of King's, B.A. 1740; M.A. 1744.

I vow I see no Cause of Despair, but all the reason in the World to attempt some difficulty in hopes[18] of so great advantage.

I am his & yours sincerely

T: ASHTON.

35. GRAY TO W.ALPOLE.

June, 11 [1736][1]—London

D^r S^r

IT was hardly worth while to trouble you with a letter, till I had seen somewhat in Town; not that I have seen anything now, but what you have heard of before, that is, Atalanta[2]; there are only four Men, & two

[18] Tovey: 'in the hopes'.

LETTER 35.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the year is determined by the references to the opera of *Atalanta* (see n. 2).

[2] Italian opera by Handel, which was given for the first time on the occasion of a state visit of the Court to the Opera on 12 May 1736, in honour of the marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. 'Last night was performed at the theatre-royal, Covent Garden, for the first time, the opera of *Atalanta*, composed by Mr. Handel on the joyous occasion of the nuptials of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. In which was a new set of scenes painted in honour of the happy union, which took up the full length of the stage: the fore-part of the scene represented an avenue to the Temple of *Hymen*, adorned with statues of Heathen Deities. Next was a triumphal arch, on the summit of which were the arms of their Royal Highnesses. Under the arch was the figure of *Fame* on a cloud, sounding the praises of this happy pair. The names FREDERICUS and AUGUSTA appeared above in transparent characters. The opera concluded with a grand chorus, during which, several beautiful illuminations were displayed. There were present, their Majesties, the Duke, and the four Princesses, accompanied with a very splendid audience, and the whole was received with universal acclamations' (*Daily Post*, 13 May 1736; quoted by Burney, *History of Music*, iv. 395–6). *Atalanta* was performed for the last time on June 9, the close of the season, when the

women in it[3]; the first is a common Scene of a wood, & does not change at all, till the end of the last Act, when there appears the temple of Hymen, with illuminations; there is a row of blue fires burning in order along the ascent to the temple; a fountain of fire spouts up out of the ground to the cieling, & two more croſs each other obliquely from the sides of the stage; on the top is a wheel, that whirls always about, & throws out a shower of gold-colour, silver, & blue fiery rain: Conti[4] I like exceſsively in every thing, but his mouth; which is thus, [5]; but this is hardly minded, when Strada[6] stands by him: Opera's &

Queen was present. It was perhaps this performance that Gray attended.

[3] 'The singers in this opera were Signor Conti, usually called Gizziello, Signora Strada, Signora Maria Negri, with Messrs. Beard, Waltz, and Reinhold' (Burney, *loc. cit.*).

[4] Gioacchino Conti (1714–61), called Gizziello, famous soprano, one of the leading singers of his day. He made his first appearance in London in Handel's *Ariodante* on May 5 of this year (1736), and took the principal man's part in *Atalanta*. He was enthusiastically received, and at once began to rival the celebrated Farinelli (see Letter 25, n. 5) in the public favour. 'Last year the taste of the Town was shown by admiring the excellence of *Farinelli*: We have another Eunuch lately arriv'd who exceeds *Farinelli*: The taste of the Town already begins to alter and I don't doubt but it will be as impolite in a week not to commend Signor *Conti*, as it was last year not to be ravish'd with *Farinelli*' (from the *Universal Spectator*, 15 May 1736).

[5] Here in the original letter is a sketch of a square cavernous mouth, in outline like a knucklebone. The ugliness of Conti's mouth seems to have made a strong impression upon Gray. Writing from London to John Chute (then in Florence) six years later (July, 1742) he says: 'Poor Conti! I remember here (but he was not ripe then) he had a very promising squeak with him, and that his mouth, when open, made an exact square.'

[6] Anna Strada del Pò, soprano singer, brought from Italy by Handel in 1729 for the Opera in the Haymarket. She remained a member of Handel's company till she left England in 1738. 'Strada's personal charms', says Burney (*op.*

Plays, and all things else at present are beat off the Stage, & are forced to yield to Spring-garden [7], where last night were above fifteen-hundred people; I won't say more of it, till I have seen it myself; but as the beauty of the place, when lighted up, and a little musick are the only diversions of it, I don't suppose, it will be an[y] [8] long time in vogue: I beg your excuse; that I have not yet [execu] [8] ted my commiſsion at Chenevix [9], but sometime the next week, I will take care to do my duty; I have also a commiſsion for your Man, (with your leave) that is, to call at Crow's [10] for me, & bid him send me Atalanta [11] with all the speed he poſsibly can, which I must owe him for, till I come down again, w[ch] won't (I believe) be a vast while:

cit., iv. 342), 'did not assist her much in disposing the eye to augment the pleasures of the ear; for she had so little of a Venus in her appearance, that she was usually called the *Pig*.'

[7] Better known by its later name of Vauxhall Gardens. It was originally established *c.* 1661, and was called the New Spring Garden, to distinguish it from the Old Spring Gardens at Charing Cross. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Gardens went out of fashion, till their popularity was revived under the management of Jonathan Tyers, who reopened them with a grand entertainment on 7 June 1732, at which the Prince of Wales was present.

[8] MS. torn.

[9] Presumably the shop of Mrs. Chenevix, 'the toy-woman *à la mode*', as Walpole calls her in a letter to Mann (5 June 1747), which was situated 'against Suffolk Street, Charing Cross' (see Austin Dobson's *Horace Walpole*, p. 111).

[10] Apparently a bookseller at Cambridge.

[11] In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1736, among the books published in June, figures 'The Opera of *Atalanta* in score. Composed in Honour of the Happy Nuptials of their Royal Highnesses the Prince & Princess of *Wales*. By Mr. *Handel*'. Burney says (*loc. cit.*): 'Proposals for printing the opera of *Atalanta* in score, by subscription, were published immediately after its first performance; and early in June it was ready to deliver to the subscribers.'

pray, bid Ashton write, & I hope you'll write yourself; Adieu!

yours ever,

OROZMADES

Addressed: To
The Hon^rable M^r Horace Walpole
at Kings-College
Cambridge

Postmark: I 2
IV

36. ASHTON TO WEST.

MY DEAR WEST,

THE reason of entertaining you with this intelligence is, that I am uncertain where to find out Prinsep[1], which I hope you will do, if he is in Terra Cognita, and because to one of your Humanity, I am confident nothing can be more agreable, than any Proposal which may tend to the advancement of Learning and Sincerity, both which qualities, I think, are inherent in Prinsep. We had a public Commencement voted, but the decree is now reversd. Gray has left us a good while I have not yet wrote to him. I love you and long to see you.

ASHTON.

June 24. 1736. King's Coll:

LETTER 36.—First printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (p. 77); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, fol. 184).

[1] See Letter 33, n. 3.

37. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[July 15, 1736][1]

Dear Sr

I SYMPATHIZE with you in the Sufferings, which you foresee are coming upon you; we are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my own part[2] I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do, but it is a misfortune, which, thank my Stars, I can pretty well bear; You are in a Confusion of Wine & Bawdy[3] & Hunting & Tobacco[4]; & heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it; while our evils are no more, I believe we sha'nt[5] much repine; I imagine however you'll[6] rather chuse to converse with the living Dead, that adorn the Walls of your Apartments, than with the Dead living, that deck the middles of them, & prefer a picture of Still-life to the realities of a noisy one; &, as I gueſs, will learn to imitate them[7], and for an hour or two at noon, will stick yourself up as formal, as if you had been fixed in your Frame for these hundred years with an upright Pink in one hand[8];

Letter 37.—Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection. This letter was first printed in part (in a garbled text, and in combination with a portion of another letter—see n. 10) by Mason in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 25–6 (see Letter 28 n.).

[1] Mason dates this letter *Burnham*, Sept. 1737, a date which is proved to be incorrect, both as to year and month, by the reference to the explosion in Westminster Hall (see n. 11).

[2] Mason: 'for my part'.

[3] Mason: 'roaring'.

[4] Walpole was at this time with Sir Robert at Houghton.

[5] Mason: 'shall not'.

[6] Mason: 'you will'.

[7] Mason: 'as I guess, will imitate what you prefer'.

[8] Mason: 'with a pink or rose in one hand'.

& a great Seal-ring in[9] the other[10]: I know nothing, but that the Judges were all blown up yesterday in Westminster-hall by some unlucky boy, that had affixed a parcel of Squibs & Crackers to several Acts of parliament, whose ruins were scatter'd about the hall with a great noise & displosion[11]; it set the L^d^ Chancellour[12] a laughing, & frighted every body else out of their senses, and L^d^ Hardwick[13] order'd the grand Jury to represent it as a libel; yes! I know besides, that I shall be always yours, . . .[14]

[9] Mason: 'on'.

[10] Mason omits the remainder of the letter, and substitutes the concluding portion (in a garbled text) of Letter 43.

[11] 'Wednesday, July 14. A large Paper Parcel was discovered under the Seat of the Counsellors in the Court of Chancery, *Westminster-hall*, then sitting, which being kicked down the Steps, it blew up, and put all present in the utmost Confusion. A large Quantity of printed Bills was by the Explosion scatter'd about the Hall, giving Notice, that this Day, being the last Day of the Term, the 5 following Acts (the *Gin* Act, the *Mortmain* Act, the *Westminster-Bridge* Act, the *Smugglers* Act, and the Act for *borrowing* 600,000*l.* on the Sinking Fund) (*impudently and treasonably call'd Libels*) would be burnt in *Westminster-hall*, at the *Royal-Exchange*, and on St. *Margaret's Hill*, *Southwark*, between the Hours of 12 and 2' (*Gent. Mag.* 1736, p. 421). The author of the outrage proved to be one Robert Nixon, 'a Nonjuring Clergyman'; he was tried before Lord Hardwicke on Dec. 7 following, and being found guilty was sentenced (Feb. 10) 'to make the Tour of *Westminster-hall*, and into the four Courts, with a Paper on his Forehead declaring his Offence; to pay a Fine of 200 Marks; to suffer 5 Years Imprisonment; and to find two Sureties in 250*l.* each, and himself bound in 500*l.* for his Good Behaviour during Life' (*Gent. Mag.* 1736, p. 746; 1737, p. 121).

[12] Charles Talbot (1685–1737); Solicitor-General, 1726–33; Lord Chancellor (as Baron Talbot of Hensol), 1733–37.

[13] Philip Yorke (1690–1764); Solicitor-General, 1720–24; Attorney-General, 1724–33; created (1733) Baron Hardwicke, and (1754) Earl of Hardwicke; Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1733–37; Lord Chancellor, 1737–56; High Steward of the University of Cambridge, 1749–64.

[14] Signature torn off (see Letter 1, n. 2).

38. WEST TO ASHTON.

[July, 1736][1]

Arethusa mihi concede laborem
Pauca meo Gallo—[2]

YOU may see, by what I wrote to Gray that I intend you a visit the latter end of next month[3]. I long to compare Colleges. I must absolutely take measure of King's College, Chapell. Have you any such walks as Maudlin? and then I want to see D[r] Bentley[4] the ὁ πάνυ Commentator. What is he about? I hear your Doctor Middleton[5] is about obliging us with a Life of Cicero[6].

Esse nihil dicis quidquid petis improbe Cinna;
Si nil Cinna petis, nil tibi Cinna nego[7].

Whenever Cinna asks a favor
O 'tis nothing Sir he'll say;
Cinna, you are too modest rather—
Is't really nothing?—take it, pray[8].

LETTER 38.—First printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (p. 78); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,561, fol. 208).

[1] The date is fixed approximately by the reference to West's projected visit to Cambridge (see n. 3).

[2] Virgil, *Ecl.* x. 1–2.

[3] In a letter to Walpole in August (Letter 42) West says: 'I sent Ashton word that I should more than probably make an expedition to Cambridge this August.'

[4] Richard Bentley (1662–1742), the famous Master of Trinity (1700–42).

[5] Conyers Middleton (1683–1750), one of Bentley's chief opponents.

[6] *The History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero*, 2 vols. 4to, was not published until 1741.

[7] Martial, iii. 61.

[8] For a transcript by Walpole of these lines, see *Appendix* B 3. In the second line Walpole's copy reads: 'Oh! tis but nothing'.

39. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Burnham, Aug. 1736][1]

[ ][2]

I WAS hinder'd in my last, & so could not give you all the trouble I would have done; the Description of a road, which your Coach-wheels have so often honour'd, it would be needleſs to give you; suffice it, that I arrived at Birnam-wood without the loſs of any of my fine Jewels, & that no little Cacaturient Gentlewoman made me any reverences by the way; I live with my Uncle[3], a great hunter in imagination; his Dogs take up every chair in the house, so I'm[4] forced

LETTER 39.—Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection. This letter was first printed in part (in a garbled text) by Mason in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 23–5 (see Letter 28 n.).

[1] Mason dates this letter September, 1737; but so far as the month is concerned this is proved to be incorrect by the postmark. The year was almost certainly 1736, since Walpole writes to West on Aug. 17 of that year, no doubt shortly after the receipt of this letter, 'Gray is at Burnham' (see Letter 41).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[3] Mason: 'suffice it that I arrived safe at my Uncle's, who is'. The uncle was Jonathan Rogers, who had married Gray's aunt, Ann Antrobus. Cole, writing in 1775, at which time he was Vicar of Burnham, says: 'Mr. Rogers, his uncle, was an attorney, lived at Britwell, in Burnham Parish, and lies buried in my church. . . . He lived at an house called Cant's Hall, a small house, and not far from the common. . . . I think Cant's Hall is in Britwell division.' (MS. notes, quoted by Mitford in *Works of Gray*, 1836, vol. i, p. cv.) The lease of this house was left to Ann Rogers by her brother, Robert Antrobus (d. 1730), in whose will the property is described as 'Goldwins House and grounds at Cantshill near Burnham' (see *Peterhouse Admission Book*, p. 200). 'Cant's Hall' is no doubt a mistake of Cole's.

[4] Mason: 'I am'.

to stand at this present writing, & tho' the Gout forbids him galloping after 'em[5] in the field, yet he continues still to regale his Ears & Nose with their comfortable Noise and Stink; he holds me mighty cheap I perceive for walking, when I should ride, & reading, when I should hunt: my comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile thro' a green Lane, a Forest (the vulgar call it a Common[6]) all my own; at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself; it is a little Chaos of Mountains & Precipices; Mountains it is true, that don't[7] ascend much above the Clouds, nor are the Declivities quite so amazing, as Dover-Cliff; but just such hills as people, who love their Necks as well as I do, may venture to climb, & Crags, that give the eye as much pleasure, as if they were more dangerous: both Vale & Hill is cover'd over with[8] most venerable Beeches[9], & other very reverend Vegetables, that like most[10] ancient People, are always dreaming out their old Stories to the Winds

> And, as they bow their hoary Tops, relate
> In murm'ring Sounds the dark Decrees of Fate;
> While Visions, as Poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each Leaf, & swarm on ev'ry Bough[11]:

[5] Mason: 'them'.

[6] East Burnham Common adjoins the 'Forest', now known as Burnham Beeches.

[7] Mason: 'do not'.

[8] Mason: 'are covered with'.

[9] 'There are some of the largest beeches I ever saw. The lane to the common is very romantic, and the scene remarkably diversified for that county' (Cole MS. notes, *loc. cit.*).

[10] Mason: 'most other'.

[11] These lines have not been traced; presumably they are Gray's own. They were perhaps suggested by a passage (partly inspired by *Aen.* vi. 283–4) in a Latin poem of West's (see *Appendix* B 1), written not long before, under the

At the foot of one of these squats me I; il Penseroso, and there grow to the Trunk for a whole morning,

—the tim'rous Hare, & sportive Squirrel
Gambol around me—[12]

like Adam in Paradise, but commonly without an Eve[13], & besides I think[14] he did not use to read Virgil, as I usually[15] do there: in this situation I often converse with my Horace aloud too, that is, talk to you; for I don't[16] remember, that I ever heard you answer me; I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself; but it is your own fault indeed[17]. We have old Mr Southern[18] at a Gentlemans house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now 77 year[19] old, & has almost wholly lost his Memory, but is as agreeable, as an old Man can be; at least I persuade myself so, when I look upon[20] him, & think of Isabella[21] & Oroonoko[22]. I' shall be in Town in

title 'Foliisque Notas et Nomina mandat':

'Nusquam adeo sine Vate suo Nemus: undique sese
Induere in Versus, et doctum attollere Truncum
Arbor amat, passimque inolescunt Frondibus ipsis
Carmina Pastorum, Foliisque sub omnibus hærent.'

Cf. the last stanza of Gray's alcaic ode prefixed to his letter to West from Rome of May, 1740 (Letter 119).

[12] Mason prints this as part of the prose text.

[13] Mason: 'before he had an Eve'.

[14] Mason: 'but I think'.

[15] Mason: 'commonly'.

[16] Mason: 'but I do not'.

[17] Mason: 'it is entirely your own fault'.

[18] Thomas Southerne (1660–1746), the dramatist.

[19] Mason: 'years'. Southerne lived to be 86.—Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragi-comedy. *Mason.*

[20] Mason: 'at'.

[21] The heroine of Southerne's *The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery* (1694).

[22] Southerne's *Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave* (1696).

about 3 weeks[23], I believe; if you direct your letters to London, they will take care to send 'em safe; but I must desire, you would fold 'em with a little more art, for your last had been open'd without breaking the Seal, Adieu,

D^r [24], yours ever

T: GRAY

P:S: Regreet Almanzor[25] from me,
Wish Pol: Cutcher[26] joy from me,
Give Cole[27] an humble service from me[28].

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble M^r Horace Walpole
At Kings-College
Cambridge

Postmark: WIND SOR[29] AV[30]

[23] Mason here prints 'Adieu', and omits the remainder of the letter.

[24] A word here has been scored through, and is undecipherable.

[25] See Letter 2, n. 5.

[26] This individual has not been identified.

[27] William Cole (1714–82), the antiquary, at this time at King's. He had been at Eton with Gray and Walpole, with the latter of whom he contracted a friendship which lasted till his death. He was for twenty years (1762–82) a regular correspondent of Walpole's, nearly 200 of whose letters to him have been preserved.

[28] The postscript has been crossed through.

[29] The stamp was not inked, but the impress is plainly legible.

[30] The impression of the date mark is imperfect; the numeral is undecipherable.

40. ASHTON TO WEST.

Thursday 12 [August] 1736.

My dear Zephyrille,

WHEN I reflect that this is the anniversary of my arrival at Cambridge, the second Anniversary[1]: this agreable thought suggests to me one of a very different complexion; videlicet; that 'tis now above two years since I saw you: but the Promise with which you conclude your letter, gives me hope, that in much lefs time I shall see you again.

Return, thou wandring Child, return to thy father's house, and accept the fatted Calf which I am determind to sacrifice to thy arrival.

> Come my Swain and bring with thee
> Jest & youthful jollity
> Quirks and Cranks & wanton wiles
> Nods and becks and wreathed Smiles
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides
> And Laughter holding both her sides[2].

I showd Horatio your letter: he hopes for your coming[3] as well as I. We neither of us leave College till the beginning of September.

Make haste, my dear, I am tired of old, musty Philosophy & learned Dust. You are the only author I would

Letter 40.—First printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 78–9); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 180 ff.).

[1] Ashton was admitted a Scholar of King's on the evening of 11 August 1734, having been elected in the previous year. (*Tovey.*)

[2] Adapted from Milton's *L'Allegro*, 25–8, 31–2.

[3] See Letter 38, n. 3.

care to read. Prithee come & bring with you a new edition of yourself—multo auctior & emendatior, Oxford, printed anno Domini 25 & 26[4]. The vivacity of your agreable Page will be some relief to a Soul half extinguishd with the suffocating fume of Jargon & Nonsense.

yrs

eternally

ASHTON.

My hearty Service to Prinsep. I think him much injurd. pray determine instantly & let us know your resolutions.

41. WALPOLE TO WEST.

DEAR WEST,

GRAY is at Burnham[1], and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton. Could you live so near it without seeing it? That dear scene of our quadruple alliance[2] would furnish me with the most agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is since sprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge. You seem to be the eldest son, by having got a whole inheritance to yourself; while the manor of Granta is to be divided between your three younger brothers, Thomas of Lancashire[3],

[4] So in Mitford's transcript; probably in error for 35 and 36, the two years of West's residence at Oxford, during which Ashton had not seen him.

LETTER 41.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 415–16.

[1] See Letter 39, n. 3.

[2] See Letter 19, n. 4.

[3] Thomas Ashton, whose father was usher of Lancaster Grammar School.

Thomas of London[4], and Horace. We don't wish you dead to enjoy your seat, but your seat dead to enjoy you. I hope you are a mere elder brother, and live upon what your father left you, and in the way you were brought up in, poetry: but we are supposed to betake ourselves to some trade, as logic, philosophy, or mathematics. If I should prove a mere younger brother, and not turn to any profession, would you receive me, and supply me out of your stock, where you have such plenty? I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of Alma Mater. Sober cloth of syllogism colour suits me ill; or, what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no colour at all. If the Muses *coelique vias et sidera monstrent*, and *quâ vi maria alta tumescant*; why *accipiant*[5]: but 'tis thrashing, to study philosophy in the abstruse authors. I am not against cultivating these studies, as they are certainly useful; but then They quite neglect all polite literature, all knowledge of this world. Indeed such people have not much occasion for this latter; for they shut themselves up from it, and study till they know less than any one. Great mathematicians have been of great use: but the generality of them are quite unconversible; they frequent the stars, *sub pedibusque vident nubes*[6], but they can't see through them. I tell you what I see: that by living amongst them, I write of nothing else; my letters are all parallelograms, two sides equal to two sides; and every paragraph an axiom, that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost

[4] Thomas Gray. [5] Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 475 ff. [6] Virgil, *Ecl.* v. 57.

knows. By the way, your letters come under this description; for they contain nothing but what almost every mortal knows too, that knows you—that is, they are extremely agreeable, which they know you are capable of making them:—no one is better acquainted with it than

Your sincere friend,
HOR. WALPOLE.

King's College,
August 17, 1736.

42. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Aug. 1736.

MY DEAREST WALPOLE:

YESTERDAY I received your lively—agreeable—gilt—epistolary—parallelogram, and to-day I am preparing to send you in return as exact a one as my little *compaſs* can afford you. And so far, sir, I am sure we and our letters bear some resemblance to parallel lines, that, like them, one of our chief properties is, seldom or never to meet. Indeed, lately my good fortune made some *inclination* from your university to mine; but whether I can reciprocate or no, I leave you to judge, from hence—

I sent Asheton[1] word that I should more than probably make an expedition to Cambridge this August; but Prinsep, who was to have been my fellow-traveller, and would have gone with me to Cambridge,

LETTER 42.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 416–18.

[1] *Sic.*

though not to King's, is unhappily disappointed; and therefore my measures are broke, and I am very much in the spleen—else by this time I had flown to you with all the wings of impatience,

Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor *Euro*[2].

But now, alas! as Horace said on purpose for me to apply it,

Sextilem totum mendax desideror[3]—

This melancholy reflection would certainly infect all the rest of my letter, if I were not revived by the sal volatile of your most entertaining letter. I am afraid the younger brother will make much the better gentleman, and so far verify the proverb: and indeed all my brothers[4] are so very forward, that, like the first and heaviest element, I shall have nothing but mere dirt for my share:—and really such is the case of most of your landed elder brothers, while the younger run away with the more fine and delicate elements. As for my patrimony of poetry, my dearest Horace, ut semper eris derisor![5] what little I have I borrowed from my friends, and like the poor ambitious jay in the trite fable, I live merely on the charity of my abounding acquaintance. Many a feather in my stock was stolen from your treasures; but at present I find all my poetical plumes

[2] Horace, 2 *Odes* xvi. 23–4. There is a playful allusion to the name *Zephyrus* or *Favonius* by which West was known to his intimates.

[3] Horace, 1 *Epist.* vii. 2.

[4] Of the 'Quadruple Alliance' (see previous letter).

[5] Horace, 2 *Sat.* vi. 53–4.

moulting apace, and in a small time I shall be nothing further than, what nobody can be more, or more sincerely,

Your humble servant and obliged friend,

R. West.

Gray at Burnham, and not see Eton? I am Asheton's ever, and intend him an answer soon. I beg pardon for what's over leaf; but as I am moulting my poetry, it is very natural to send it you, from whom and my other friends it originally came. I translated[6], and now I have ventured to imitate the divine lyric poet.

Ode. To Mary Magdalene.

Saint of this learned awful grove,
While slow along thy walks I rove,
The pleasing scene, which all that see
Admire, is lost to me.

The thought, which still my breast invades,
Nigh yonder springs, nigh yonder shades,
Still, as I pass, the memory brings
Of sweeter shades and springs.

Lost and inwrapt in thought profound,
Absent I tread Etonian ground;
Then starting from the dear mistake,
As disenchanted, wake.

[6] He refers to his translation of Horace, 3 *Odes* xiii ('O Fons Blandusiæ') enclosed in his letter of June 1 (Letter 32).

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What though from sorrow free, at best
I'm thus but negatively blest:
Yet still, I find, true joy I miſs;
True joy's a social bliſs.

Oh! how I long again with those,
Whom first my boyish heart had chose,
Together through the friendly shade
To stray, as once I stray'd!

Their presence would the scene endear,
Like paradise would all appear,
More sweet around the flowers would blow,
More soft the waters flow.

Adieu!

43. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Burnham, Sept. 26, 1736][1]

[ ][2]

IT rains, 'tis Sunday, this is the country; three circumstances so dull in conjunction with the dulneſs of my nature are like to give birth to an admirable production; I hope you will receive it, as you would a Michaelmas Goose from a Tenant; since I send it, not

LETTER 43.—Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection. This letter was first printed in part (in a garbled text, and in combination with a portion of another letter—see n. 3) by Mason in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 25–6 (see Letter 28 n.).

[1] Mason dates this letter 1737; but see Letter 39, n. 1. The date of the month is supplied by the postmark.

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 12).

that I believe you have a taste for an awkward fat creature, but because I have no better way of showing my good-will[3]: your name, I assure you, has been propagated in these countries by a Convert of yours, one Cambridge[4]; he has brought over his whole family to you; they were before pretty good Whigs, but now they are absolute Walpolians: we have hardly any body in the Parish, but knows exactly the Dimensions of the hall & Saloon at Houghton, & begins[5] to believe, that the Lanthorn[6] is not quite so great[7] a Consumer of the

[3] The first portion of this letter, as far as this point, is omitted by Mason, who substitutes for it the first portion of the letter of 15 July 1736 (Letter 37).

[4] This name has been scored through, but is plainly legible. Mason represents the name by two asterisks. The person in question is Richard Owen Cambridge (1717–1802), whom Walpole refers to in a letter to Mason of 10 July 1775, as 'the proprietor of the asterisk', in allusion to Mason's suppression of his name here and elsewhere. Cambridge, who was a contemporary of Gray and Walpole at Eton, whence he went in 1734 (as a gentleman-commoner) to St. John's College, Oxford, is best known as the author of the *Scribleriad* (1751), and other poetical pieces, and as a contributor to the *World*. He contributed an English poem in Spenserian stanzas to the Oxford *Gratulatio* (published in this year), to which West also contributed, on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. His name occurs frequently in Walpole's correspondence.

[5] Mason: 'begin'.

[6] A favourite object of Tory satire at the time. *Mason.*—In *Aedes Walpolianæ*, in his account of the Hall at Houghton, Walpole says: 'From the cieling hangs a lantern for eighteen candles, of copper gilt' (*Works of Lord Orford*, vol. ii, p. 263). Writing to Mann on 25 July 1750, he says: 'My Lord Chesterfield has bought the Houghton lantern, the famous lantern, that produced so much Patriot wit; and very likely some of his Lordship's'; and in a note he adds: 'In one pamphlet, the noise on this lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was a porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern.' No. 107 of the *Craftsman* contains a ballad, entitled *The Norfolk Lanthorn*, by a correspondent who professes to have just returned from 'viewing *a*

fat of the land, as disaffected persons have said: for your reputation we keep to ourselves that, of your not[8] Hunting, nor drinking Hogan; e'er a one of which[9] would be sufficient here[10] to lay your honour in the Dust[11]: I received a little Billet from my dear Horace, as if he had not heard from me: whereas I wrote last Sunday; we have not so good an opportunity here, as I could wish, not lying conveniently for the Post; but to[morow sennight][12] I hope to be in town, & not long after at Cambridge.

yours most faithfully[13]
T: G:

P:S: my love to Ashton[14]

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horatio Walpole, Esq
of Kings College
Cambridge

Postmark: 27
SE

certain great Palace in N——k', where he was 'delighted with the sight of an huge and most sumptuous *Lanthorn*, which immediately struck my eyes, upon entring the *great Hall*'. In the ballad it is described as

'eleven Feet high, and full twenty Feet round,
And cost, as they say, many a fair hundred pound.'

7 Mason: 'is not so great'.

8 Mason: 'we keep to ourselves your not'.

9 Mason: 'either of which'.

10 Mason: 'here would be sufficient'.

11 Mason omits the remainder of the letter, save for the last sentence, which he begins, 'Tomorrow se'nnight'.

12 Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

13 Mason: 'I am, &c.'

14 Mason omits the postscript.

I brought my neck safe to town, & I promise you, when I break it, it shall not be after the ~ Dogs, nor from so mean an elevation as the Saddle, no, let me fall from Dover-Cliff, or Leucate's promontory, & if I cannot die like a Hero, let it be at least like a despairing Lover; Mem: I wont swing in a Cambrick handkerchief, nor swallow Verdigrease. but however I that have preserved my neck in the country, have not been able to do as much by my throat in London; which I made so sore, coming from Othello, on Wednesday last, that I should not be easily persuaded even at this present to swallow a bumper, tho' it were crown'd with my dear Horace's health; it has not as yet turn'd to an absolute squinancie, or a fever; but if you have a mind, I can very easily improve it into either of 'em: you have imitated your Namesake very happily, I believe; for I have not the Latin to look at; I wish poor Mr Jeffus in Ireland had taken the poets good advice: pray add my admiration of the first Stanza's to good Mr Ashton's, & give him my service for his, & believe me, yours ever,

T: Gray

To

The Hon^ble M^r Horace

Walpole, of Kings College

Cambridge

44. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[London, Wed. Oct. 13, 1736][1]

[ ][2]

I BROUGHT my neck safe to town, & I promise you, when I break it, it shall not be after the Dogs, nor from so mean an elevation as the Saddle[3], no, let me fall from Dover-Cliff[4], or Leucate's promontory[5], & if I cannot die like a Hero, let it be at least like a despairing lover; Mem: I wo'nt swing in a Cambrick handkerchief[6], nor swallow Verdigrease. but however I that have preserved my neck in the country, have not been able to do as much by my throat in London; which I made so sore, coming from Othello, on Wednesday last[7], that I should not be easily persuaded even

LETTER 44.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year is determined by Gray's reference to his recent visit to Burnham (see n. 3).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[3] An allusion to the tastes of his uncle at Burnham, where he had just been staying (see Letter 39).

[4] 'The dread summit of this chalky bourn,' from which Gloucester flung himself (as he supposed) (*King Lear*, v. 6).

[5] 'Leucatæ nimbosa cacumina montis' (*Aen.* iii. 274), the modern Cape Dukato, promontory at the south extremity of the island of Santa Maura (Leucas), off the west coast of Acarnania, from which unhappy lovers were said to leap into the sea.

[6] Perhaps an allusion to the recent suicide of the Count de Hoyms, 'formerly Prime Minister of State to the late King of Poland, who having been disgrac'd & confin'd two years in the fortress of Konigstein, hang'd himself on the 21st of April, at night, with a handkerchief, fasten'd to a hook in the wall' (*Gent. Mag.* May 1736, p. 292).

[7] That is, on Oct. 6; *Othello* had been revived at Drury Lane on the previous night (Genest, iii. 490).

at this present to swallow a bumper, tho' it were crown'd with my dear Horace's health ; it has not as yet turn'd to an absolute squinancie[8], or a fever ; but if you have a mind, I can very easily improve it into either of 'em: you have imitated your Namesake very happily, I believe ; for I have not the Latin to look at ; I wish poor Mr Iccius in Ireland had taken the poets good advice[9] : pray add my admiration of the first Stanza's to good Mr Ashton's, & give him my service for his, & believe me, yours ever,

T: Gray

Addressed: To
The Honble Mr Horace
Walpole, of King's College
Cambridge

Postmark: 13 OC

45. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[London, October, 1736][1]

[ ][2]

THE best News from Cornhill-shire[3] is, that I have a little fever, which denies me the pleasure of seeing

[8] Quinsy.

[9] Presumably Walpole's imitation of Horace was of 1 *Epist.* xii, which is addressed to Iccius (as is 1 *Odes* xxix). The point of Gray's allusion to Ireland does not appear.

Letter 45.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date is fixed approximately by the reference to the accident at Covent Garden (see n. 6).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[3] Gray's father owned a house in Cornhill, where Gray was born, and where his mother and aunt (Mary Antrobus) carried on business as milliners.

either You, or Alexander[4], or Downing-Street to day, but when that leaves me at my own Disposal, I shall be at yours ; Covent-Garden has given me a Sort of Surfeit of Mr Rich[5] & his Cleverneſs, for I was at the Way of the World, when the Machine broke t'other Night[6]; the House was in Amaze for above a Minute, & I dare say a great many in the Galleries thought it very dextrously perform'd, & that they scream'd as naturally, as heart could wish ; till they found it was no jest by their calling for Surgeons ; of whom several luckily happen'd to be in the Pit : I stayed to see the poor creatures brought out of the House, & pity poor Mrs Buchanan.[7] not a little, whom I saw put into a Chair in

[4] Delane was playing Alexander, in Lee's *Rival Queens*, at Covent Garden in October of this year (Genest, iii. 503).

[5] See Letter 66, n. 13.

[6] After the performance of Congreve's *Way of the World* at Covent Garden on Oct. 1, there was given 'an Entertainment of Dancing in Grotesque Characters, call'd *The Necromancer, or Harlequin Doctor Faustus*' in which Rich played Harlequin (advt. in *London Daily Post*, 30 Sept. 1736). It was during the latter that the accident witnessed by Gray took place. 'Friday, Oct. 1. This Night, in the Entertainment of Dr. Faustus, at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, when the Machine, wherein were Harlequin, the Miller's Wife, the Miller, and his Man, was got to the full Extent of its Flying, one of the Wires which held the hind Part of the Car broke first, and then the other broke, and the Machine, and all the People in it, fell down upon the Stage; by which unhappy Accident the young Woman who personated the Miller's Wife had her Thigh broke & her Knee-Pan shatter'd; the Harlequin had his Head bruised and his Wrist strained; the Miller broke his Arm; and the Miller's Man had his Skull so fractured that he is since dead. The Audience was thrown into the greatest Surprize ; and nothing was heard but Shrieks and Cries of the utmost Agony, and Horror' (*Lond. Mag.*, 1736, p. 579).

[7] The actress, Mrs. Elizabeth Buchanan, whose first appearance was as Calphurnia in *Julius Cæsar* at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields on 20 Nov. 1728. In the *Way of the World* her part was Mrs. Fainall. Gray's fears for her life proved founded,

such a fright, that as she is big with child, I question whether it may not kill her,

I am

Yours ever

T: G:

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ M^r^ Horace Walpole
at Chelsea
Postmark: Penny [8] Post Paid (date illegible)

46. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[ ][1]

HERE am I, a little happy to think, I sha'nt take Degree's; and really, now I know there is no occasion, I don't know but I may read a little Philosophy; it is sufficient to make a thing agreeable, not to have much need of it: such is my humour, but let that pass: West sup'd with me the night before I came out of town; we both fancied at first, we had a great many things to say to one another; but when it came to the push, I found, I had forgot all I intended to say, & he stood upon Punctilio's and would not speak first, & so we parted: Cole [2] has been examined by the Proctors, & took Bachelour's degree's, in order (he says) when he is Master of Arts, to assist a friend with his Vote &

for she died in child-bed not long after this date. (Genest, iii. 238, 481.)

[8] So apparently, but the impression is blurred.

LETTER 46.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[2] Cole (see Letter 39, n. 27) took his B.A. degree in October, 1736.

Interest; he told me he would not be puzzled in Philosophy, because he would not expose himself, but desired to be examined in Claſsicks, which he understood: he still talks of having his Leg cut off, & then being married: I have not seen Ashton; he is at S[t] Ive's, & I don't know when he comes back; Berkly[3] makes a Speech the 5[th] of November; I am,

D[r], Dear Horace

Yours most truly,

T: G:

[Cambridge] Oct: 27: [1736][4]

when d'ye come

Addressed: To
The Hon[ble] Horatio
Walpole, Esq, at the
Treasury
London

Postmark: CAM 29
BRIDGE OC

47. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Ch. Ch. Oct. 31. 1736

DEAREST WALPOLE,

I RETURN you tenthousand thanks for your late agreable letter[1] about Antony & Cleopatra, *Cantaber* & Cymodoce. I take your criticism on John Dryden

[3] Probably Samuel Berkley, an Eton contemporary, now at King's, of which he was subsequently Fellow; B.A. 1737; M.A. 1741.

[4] The date of the year is determined by the reference to Cole (see n. 2).

LETTER 47.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] This letter has not been preserved.

Servt. to his Majesty to contain a great deal of learning & sagacity. Bosu [2] himself, nor Hedelin [3] could not have made a juster remark than yours about the divorce of Scribonia from Tiberius. That was certainly an elegant circumstance in the Tragedy, & might be made a second part to the divorce of Queen Catharine from Harry 8. The thought about the hiss has the true sting of an Epigram, & deserves a clap [4]. But, I protest, I forgot all this while & took you for your Namesake; not but that he is much obliged to you, since you have explained me the scheme of his drama with as much wit as he himself could: pray, the next time you see him, give my humble service, & tell him, nobody has a greater respect for him than,

R West, Gent.

as for the Grotto-Nymphs, I desire my love to them, & would certainly send them an Eclogue; but there is a sort of one ready made for them in the 8 vol. Spectators N°. 632. which is very much at their service [5]. I had a great mind at first to have imitated Claudian's manner, & have call'd absence [6] among the Naiads & Nereids from Deiopæa down to Merdamante [7], late of Fleetditch, & so have made

[2] René le Bossu (1631–80), author of *Traité du Poème Épique*.

[3] François Hédelin, Abbé d'Aurignac (1604–76); his best-known works are *Pratique du Théâtre* and *Térence Justifié*, in which he displays an extensive knowledge of theatrical literature, ancient and modern.

[4] In the absence of Walpole's letter these allusions remain unexplained.

[5] The *Spectator* for 13 Sept. 1714 (No. 632) contains a poem, 'To Mrs. ——, on her Grotto.'

[6] An Eton term—to call the roll to ascertain who are absent.

[7] One of the 'Mud-nymphs' in the *Dunciad* (ii. 334): 'Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown.'

them all bring in some little peppercorn towards finishing the grotto—

I then thought of setting out in Pope's stile with a—

. Thy Grotto, Chelsea[8], & thy shell-retreats[9],
&c &c—

at last (I beg pardon) I struck out this little Echantillon of an attempt, which I desire you to keep warm in your Bureau, as you did my late Letter to Ashton—

THE GROTTO

Authors of doubtleſs faith relate,
That Taste & Leisure met of late,
And form'd a Grotto fair & neat,
To deck the Ministerial seat[10].
Impoſsible! some others cryed,
For they on Richmond-hill reside,
And there with our Illustrious Queen
In Merlin's cave[11] they oft are seen.
Credit to both reports is due:
They long at Richmond dwelt, tis true:

[8] Sir Robert Walpole possessed a residence at Chelsea, where Lady Walpole had erected a grotto. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1734 is a poem on 'shells from Guernsey, Jersey, Sark, & Alderney, for Lady W-lp-e's Grotto at Chelsea',—

'To make the *W-lp-e* grotto fine,
And rival grotto *Caroline*'

(see n. 11).

[9] Pope's *Windsor Forest* begins: 'Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats.'

[10] See n. 8.

[11] This was a 'subterraneous building, adorned with astronomical figures and characters' (*Gent. Mag.* 1735, p. 331), and fitted with a library, which had recently been erected in the royal gardens at Richmond by Queen Caroline, who called it 'Merlin's Cave', by which name it is several times referred to by Pope (*Imitations of Horace*, 2 Epist. i. 355; 2 Epist. ii. 139). It was also known as the 'Queen's Hermitage' (see Letter 168).

But, from the downy lap of Rest
When Buſineſs call'd the Royal breast,
Then streight to Chelsea-side in haste
Leisure retired, & with her Taste.

Addressed: [To]
Horace Walpole Esq^r^
[at the] Hon^ble^ S^r^ Robert
[Walpole's in] Downing Street
Whitehall.[12]

Postmark: OXFORD $\frac{I}{NO}$

48. GRAY TO WEST.

YOU must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinencies to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and claſsical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathe-

[12] The lower half of the second leaf of the letter has been torn off, carrying with it part of the address on the other side (as indicated by the square brackets).

LETTER 48.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 12–14.

matics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very posſible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, 'the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell[1] there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build[2] there, and satyrs shall dance there[3]; their forts and towers shall be a den[4] for ever, a joy of wild aſses[5]; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow[6]; it shall be a court[7] of dragons[8]; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest[9]'. You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward Queen; I too in no small degree own her sway,

[1] A.V. 'lie'.
[2] A.V. 'dwell'.
[3] Isaiah xiii. 21.
[4] A.V. 'dens'.
[5] Isaiah xxxii. 14
[6] Isaiah xxxiv. 15.
[7] A.V. 'habitation'.
[8] Isaiah xxxiv. 13.
[9] Isaiah xxxiv. 14.

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendships you may have contracted in the other [10], but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than

Yours most sincerely, &c.

Peterhouse, December, 1736.

49. WEST TO GRAY.

I CONGRATULATE you on your being about to leave college [1], and rejoice much you carry no degrees with you. For I would not have had You dignified, and I not, for the world, you would have insulted me so. My eyes, such as they are, like yours, are neither metaphysical nor mathematical; I have, nevertheleſs, a great respect for your connoiſseurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of desolate animals [2] pleased

[10] Perhaps he meant to ridicule the affected manner of Mrs. Rowe's letters of the dead to the living; a book which was, I believe, published about this time. *Mason.*—Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe's (1674–1737) *Friendship in Death, in twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living*, was first published in 1728; third edition, 1733.

LETTER 49.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 14–16.

[1] I suspect that Mr. West mistook his correspondent; who, in saying he did not take degrees, meant only to let his friend know that he should soon be released from lectures and disputations. It is certain that Mr. Gray continued at college near two years after the time he wrote the preceding letter. *Mason.*

[2] See previous letter.

me much; but Oxford, I can aſsure you, has her owls that match yours, and the prophecy has certainly a squint that way. Well, you are leaving this dismal land of bondage, and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you, but what will you do with your claſsic companions? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot case is as dear to gentle dulneſs [3] as a syllogism. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry 'like a nauseous weed away': Cherish its sweets in your bosom, they will serve you now and then to correct the disgusting sober follies of the common law, misce stultitiam consiliis brevem, dulce est desipere in loco [4]; so said Horace to Virgil, those sons of Anac in poetry, and so say I to you, in this degenerate land of pigmies,

> Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,
> Each day of buſineſs has its hour of leisure.

In one of these hours I hope, dear sir, you will sometimes think of me, write to me, and know me yours,

Ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω·[5]

that is, write freely to me and openly, as I do to you, and to give you a proof of it I have sent you an elegy of Tibullus [6] translated. Tibullus, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excells him only in wit, of which no poet had more in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poesie, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you surmise,

[3] *Dunciad*, ii. 34: 'gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.'

[4] 4 *Odes* xii. 27–8.

[5] *Iliad* i. 363.

[6] Mason omits this elegy, which apparently has not been preserved.

but too real, alas! and, I fear, constitutional) 'have tuned my heart to elegies of woe'; and this likewise is the reason why I am the most irregular thing alive at college, for you may depend upon it I value my health above what they call discipline. As for this poor unlicked thing of an elegy, pray criticise it unmercifully, for I send it with that intent. Indeed your late translation of Statius might have deterred me, but I know you are not more able to excell others, than you are apt to forgive the want of excellence, especially when it is found in the productions of

Your most sincere friend.

Christ Church, Dec. 22, 1736.

50. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

My dear Horace

I THINK this is the first time, I have had any Occasion to find fault with S^r^ R:^s^ Male-Administration, and if he should keep you in town another Week, I don't know whether I shan't change my Side, & write a Craftsman[1]; I am extreme Sorry, I could not dine with you last Sunday, but I really was engaged at Peter-house, & did not know of the honour you intended me, till night; if it had not been for a great cold I had got, I certainly should have come post to Supper: I engage myself to drink Tea with you at King's the day after to morrow, for then we expect you; I mean me, for Ashton is to try not to expect you then: I believe I shall stay here till February, so

Letter 50.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The well-known organ of the Tory opposition, founded in December 1726 by Pulteney and Bolingbroke, in the pages of which Sir Robert Walpole was for many years systematically denounced.

pray, come hither, if that can be any part of a reason for it: the Moderatour[2] has asked me to make the Tripos-Verses[3] this year; they say the[4] University has sent a Letter by the Post to thank my Lord Townsend for the Statue[5]! I have had a Letter from West with an Elegy of Tibullus translated in it[6], t h u s l o n g[7]; I have wrote you a letter with 50 I's in it, besides me's and we's, and I am,

Ever Yours

T: GRAY

Wednesday—[Dec. 29, 1736][8] Cambridge

Addressed: To
The Honrble Horace Walpole
Esq, at the Treasury,
Westminster

Postmark: CAM 29
BRIDGE DE

[2] At that time, the public officer appointed to preside over the disputations or exercises prescribed in the University schools for candidates for degrees. (*N.E.D.*) The Moderators at this date were James Brown, Fellow, and afterwards (1770) Master, of Pembroke, later an intimate friend of Gray's, and Roger Barker, Fellow of Clare.

[3] Latin verses bearing reference to the formal 'questions' in the disputations for degrees, into which it was customary to introduce 'topical' allusions. In this year the Tripos verses were recited, apparently in Great St. Mary's Church.

[4] Gray first wrote 'my', which he smudged out, and altered to 'the'.

[5] The statue of George I by Rysbrack, which was erected in the Senate House at Cambridge at the expense of Charles, second Viscount Townshend (1674–1738). The latter had written on 2 Dec. 1736, offering to bear the cost of the statue, and a grace accepting the offer, and thanking Lord Townshend, passed the Senate on Dec. 8. (Notes 2, 3, 5, from information kindly supplied by Dr. Keynes, Registrary of the University of Cambridge.)

[6] See previous letter.

[7] Gray has written these two words with the letters far apart.

[8] As the postmark (in this case Dec. 29) on letters from Cambridge is as a rule a day later than the date of the letter, it is probable that Gray wrote Wednesday by mistake for Tuesday, and that the

51. WALPOLE TO WEST.

My Dear West

THAT Poem you mention went once under my Name; but you commend it, & it's praise, cum recitas, incipit esse Tuus: Yet I assure you tis the last Thing of your writing that I woud commend. As to myself, I assure you I dont think I am at all a Poet, but from loving Verses, try to make some now & then: There are few but try in their lives, & most of us succeed alike. In short as Naturalists account for Inzects in places, where They cant tell how they got there, but cry the Wind wafts their Eggs about, into all Parts, & some perish, & some, meeting with proper juices, thrive; so Nature, I beleive, wafts about Poetical Eggs or Seeds, & thence come Poets, when the Grain dont light upon a barren Surface. but I'll give you some account of it, as far as my own Experience goes, in verse; as the best way to describe a circle, is to draw it: You will perceive that my Knowledge extends no farther than the miscarrying Embrios.

I.

Seeds of Poetry and Rhime
  Nature in my Soul implanted;
But the Genial Hand of Time,
  Still to ripen 'em is wanted:
Or soon as they begin to blow,
My cold Soil nips the buds with Snow.

actual date was Tuesday, Dec. 28. The date of the year is determined by the references to Lord Townshend (see n. 5), and to West's letter (see n. 6).

Letter 51.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

2.

If a plenteous Crop arise,
Copious Numbers, swelling Grain,
Judgement from the Harvest flies,
And careleſs spares to weed the Plain,
Tares of Similies choak the roots,
Or Poppy-Thoughts blast all the Shoots.

3.

Youth, his torrid beams who plays,
Bids the Poetic Spirit flourish;
But tho Flowers his Ardour raise,
Maggots too 'twill form & nourish;
And variegated Fancy's seen
Vainly enamelling the Green.

4.

First when Pastorals I read;
Purling Streams & cooling breezes
I only wrote of; and my Head
Rhim'd on, reclin'd beneath the Treezes:
In pretty Dialogue I told
Of Phœbus heat, and Daphne's cold.

5.

Battles, Seiges, Men and Arms,
If Heroick Verse I'm reading,
I burn to write, with Myra's Charms
In Episode, to show my breeding:
But if my Myra cruel be,
I tell Her so in Elegy.

6.

Tragick Numbers, buskin'd Strains,
If Melpomene inspire,
I sing; but fickle throw my Trains
And half an Act into the fire:
Perhaps Thalia prompts a Sonnet
On Chloe's fan or Cælia's bonnet.

7.

For one Silk-Worm Thought that thrives,
Twenty more in Embrio die;
Some spin away their little lives
In ductile lines of Foolery:
Then for one Moiety of the Year,
Pent in a Chrysalis appear.

8.

Till again the rolling Sun
Bursts th' inactive Shell, and Thoughts
Like Butterflies their Prison shun,
Buzzing with all their parent faults;
And springing from the Sluggish Mould
Expand their Wings of Flimzy Gold.

9.

But, my Dear, These Flies, They say,
Can boast of one good Quality,
To Phœbus gratefully They pay
Their little Songs and Melody:
So I to You this trifle give,
Whose Influence first bid it live[1].

[1] This poem has hitherto been attributed to Gray, owing to the existence of a copy in his handwriting, and signed by him 'Cela-

Excuse this extempore Jumble, & if you have not patience to read it through, [make][2] a present of it to the Man at the Physick Garden[3]: twou'd make a great figure at the front of a Monthly Calendar, or subjoin'd to the Prognostications in poor Robin's Almanack[4]. Poor Dab!

Adieu!

My Dear

yrs. sincerely

H. W.

London. Dec. 3d. 1736 [Jan. 3, 1736–7][5]

Addressed: To
Mr Richard West
at Christ Church College
Oxford

Postmark: 4
IA

don, Dec. 1736', among the Stonehewer MSS. at Pembroke College, Cambridge (see Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. i, p. 205).

[2] MS. torn.

[3] The Botanic Garden at Oxford, founded by the Earl of Danby in 1632.

[4] *Poor Robin's Almanack*, said to have been originated by Robert Herrick, was first published in 1663, and was continued till 1828. Like most other almanacs of the kind, it contained 'prognostications' of the events of the year.

[5] The postmark being Jan. 4, it is probable that Walpole wrote Dec. 3 by mistake for Jan. 3. According to the old style, which was still in use in England, the year would still be 1736 in January, so that the correct date of the letter would be Jan. 3, 1736–7, just as West's reply is dated Jan. 12, 1736–7.

52. WEST TO WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

POETRY, I take it, is as universally contagious as the small-pox; every one catches it once in their life at least, and the sooner the better; for methinks an old rhymester makes as ridiculous a figure as Socrates dancing at fourscore[1]. But I can never agree with you that most of us succeed alike; at least I'm sure few do like you: I mean not to flatter, for I despise it heartily; and I think I know you to be as much above flattery, as the use of it is beneath every honest, every sincere man. Flattery to men of power is analogous with hypocrisy to God, and both are alike mean and contemptible; nor is the one more an instance of respect, than the other is a proof of devotion. I perceive I am growing serious, and that is the first step to dulneſs: but I believe you won't think that in the least extraordinary, to find me dull in a letter, since you have known me so often dull out of a letter.

As for poetry, I own, my sentiments of it are very different from the vulgar taste. There is hardly any where to be found (says Shaftesbury)[2] a more insipid race of mortals, than those whom the moderns are contented to call poets—but methinks the true legiti-

LETTER 52.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 412–14.

[1] Socrates died in his seventieth year (469–399 B.C.).

[2] The third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671–1713), author of the *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times* (1711), a sixth edition of which was published in this year. The passage in question occurs in Treatise iii, viz. *Soliloquy: or Advice to an Author* (Part I, Sect. 3, in vol. i, p. 207).

mate poet is as rare to be found as Tully's orator, qualis adhuc nemo fortaſse fuerit[3]. Truly, I am extremely to blame to talk to you at this rate of what you know much better than myself: but your letter gave me the hint, and I hope you will excuse my impertinence in pursuing it. It is a difficult matter to account why, but certain it is that all people, from the duke's coronet to the thresher's flail[4], are desirous to be poets: Penelope herself had not more suitors, though every man is not Ulyſses enough to bend the bow. The poetical world, like the terraqueous, has its several degrees of heat from the line to the pole—only differing in this, that whereas the temperate Zone is most esteemed in the terraqueous, in the poetical it is the most despised. Parnaſsus is divisible in the same manner as the mountain Chimaera

—mediis in partibus hircum,
Pectus & ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat[5].

The medium between the rampant lion and the creeping serpent is the filthy goat—the justest picture of a middling poet, who is generally very bawdy and lascivious, and, like the goat, is mighty ambitious of climbing up the mountains, where he does nothing but browse upon weeds. Such creatures as these are beneath our notice. But whenever some wondrous

[3] Cicero, *Orator*, ii. 7: 'in summo oratore fingendo talem informabo, qualis fortasse nemo fuit.'

[4] An allusion to Stephen Duck (1705–56), known as the thresher-poet, from his having been originally an agricultural labourer. He was a protégé of Queen Caroline, who in 1735 appointed him keeper of her library in Merlin's Cave at Richmond (*Gent. Mag.* 1735, p. 498). (See Letter 47, n. 11.)

[5] Ovid, *Metam.* ix. 647–8; for *hircum* some texts read *ignem*.

sublime genius arises, such as Homer or Milton, then it is that different ages and countries all join in an universal admiration. Poetry (I think I have read somewhere or other) is an imitation of Nature: the poet considers all her works in a superior light to other mortals; he discerns every secret trait of the great mother, and paints it in its due beauty and proportion. The moral and the physical world all open fairer to his enthusiastic imagination: like some clear-flowing stream, he reflects the beauteous prospect all around, and, like the prism-glaſs, he separates and disposes nature's colours in their justest and most delightful appearances. This sure is not the talent of every dauber: art, genius, learning, taste, must all conspire to answer the full idea I have of a poet; a character which seldom agrees with any of our modern miscellany-mongers—But

> Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania mutat[6]?

I am got into enchanted ground, and can hardly get out again time enough to finish my letter in a decent and laudable manner. Dear sir, excuse and pardon all this rambling criticism—I writ it out of pure idleneſs; and I can aſsure you, I wish you idle enough to read it through.

I am, my dear Walpole,
Yours most sincerely,
R. West.

I wish you a happy new year.

Christchurch,
Jan. 12, 1736–7.

[6] *Aen.* iv. 595.

53. WEST TO WALPOLE.

My dear Walpole,

IT seems so long to me since I heard from Cambridge, that I have been reflecting with myself what I could have done to lose any of my friends there. The uncertainty of my silly health might have made me the duller companion, as you know very well; for which reason Fate took care to remove me out of your way: but my letters, I am sure, at least carry sincerity enough in them to recommend me to any one that has a curiosity to know something concerning me and my amusements. As for Asheton, he has thought fit to forget me entirely; and for Gray, if you correspond with him as little as I do (wherever he be, for I know not), your correspondence is not very great.— Full in the midst of these reflections came your agreeable letter[1]. I read it, and wished myself among you. You can promise me no diversion, but the novelty of the place, you say, and a renewal of intimacies. Novelty, you must know, I am sick of; I am surrounded with it, I see nothing else. I could tell you strange things, my dear Walpole, of anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders[2]. I have seen Learning drest in old frippery, such as was in fashion in Duns Scotus' days: I have seen Taste in changeable, feeding like the chamelion on air: I have seen Stupidity in the habit of Sense, like a footman in the master's clothes: I have

Letter 53.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 414–15.

[1] This letter has not been preserved.

[2] *Othello*, i. 3.

seen the phantom mentioned in The Dunciad, with a brain of feathers and a heart of lead[3]: it walks here, and is called Wit. Your other inducement you suggested had all its influence with me; and I had before indulged the thought of visiting you all at Cambridge this next spring—But Fata obstant—I am unwillingly obliged to follow much lefs agreeable engagements. In the mean time I shall pester you with quires of correspondence, such as it is: but remember, you were two letters in my debt—though indeed your last letter may fully cancel the obligation. You may recollect my last was a sort of criticism upon poetry[4]; and this will present you with a sort of poetry[5] which nobody ever dreamt of but myself.

I am, dear sir,
Yours very sincerely,
R. West.

Christchurch
February 27, 1736–7.

54. ASHTON TO WEST.

[Cambridge, March, 1737][1]

Dear West,

TO forget one's friend[2] includes everything: 'tis the superlative degree of all thats bad: and yet

[3] *Dunciad*, ii. 44.

[4] See previous letter.

[5] This poetry does not appear. *Berry.*

Letter 54.—First printed in part by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 84–5); now first printed in full from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 192–3).

[1] The date is fixed approximately by the references to West's complaint to Walpole (see n. 2), and to the late comet (see n. 3).

[2] See previous letter, in which West says Ashton 'has thought fit to forget me entirely'.

you say I have forgot you. I should have the highest Contempt for that Memory which could retain a few impertinent Scraps of uselefs Learning & erase the generous Sentiments of Sincerity and Friendship. Indeed I ought to have wrote sooner, & if you would tell me what to say, I would write to you the most agreeable Letters imaginable.

I ought to have acquainted you with the present State of Literature in this University; but it would be unpardonable in a private Member of a Society to divulge what the whole body (doubtlefs for very good reasons) are determined to keep a Secret. However it is affirmd & that by those who have heard the same that there is Somebody, who will be able in some time, to comprehend the most abstruse Parts of the Newtonian Philosophy. And between friends, the Learning of this Age, seems to be no more than Comments on that of the last. Nay, I might have chose the late Comet[3] for the Subject of an Epistle, but that being visible only by the strength of faith; 'tis not to be wonderd at, that it was out of my Latitude. Nay perhaps the fame of our young Refiners[4] may not yet have reached your Ears. A Congrefs of young Gentlemen, enemies to Prejudice

[3] This was no doubt the comet which appeared in February of this year, and was observed by Cassini at Paris and by Bradley at Oxford. The *London Magazine* for Feb. 1737 (p. 161) contains the following reference to it, in a poem on the death of Lord Chancellor Talbot (d. Feb. 14):

'Heav'n calls him hence; his soul obedient flies,
High blazing mounts, and glides the azure skies;
Whom the astronomer descries from far,
And for a *comet* takes the *new made star*.*

* There was a report of a comet being seen about this time.'

[4] Gray, Walpole, &c. *Mitford.*

and contracted Notions, upon a thoro' examination of their Powers & Properties, have found that our Ancestors for 6000 years past, have labord under the Servile State of unneceſsary dependence; which intolerable yoke these public Spirits, for the honor of themselves and advantage of Posterity, have resolvd to shake off, and in consequence of this noble resolution, have declared themselves Independent. Now the Revd Doctors have çalld some Privy Counsellors to examine it, peradventure they may be able to find a flaw in this Demonstration. Since a Corollary immediately deducible from this Proposition will strike at the root of Preferment & be destructive of the glorious expectation of a Lawn Sleeve & Crosier.

I will make no Excuse for my Nonsense, since it will convince you that you are not yet quite forgotten by

yours most sincerely

ASHTON

I should be glad to hear from Prinsep.

55. GRAY TO WEST.

Cambridge, March, 1737.

* * *

I learn Italian like any dragon[1], and in two months am got through the 16th book of Taſso, whom I hold in great admiration: I want you to learn too,

LETTER 55. — Fragment of letter, reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 36–7.

[1] It was no doubt at this time that Gray made his translation of the Ugolino episode, from the thirty-third canto of Dante's *Inferno*. (See *Dante in English Literature*, vol. i, pp. 231–4.)

that I may know your opinion of him; nothing can be easier than that language to any one who knows Latin and French already, and there are few so copious and expreſsive.

* * *[2]

56. ASHTON TO WEST.

King's Coll: April 5. 1737

My dear West,

I HAVE seen Leonidas[1], & by the cursory View I had of it, I should think it an admirable Picture. The original is so noble that it wanted not the help of Fiction, but a skilful hand to expreſs the Resemblance to the Life. This Mr Glover seems to have done: I see how near you are related[2].

His Sentiments in generall are grand & simple—his expreſsion clear & nervous; he neither rises into Obscurity, nor sinks into insignificance. The genuine spirit of Athens & Rome is diffusd throughout the Composition.

[2] Mason adds, that in this same letter Gray tells West 'that his College has set him a versifying on a public occasion (viz. those verses which are called Tripus) on the theme of *Luna est habitabilis*' (see Letter 57, n. 1). On 'Tripos verses', see Letter 50, n. 3.

Letter 56.—Now first printed (save for the postscript, which is printed in Tovey's *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 94–5) from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 157 ff.).

[1] The blank verse epic poem, in nine books (in later editions, twelve), published in this year, of Richard Glover (1712–85), the son of a City merchant.

[2] Glover and West were personally related, West's father having been Glover's maternal uncle.

The Parting Scene from his Wife & Children[3] is a sweet Distreſs. The modest Conclusion of his Prayer for his infants[4], is a natural improvement upon those of Ajax & Hector.

The uniform Virtue & Tranquillity of the Spartan Camp, with the different dispositions of Persia, in the difference of her fortune, are observd with judgment.

The latter part of his 3d. book, where he describes the various Nations aſsembled under the Persian Standard, is not inferior to the 7th. Æneid. His Geographical descriptions, & his little Historical Embellishments are so appositely introduced, as to give us time to respire, & draw off our attention awhile, from the consideration of the great action.

Teribazus[5] & Ariana[6] was neceſsary to suspend the action; the description of the fire in the Camp of Zerxes[7], is finely imagind.

The last book is a Scene of great & surprizing facts, represented in a most vigorous & lively Manner.

His Similitudes which are thick sown, are either entirely his own, or made so by the turn he gives them.

Ariana over her Lover, to a Statue bending over a tomb with imitated Woe[8].

[3] Book i, ll. 264 ff.
[4] Book i, ll. 373 ff.
[5] A Persian.
[6] Daughter of Darius, and sister of Xerxes.
[7] Book ix, ll. 79 ff.
[8] Book vi, ll. 144 ff.:

'As a marble form
Fix'd on the solemn sepulcher, unmov'd
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe,
So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
Intranc'd in sorrow.'

The Clandestine retreat of the Thebans to the insensible decay of melting Snow[9].

Leonidas's discernment in penetrating the artifice of Anaxander, to a Philosopher who perceives the light of the Moon to be reflected & not innate[10].

cum mult. al.

I must mention the reflexion of Leonidas (when he beholds the grief of Ariana for the death of Teribazus[11]) on the affliction of his Wife; which is so naturall & affecting that it carries us back in idea to Sparta, & recalls the sorrows of a family (which were almost forgotten) afresh to our remembrance.

My dear West, the trifling remarks I scribbled down are suggested to my mind from one hasty view of the Poem. As I have it not now to refer to, you will excuse me if I have commended any Part more than it deserves, or omitted any that deserves it more.

yours affectionately

ASHTON.

M[r] Walpole is gone as far as Hockrell[12] with Dodd[13]

[9] Book viii, ll. 321 ff.:

'At once the Theban troop
Its ranks dissolving from the Greeks withdraws.
Unseen it moulders from the host, like snow,
Which from the mountains in ten thousand rills,
Soon as the sun exerts his orient beam,
Descends soft trickling.'

[10] Book vii, ll. 343 ff.:

'He perceiv'd
Through all its fair disguise the traitor's heart.
So, when at first mankind in science rude
Rever'd the moon, as bright with native beams,
Some sage, that walk'd with Nature through her works,
By Wisdom led, discern'd, the various orb
Itself was dark, in foreign splendours clad.'

[11] In Book vi.

[12] See Letter 16, n. 14.

[13] See Letter 32, n. 9.

& Whalley[14], who are coming to Town. he has Leonidas with him & will be home tonight. I paid your Compliments to Dodd & Whaley.

Grey[15] longs to hear from you.

57. WEST TO WALPOLE

Dear Sir,

METHINKS I need not doubt long, who wrote either poem[1]: they sufficiently discover each their parent, the characteristic marks are upon them: and this point settled, all præjudice of friendship apart, which is best, may more easily be determined—micat inter ignes *Luna* minores—[2]

I own the Planetary poet's[3] thoughts are sometimes as pretty, as his expreſsions are easy; but, I should apprehend, his bent is more to Humour than Poetry: I wish too he were more correct: perhaps there may be something laughable enough in his tale of the Gibbosus homuncio[4], in his reflection about Mercury's planet,

[14] *Sic*; see Letter 32, n. 10.

[15] *Sic*.

Letter 57.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] These were two Latin poems, *Luna est habitabilis* (see Letter 55, n. 2) and *Planetæ sunt habitabiles*, by Gray and Walpole respectively. It is evident that Walpole had sent them to West for criticism, and left him to find out for himself which was by Gray and which by Walpole. Both poems are printed in *Musæ Etonenses* (Lond. 1755), viz. *Luna est habitabilis*, in vol. ii, pp. 107 ff.; *Planetæ sunt habitabiles*, in vol. ii, pp. 48 ff. Walpole's authorship of the latter is now first revealed.

[2] Horace, 1 *Odes* xii. 46–8:

'micat inter omnes
Julium sidus velut inter ignes
Luna minores.'

[3] Walpole.

[4] 'Si qua fides vulgò Gibbosus
Homuncio Lunam
Incolit.'

o felix senibus sedes![5], & in his thought about the Solar inhabitants all bedew'd with Salamander-water[6]: but, to venture my opinion, is there not something wild, low, & unphilosophical in those Ideas, and I may say altogether unworthy of the more serious spirit of his fellow-poet. The lines of his, which are perhaps least taken notice of & which I like best, are these,

In quibus halantes herbæ, fontesq, sonori,
Et Sylvæ campos ditant; munitaq, circum
Oppida, cumq, suis consurgunt mœnibus urbes.

which make a pretty groupe of Images enough, & after them the final lines about Galileo—Tu primus Olympi &c.[7] where you may observe the Et sine Thesalico & c. o be. the same thought as G—y's, neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes[8].

The confidence I have in your discretion may excuse the great freedom of my Criticism, so I will proceed with great Sagacity & acuteneſs. Well then! in the

[5] 'O! felix senibus sedes! his exulat oris
Frigida Morborum rabies, effætaque semper
Membra calor genialis alit; non effera plebem
Languentem Quartana quatit, nec anhela fatigat
Tussis anus, dentesve senili extundit ab ore.'

[6] 'Cerne age, qua medius rerum Titanius orbis
Volvit inexhaustum radiis crinalibus ignem.
Forsan et hæ sedes, hæc torrida rura colentur,
Et Salamandrino irrigui per membra liquore
Indigenæ, medio cæli candore fruuntur,
Quamvis centenus Phlegethon incendia torquet,
Et totidem ruptis strident fornacibus Ætnæ.'

[7] 'O! quantas Inclyte grates
Debemus, *Galilæe*, tibi! tu primus Olympi
Ferratas reserare fores; Tu pandere regna
Lucida, mortales olim indignantia visus,
Et sine Thessalico deducere carmine lunam.'

[8] 'Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos.'

Lunar poem I find more of a design, & something besides a series of Hexametres: I need not add it is writ in quite a different strain from the other peice—However being so young a bard I w^d. advise him not to fetch such midnight walks with his Goddeſs-Muse. Scandal may insue, & folks will talk: dulce est per aperta—t'is so—vere frui dulce est—to be sure—but why frui? and sub umbrâ too[9]. o fy! nay his muse grows jealous, & calls him forsooth an Endymion[10]—ah infidele Cavaliero della Luna!—I am afraid your Cambridge criticasters (excuse the word) may again object to him his bawdry & obscenity—but seriously—from Ecce autem to se vertere flammas[11] is very pretty & philosophical, & something better than the Gibbosus homuncio. the next lines as far as—propriiq, crepuscula cælî—I much admire & envy. The Et dubitas tantum &c. as far as Quin, Ubi nos &c. brings Anchises to my mind in 6^th. Æneid, & has that peculiar energy & conciseneſs of Charming Virgil. Then down to nostrâ se jactat in aulâ—I no leſs like—Especially—Albescens pater Apenninus ad auras, & the parvulus Anglia nævus, aliis longè fulgentior, alluding, I suppose, to our Island's latè candentia saxa[12]. and then the certatimq, suo cognomine signant, is very concise &

[9] Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;
Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelida spatiere sub umbra.'

[10] 'ipsam descendere Phœben Conspicies novus Endymion.'

[11] The passages here criticized by West may be read in the reprint of the poem in Gosse's *Works of Gray*, vol. i, pp. 171 ff.

[12] Horace, 1 *Sat.* v. 26: 'saxis late candentibus Anxur.'

natural. The last thought about our sending colonies to the *Moon* I have some scruples about, as being a little satirical: at least it conveys satire to my apprehension, & his close of, Victis dominabitur auris, is at best a very squinting panægyric——

I have thought of this subject so long, & the Moon & planets have run in my head so much since I received Yours, that I deem it not improper to send you a dream, I had concerning the Lunar territory, but the night before last.

Methought the Angel Gabriel descended from heaven and carryed me up out of my bed wherein I lay to the top of a high mountain: then upon the spot he took a hatchet, aim'd it at my Skull, & cut my head in two: incontinently he scoop'd out my brains, and gave them me to swallow down into my belly; after that he strip't a Solan goose of all her feathers, butter'd them, & cramm'd them into the ventricles of my brain-pan[13]. Upon this I thank'd him, & found myself so light, that directly I mounted into the air, and in an hour's time was conveyed (by the force of Attraction, or of Gravitation, which you like best) into the region of the Moon. Upon inquiry I learn't, I was in the land of Galilæo, & soon after methought, I was introduced to the King of the Country, who, to give him his due, was as hospitable as any Sublunary Monarch: among other civilities, his Lunātic Majesty shew'd me his Cabinet of *Lost Things upon Earth*[14], which was so curious & so usefull

[13] Doubtless an allusion to the 'brain of feathers' of *Dunciad* ii. 44.

[14] West's notion of finding in the Moon things lost on Earth was no doubt borrowed from Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, xxxiv. 73).

besides to an inhabitant of Terra firma, that I could not refrain begging a Catalogue of it, which he granted me with infinite humanity. What I remember ran thus—

1. Livy's Decads. complete. best Edition.
2. M^r^ Addison's Poetical works[15].
3. Astræa's pair of Scales.
4. Foible in the Way of the World[16].
5. A receipt to conserve mummies.
6. All the Heroes of the Dunciad. complete sett.
7. A very fine Tibbalds[17]. scarce, & to be had single.
8. The fountainhead of the river Nile.
9. Homer's country.
10. Æneas's Nurse[18].
11. Dido's reputation.
12. A large parcel of Virginities. of all sizes and something impaired by the keeping.
13. Lusus Westmonasterienses[19].
14. Several bundles of Miscellany poems. a penny-worth.
15. Honor, Sincerity, Hospitality, Friendship, with several other Virtues.

[15] West probably, like Gray, questioned Addison's claim to be reckoned a poet—see Letter 168, where Gray writes to Walpole that Addison 'had not above three or four notes in poetry'.

[16] Foible was Lady Wishfort's woman, in Congreve's *Way of the World*, iii. 4: '*Lady Wishfort.* Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.'

[17] Presumably the edition of Shakespeare published in 1734 by Lewis Theobald (1688–1744), the original hero ('Tibbald') of the *Dunciad*.

[18] Caieta—see *Aen.* vii. 1–4.

[19] A hit at the Westminster scholars at Christ Church.

16. A Pylades & Orestes, kept in Spirits. a curious peice.
17. All the Dutch Commentators, very fair, never read but once.
18. Several Pindarics, Miltonics, Pastorals &c. to be sold by the pound.
19. a great quantity of English gin, lately imported.
20. Most of the Eton play exercises[20]. &c. &c. &c.

I found upon reading over the Catalogue of his Majesty's Cabinet[21], that he was intending a sale of his curiosities, and you may be sure for the honor of our School I should have bought up at any rate the things specifyed in the last article, but I must own I was so surprized to see it, that the sudden anguish it put me in made me awake. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours sincerely, R W.

H. G.[22] april. 18—37.

P.S.

My services to all: thanks to Gray & Ashton for their letters. Gray I intend to answer soon, I was afraid some fooleries of mine had offended him: my answer to Ashton I must defer, till I have time to read Leonidas[23] thro' with attention—Some silly friend or

[20] A 'sent-up for Play' exercise is an exercise especially honoured by being made the occasion of a holiday. The more ordinary type of sent-up exercise is called 'sent-up for good'. The names and the practice still continue. (Note kindly supplied by the Vice-Provost of Eton.)

[21] West's list was obviously suggested by 'the Inventory of the Moveables of Christopher Rich', in *Tatler* No. 42, which includes

'A New Moon something decay'd—
A setting sun, a pennyworth—
The imperial robes of Xerxes, never used but once'.

[22] Presumably Highgate.

[23] See Letter 56.

cunning Enemy, I am afraid, has hurt M^r. Glover extremely by panægyrizing him in such an extraordinary manner as he does in a new weekly paper, call'd, COMMON SENSE, or the Englishman's journal[24], N°. 10. He prefers him, you must know, to Milton & Pope[25].

Of all mad Creatures, if the Learnd say right,
It is the slaver kills, & not the bite[26].

Beleive me, I long much to see you all: my spirit is often among you unseen: I mingle in your diversions, I have read two or three cantos in Tasso[27] with Gray, I have studied Mathematics with Ashton, & am at present methinks learning Music with you: I often walk with you, I often drink tea with you; I laugh with you all, & smile at other people—adieu—

I hope the length of my letter may excuse my long silence, if it does not tire you—— I must desire you to read Shaftesbury's inquiry concerning virtue[28]; I

[24] This journal had been started in the previous February.

[25] In the number for April 9, No. 10, is an article entitled *Character of a new Epic Poem, call'd* Leonidas, *by Mr.* Glover, *a young Merchant in the City*, the concluding paragraph of which is as follows: 'I look upon this *Poem as one of those few* which will be handed down with Respect to all Posterity, and which in the long Revolution of past Centuries, but *2 or 3 Countries* have been able to produce. And I can't help congratulating *my own*, that after having in the last Age brought forth a *Milton*, she has in this produced a *Pope* and a *Glover*. If the Diction of *Leonidas* be softer, and more harmonious than that of *Milton*, it may in part be ascribed to Mr. *Pope*, as the great Polisher and Improver of our Verse, who had made the Way much less difficult for Mr. *Glover* to ascend.'

[26] Pope, *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, vv. 105–6 (adapted).

[27] See Gray to West, March 1737 (Letter 55).

[28] By the third Earl of Shaftesbury; it was published in 1711

dote on it, M^r^ Pope is much obliged to it in his Eſsay[29]—

58. WEST TO GRAY.

I HAVE been very ill, and am still hardly recovered. Do you remember Elegy 5th, Book the 3d, of Tibullus, Vos tenet, &c. and do you remember a letter of M^r^ Pope's, in sickneſs, to M^r^ Steele? This melancholy elegy and this melancholy letter I turned into a more melancholy epistle of my own, during my sickneſs, in the way of imitation; and this I send to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot, but merely to show them how sincere I was when sick: I hope my sending it to them now may convince them I am no leſs sincere, though perhaps more simple, when well.

AD AMICOS.

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the antient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloyster'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse

in Shaftesbury's *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times.*

[29] The *Essay on Man*, which, in its complete form, had been published in 1734.

LETTER 58.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 18–22.

To catch the zephyr and to court the muse.
Mean time at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate ;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand
Like some sad exile in a desert land ;
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;
To sickneſs still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just heav'n ! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ;
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl or point the murd'rous knife ?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know ?
As yet just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime ;
Uselesſ, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year ;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray.
Stern Power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,

Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go[1].
How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flowry head,
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide[2].

[1] Here he quits Tibullus; the ten following verses have but a remote reference to Mr. Pope's letter. *Mason.*

[2] 'Youth, at the very best, is but the betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; 'tis like the stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret.' (Pope's letter, quoted by Mason.)

But why repine, does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loſs whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate[3].
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not; though this face be seen no more,
The world will paſs as chearful as before,
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear[4];
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere[5].

Christ Church, July 4, 1737.

[3] 'I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me.' (*Ibid.*)

[4] 'The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green.' (*Ibid.*)

[5] Tovey (*Gray and his Friends*, pp. 95–8) prints a somewhat different version of this poem, from a copy in Gray's handwriting among the Stonehewer MSS. at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

59. ASHTON TO WEST.

King's Coll: Cambridge

My dear West,

IT will surprize you to see one so regardleſs of fame and so desirous of Love, as I have always been, now, without any Provocation, give up the thing I love, in order to master [1] that which I sincerely despise. It is the common Cant of losing Gamesters, to pretend a Contempt for the thing they lose. Which, if I had ever canvaſsd for reputation, might have been objected to me. but my Enemies have urgd my not applying for their voices, as a principal reason for my not having them.—

If I alone were concerned in their reflexions the noise of Calumny should lull me to sleep. but I must ward off a blow, which I regard not, rather than you should be wounded thro' my Side. 'Tis not to justify myself but your friendship for me, that I throw away one half hour of my time, in writing this simple, serious letter; which would be much better employd in regulating the more culpable parts of my Life, than in making excuses for that which is least exceptionable.

I must own I have some time had & have still the honor to be extremely hated: I ought not to boast of favor of the kind, but the thing is too palpable to be diſsembled. My natural Modesty made me industrious to decline the first offer of it: I urgd my own demerit, quoted Antiquity to prove that so great, so public Regard

Letter 59.—Now first printed from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 185 ff.).

[1] So apparently MS.

was never paid but to the Wisest & Best of Men. That for my own Part I had no desert to plead for such a general testimony of my Worth: that my abilities were too inconsiderable to aspire above this Contempt: while their Hate might be conferrd upon a better object. My resistance only served to heighten their instances: I was, against my Will, indulgd with an Honor I would now willingly preserve, & to which I am almost persuaded of the justice of my Claim.

I fear I shall tire you: the whole affair is trifling & ridiculous: but for your Satisfaction I will be grave.

The Phænomena in the Moral are much harder to be accounted for, than those in the natural World: the latter are directed by one constant simple rule: the former result from as many different Principles as there are different Agents.

Why I am avoided, it is incumbent on them to shew, who do avoid me. The reflexions upon me are general & such as a considering Man would interpret in my favor. For that such a constant Watch over a Mans actions, should never yet discover are particular on which to fasten infamy, is a convincing proof that I have done Nothing infamous. Most of my accusers one those to whom I never spoke, not one of them who ever knew me. Their Number is great; but 100 000, are only a crowd of Cyphers with one significant figure at their head. Their Objections to me are Sometimes plausible, often inconsistent. Ask their authority, they had it from —— and he from —— and so on, in infinite Succeſsion.

Such reflexions from such Persons are as absurd, as if a blind Man should blame a Scarlet Color, or a deaf Man the sound of a Trumpet.

However as I forgive 'em the injuries they could not do me, so I thank 'em for the Service they never meant.

I think I have the Sense to distinguish between Right & Wrong. I was never yet so partial to my own actions, but I could measure myself by the same rule I laid down for others.

I can examine their motive & ends, & look a little forward into Consequences. & if I divest myself of the Principle they would inculcate, I know no Motive so strong for doing an ungenerous Action, that is not overbalancd by a strong Motive for not doing it.

The faults I really have are never mentioned in their Catalogue & are of a private character, & to shake them off is the subject of my thought.

I do not confine my ideas to the present Moment of my Existence, but extend them to that day when our actions shall appear in their real light & receive their degrees of fame proportionate to that from whence they sprung.

These, dearest West, are the considerations which disſuade me from baseneſs, & which support me well under the imputation.

With respect to yourself; when any thing is objected to me, which I cannot defend, I shall think you sufficiently justifyd in disclaiming my friendship, which, next to the Consciousneſs of having acted basely, would be the greatest grief to me. but till that time, be to me

what you have been, & your single friendship shall weigh against the authority of all my Enemies [2]

ASHTON

July 7th. 1737

60. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Tuesday, July 12, 1737

MY DEAREST WALPOLE,

I HAVE writ Ashton a long serious letter, for which reason I intend to be very witty in this ; I tell you so beforehand, for fear you should mistake me ; you must expect a Similie in every letter, & a Metaphor in every Syllable. Nay, you'll find a je ne sçay, in every Comma [1], and something very surprizing in every full stop [1]. I don't intend to think neither, for I've heard your great Wits never think—

Critics indeed prescribe it as a rule
That you must think before you write ;
But I, who am you know, no fool
Aver their judgment is not right
Now if you ask [2] the reason why
I'll tell you truly by & bye
Meantime if you should rashly think
My Pen will drop a word of Sense,

[2] The matters referred to in this letter remain unexplained. A 'long serious letter' of West to Ashton, to which reference is made in the next letter, and which might have afforded the clue, has not been preserved.

LETTER 60.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 98–101); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 164 ff.).

[1] Mitford, in his transcript, after these words inserts an exaggerated comma and full-stop, no doubt a reproduction of something of the same kind in the original MS.

[2] Mitford : 'ask if'.

Pray read no more, but with the rest dispense
For faith, I send you nought but Ink,
But if you deem the want of thought
A tolerable fault,
Prithee, proceed
On that condition you may read.

I think these lines very much a la Française you can tell why? and now I'll give you some in the English fashion.

To thee, my thoughts magnetically roll
My heart the Needle is, and thine the Pole
Since thou art gone, no Company can please,
They rather show my Want, than give me Ease.
When Sol resigns our Hemisphere to night
Ten thousand Stars, but ill supply his light.
Tho' to repay thy loſs, enough there be
They're all a poor Equivalent of thee.
Like Ovid thus I stand, whose lines declare
No inspiration like our native air
Banished from thee, I feel my notes decay
And miſs the Muse, to animate the lay.

Now, what Muse do you like best[3], French or English? in my opinion the first is in a Consumption, & the latter in a dropsy. The French one is a pale Slammekin[4] without any color in her Skin; and the English dab[5] is a flushd Dowdy, as full of Pimples as she can

[3] Tovey: 'like the best'.

[4] A sloven or slut; the word exists in numerous dialectal forms, the most usual being 'slammocking' (see Wright's *Eng. Dial. Dict.* s.v.). 'Mrs. Slammekin' was a character in the *Beggar's Opera*.

[5] Tovey: 'drab'.

stare. Had I time, I would rifle all Petrarca, but I would send you some

Sonnetti, madrigaletti
Versi Sciolti, vezzozetti [6]
Per Signor, mio Valpoletti.

I would send you some Spanish too, not plain but mighty ampullated, were I sufficiently versd in the obras del [7] Poetas Castellanos; and then I'd tell you that the Italian & Spanish Muse both usd a great deal of Paint, only the last laid on in higher Colors.

I dare say, after all, you'll tell me this is nothing to you. and yet so far it is, that I intended all this to divert you, & if it does not, at least the intention was good. If I knew as many languages as Briareus had hands, I should tell you a hundred Ways only, how much I am— I know I might end my letter here, very conveniently, and end very prettily, but I wont; I'll write as far as my Paper will let me, & then as Alexander wept heretofore, that he had no more to conquer, or as the wild Indian that gallopd with full speed, till he came to the Sea, & then wonderd that he could gallop no further, so I—. à propos, an ode of Horace [8] lies before me, which I translated about 3 months ago— here it is.

Ad Pyrrham.

Say what dear Youth his amorous rapture breathes
Within thy arms beneath some Grott reclind?

[6] Presumably for *vezzosetti.*
[7] So Mitford.
[8] 1 *Odes* v. West's version apparently owes something to Milton's well-known rendering of this same ode.

Pyrrha, for whom dost thou in wreathes
Thy golden treſses bind
In plainneſs elegant? how oft shall he
Complain alaſs! upon the fickle skies
And suddenly astonishd see
The blackning tempest rise:
Who now enjoys thee, happy in Conceit
Who fondly thinks thy love can never fail
Never to him—unmindful yet
Of the fallacious Gale.
Wretch! to whom thou untryd seemest fair,
For me, I've scapd the Wreck; let yonder fane
Inscrib'd my gratitude declare
To him that rules the Main.

I am, dear Sir, with all sincerity, your most humble Servant & affectionate friend

RICH. WEST

P.S. I am afraid I cannot see you this Summer, but I long to hear from you

Addressed: To
Horace Walpole Esq^r^
at King's College
Cambridge
From: OXFORD

61. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, July, 1737][1]

My dear Horace

I WAS just going to write to you in opposition to a couple of very weighty reasons; one, that you did not bid me, & t'other, that I had nothing to say; but, alas! what are reasons against one's inclinations, for you know in such a case a feather at any time will weigh down Lead; but you by instinct knowing my situation, were so good as to supply me with the cause, tho' not with materials: if you never were to tell me any fresher piece of News, than that with which you end your little Modicum, I should be well enough content, for tho' I heard it every day I should wonder as much as ever, & it would never be the lefs agreable for repetition; I rely wholly upon you, my correspondent, for the truth of it, as the only person, who can tell, what paſses in that little country, where my concerns lie[2]. my Motions at present (which you ask after the particulars of[3]) are much like those of a Pendulum, or (Dr Longically[4] speaking)

Letter 61.—Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection. This letter was first printed in part (in a garbled text, and in combination with a portion of another letter—see n. 2) by Mason in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 34–5 (see Letter 28 n.).

[1] Date conjectural; the place of the letter is determined partly by considerations of handwriting. Mason dates it, August, 1738; but the letter is addressed to Houghton, and Walpole does not appear to have been at Houghton at that time.

[2] Mason omits the first portion of this letter as far as this point, and substitutes the first portion (in a garbled text) of Letter 71.

[3] Mason: '(which you are pleased to ask after)'.

[4] Dr. Long, the master of Pem-

oscillatory, I swing from Chapell or Hall home, & from home to chapell or hall; all the strange incidents that happen in my journeys & returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful that I have been able to pick up, as yet, is, that[5] it rains[6] exceedingly; this has refresh'd the prospect[7] very agreeably[8], as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance; Seats[9], I presume; & they seem of[10] great antiquity: the roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the work of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve in many places the appearances[11] of a pavement in pretty good repair, & if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia, that we hear so much cried up[12]: there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, & which serve to enliven the view all round[13]; the country is exceeding fruitful in Ravens, & such black Cattle. but not to tire you with my travels[14], You must know Mr Turner[15] is come

broke Hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy. *Mason.*—Dr. Roger Long (1680–1770), D.D., 1728; Master of Pembroke, 1733-70; Vice-Chancellor, 1733; he was elected F.R.S. in 1729, and was appointed first Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in 1750. He was the author of an important work on astronomy (unfinished), of which the first two parts were published in 1742 and 1764.

5 Mason: 'the most wonderful is, that'.

6 Mason: 'it now rains'.

7 All that follows is a humorously hyperbolic description of the quadrangle of Peter-House. *Mason.*

8 Mason omits these two words.

9 Mason: 'castles'.

10 Mason: 'and of'.

11 Mason: 'appearance'.

12 Mason omits, 'that—cried up'.

13 Mason: 'around'.

14 Mason omits the remainder of the letter, and substitutes: 'I abruptly conclude, Yours, &c.'

15 Shallet Turner, LL.D., of Peterhouse, Professor of Modern History, 1735–62. The refer-

down, his list is vastly near being full, notwishstanding[16] which, & the great cares & duties attending his office, he says, he thinks to go to Paris every Year. I think too to go to town the week after next, & am

yours eternally

T: GRAY

P.S: I have forgot my English,
& can't spell[17]

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horace Walpole,
Esq, at Houghton Hall
Norfolk

Postmark: CAM BRIDGE (date undecipherable).

62. ASHTON TO WEST.

King's. Aug: 11. 1737.

MY DEAR WEST,

IN a few Minutes I shall be, what I never was before, at my own disposall: or in more Philosophical terms, a free agent.. Hitherto in my journey thro Life, I have been led or drove at anothers Pleasure: the Rein will presently be thrown upon my Neck, & I may direct my Coach, as I please myself[1].. I remem-

ences to his 'list' and 'the great cares and duties' of his office are ironical, as he never lectured (as neither did Gray himself, when he subsequently held the same office).

[16] *Sic.*

[17] Presumably he refers to his having written 'notwishstanding' just above.

LETTER 62.—Now first printed from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 195–6).

[1] Ashton probably means no more than that he was about to terminate his University career. Not long after the date of this letter he was appointed, through Walpole's influence, tutor to the youthful Earl of Plymouth (see Letter 65).

ber I once askd you a question the Resolution of which may now be of good Service to me.. The succeſs of a Man's whole Life, does in some Measure depend upon the first Step of it. as we judge of the Day by the appearance of the Morning. For one Slip is seldom recoverd without another, & a small Error in the Premises, will subvert the justice of the Conclusion.

I think to myself in this Manner; the End of my Being is to do good. the more good I am capable of doing, the more able I shall be to answer the end of my being. The Moon which receives her Light by reflexion, can communicate but a little heat, & that only to a neighboring Planet: while the Sun, more extensive in its Power, shines away his Superfluity in beatifying the System: tho' it must be ownd the intenseneſs of his rays, is often Scorching, which the Moons never are; & perhaps the Power of doing Good may be overbalancd by the Temptation to do Evill.. Tell me your thoughts that I may owe the happineſs of my future, as I do much of my past Life to your direction.

yours sincerely

ASHTON.

63. GRAY TO WEST.

AFTER a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent

LETTER 63.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 22–3.

me last[1] be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come, I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber[2], nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow[3], should persuade me to part with them: But, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of Lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last[4]. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account, obliges me to have done in reminding you that I am

Yours, &c.

London, Aug. 22, 1737.

[1] His letter of July 4, enclosing the poem *Ad Amicos* (Letter 58).

[2] Succinic acid. (*N.E.D.*)

[3] No doubt, as Tovey suggests, an echo of *Othello* iii. 3: 'Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.'

[4] Lady Walpole died on Saturday, Aug. 20. Gray probably heard the news from Ashton.

64. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[London, August, 1737][1]

FORGIVE me, my poor dear Horace, if I intrude upon your Grief[2], sooner posibly than I ought; yet hardly soon enough for the Anxiety I am in upon your account; far from having any such confidence in myself, as to imagine any thing I can say should lighten your affliction; I fear your own good Sense, and Resignation to Him, who has spared so long the best of Mothers to you, is hardly able to support you under it; I can the easier imagine the Situation you are in from the fears, which are continually before my eyes, of a like misfortune in my own case[3]; if that were really to happen, I know not the least Shadow of comfort, that could come to me, but what I perhaps might find in my dearest Horace's compasion, & that pity, he never denies the unhappy: would to God, I might alleviate in some measure his Sorrows, in the part I willingly would bear in them, & in that commiseration, which I should feel for any one in such circumstances, how

LETTER 64.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date is determined (either as end of August or beginning of September, 1737) by the occasion of the letter (see n. 2).

[2] For the loss of his mother, who died in Sir Robert Walpole's house at Chelsea on 20 Aug. 1737. For an account of her death, see Walpole's letter to Charles Lyttelton of Sept. 18 of this year.

[3] Gray lost his own mother on 11 March 1753, 'the careful tender mother of many children', of whom he 'alone had the misfortune to survive her', as he inscribed on her tombstone in Stoke Poges churchyard, where he himself was laid by her side eighteen years later.

much more then for him whose friendship has been my greatest joy, & I hope shall continue so many years: for God's sake, as soon as melancholy reflection shall give you any intermiſsion, let me hear of your welfare; let me have the pleasure of a line, or the sight of you, as soon as it can be proper: believe, I shall not enjoy a moments ease, till I have some information of your condition; I am, my dearest Walpole, with the greatest truth, your faithful friend, & servant,

T: G:

65. ASHTON TO WEST.

King's College, Cambridge. [Sept. 1737][1]

My dear West,

YOUR last letter has in a good Measure removed the Concern, which your preceding one[2] had given me. Tho' it seems still strange to me that you should at all wonder at my asking your advice, I would ascribe the same Characters to friendship, that St Paul has done to the inspired Writings, & would think it profitable for advice, Reproof, Confirmation, & instruction in the way of Truth[3]. But enough of that:

Letter 65.—Now first printed (save for the last two paragraphs printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends*, p. 102) from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, fol. 194).

[1] The date is determined by the reference to Walpole (see n. 4).

[2] Neither of these letters has been preserved.

[3] 2 Timothy iii. 16 (loosely quoted).

your frequent illneſs gives me fresh concern. a sound Constitution of Body & Mind is the Completion of Happineſs, but if one of these ingredients must be wanting (and there are few who enjoy 'em both) content yourself with the Poſſeſsion of the more valuable Part. A good Understanding may correct the infirmities of body, or convert them into bleſsings; but a weak Mind with all the Vigor of Health, is poſseſsd of a Treasure, but ignorant of its value.

Mr Walpole is now with us, & his Sense will soon get the better of his Misfortune[4].

Barnard's[5] determination of me for Eton is an honor I have no inclination to accept. My friend Horace has disposd of me in a Way more to my Satisfaction. I am engagd to Ld Plymouth[6]; when I leave Cambridge, I am not certain. I shall expect to hear from you shortly.

yours with great Esteem,

ASHTON.

[4] The recent death (Aug. 20) of Lady Walpole. Writing to Charles Lyttelton on Sept. 18 Walpole says, 'I am now got to Cambridge out of a house which I could not bear'.

[5] Tovey: 'Dr. Barnard's'— Edward Barnard (1717–81), the future Head Master (1754–64) and Provoſt (1764) of Eton; he was at this time at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in the following year.

[6] Other Lewis Windsor, fourth Earl of Plymouth (1731–71); he succeeded to the peerage in 1732, and was at this time in his seventh year. In his capacity as tutor to Lord Plymouth, Ashton resided in Hanover Square, at the house of his guardian (apparently), Mrs. Lewis, daughter (Anne) and coheiress of Sir Nathan Wright, Bart., of Cranham Hall, Essex, and wife of Thomas Lewis of Harpton Court, Radnor. Thomas Lewis (d. 1777) was succeeded by his nephew, John Lewis, who married, as his second wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart., by whom he had a son,

66. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[London, November, 1737][1]

[ ][2]

WE were all here in mighty consternation this morning in imagination that the Queen was dead, not out of a joke, as she died you know a while ago[3], but seriously gone to the Stygian ferry; however now they say she is only very bad[4], & in a fair way; as we have been twice bauk'd[5], she will have much ado to persuade us, that she's dead in earnest & perhaps she will survive her funeral no small time in the breasts of her good subjects: I shall take care to be as sorry,

Thomas Frankland Lewis (1780–1855), who was created a Baronet in 1846. It was the wife (Harriet, fourth daughter of Sir George Cornewall, Bart.) of this last who lent to Mitford the original letters of Gray, West, Walpole, and Ashton, from which the transcript now in the British Museum was made.

LETTER 66.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date is determined by the references to Queen Caroline's illness (see n. 4).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 8).

[3] A rumour of the Queen's death had been put about in 1731 by certain speculators on the Stock Exchange.

[4] She was taken very ill on Nov. 9; on Nov. 12 she was dangerously ill, and was discovered to be suffering from a rupture; she received the sacrament on Nov. 17, and died on Sunday night, Nov. 20 (*Gent. Mag.*, 1737, pp. 699–700).

[5] A second false report of the Queen's death had been spread on Aug. 25 of this year, when 'a man on Horseback, in order to pass the Turnpike on the King's private Road from Fulham without paying, pretended he came express from Hampton-Court with an Account of the Queen's Death. The Story spread for a Truth, till the Return of a Messenger sent to Court'—having meanwhile caused heavy losses to speculative dealers in mourning (*Gent. Mag.*).

as one of my diminutiveneſs ought to be, not for myself, but in charity to my superiours; I saw her a little while ago at the Opera in a green Velvet Sac embroider'd κατὰ the facings & sleeves with Silver, a little French Cap, a long black hood, & her hair in Curls round her face; but you see, Crown'd heads, & heads Moutonnées, scald heads, & lousy heads, Quack heads & Cane heads must all come together to the Grave[6], as the famous Abou-saïd[7] has elegantly hinted, in his Persian Madrigals: for my part I shall wear her image long imprinted in my mind, tho' I hope for all this to refresh it frequently, & retouch it from the living Original: I don't know whether I should not debase the dignity of my Subject [after this by][8] telling you anything of Sig^r^ Cafarelli[9], so leaving him, as all the World has done, to screech by himself; we shall descend more gradually, & talk of West, who is just gone to Oxford again: as soon as Ashton told me he was in town, I went to M^r^ Periam's in Hatton-Garden; but M^r^ Periam had left his house (& consequently M^rs^ West, as a Lodger) & was removed to Thavies Inn; at Thavies Inn instead of M^r^ Periam, I could find nothing but a Note in the

[6] Cf. Walpole to George Montagu, 28 Oct. 1756: 'as Sir Jonathan Swift said, crowned heads and cane heads, good heads and no heads at all, may all come to disgrace.'

[7] A fictitious authority, the actual author cited being Swift (see n. 6).

[8] Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[9] Gaetano Majorano, called Caffarelli (1703–83), famous soprano singer, a pupil of Porpora. He came to London in the autumn of this year, but during the whole time of his stay was never in good health nor in good voice, so that the high expectations formed of him were disappointed.

key-hole, directing me to Mr Greenaways; but Mr Greenaways key-hole sent me to Mr Herriot; & there I found one of the blood of the Periams, who was so good as to inform me, he knew nothing of the matter; ibi omnis effusus labor: but in a few days more he came to me himself; then I went to supper with him, where he entertain'd me with all the product of his brain, Verses upon Stow, Translations of Catullus, & Homer, Epick Epigrams, & Odes upon the New-Year, Wild Ducks, & Petits Pâtés: we are to write to each other every post, if not oftener: he corresponds with Tozhy Cole [10], & Quid Prinsep [11]: the transactions of Mr Fleetwood [12] & Rich [13] I defer to my next, or to word of mouth, for I shall be at Cambridge on Tuesday night [14], tho' I fear my not meeting with you there; I am, Sr,

yours most sincerely,
T: Gray

[10] See Letter 39, n. 27. This and the following name have been crossed through, but are plainly legible.

[11] See Letter 33, n. 3.

[12] Charles Fleetwood, manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The rivalry between him, as the upholder of the 'legitimate drama', and Rich (see n. 13), the inventor of the pantomime, was the constant theme of the criticasters and poetasters of the day.

[13] John Rich (*c.* 1682–1761), manager first of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and afterwards of Covent Garden. In 1716 he introduced the pantomime, an entertainment which he produced annually till 1760, the year before his death, and in which he invariably, under his stage-name of Lun, played Harlequin. His greatest success was the production in 1728 of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, which had been refused at Drury Lane, whereby, as was said, 'Gay was made rich, and Rich gay'.

[14] This would be Tuesday, Nov. 15.

67. ASHTON TO WEST.

King's Coll: Camb: Nov 16 [1737][1]

DEAR WEST,

IF you judge my esteem for you by the number of my letters, you err in your judgment. 'Tis true I am very dilatory in my remittances; at which you will leſs wonder, when I acquaint you with the Cause. You must know then that for the three months past I have constantly labord under the intolerable fatigue of having nothing to do[2], & it is my misfortune (excuse my infirmity) always to be most busy when I have least buſineſs. This to you will seem a Paradox: but my Case is much the same, as Charles Lyttleton's[3], who staid two years at Oxford, without seeing the Musæum[4], because he might have seen it every day. When I had so much time upon my hands, I could not see one hour more convenient for writing than another, and therefore I did not write at all. Now I am engaged in a constant & neceſsary round of eating, reading & praying, I find that if I do not write to you this Minute, I cannot write to you the next. So my Multiplicity of buſineſs supplies me with an opportunity, of which my want of any has long deprivd me.

LETTER 67.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 102–3); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 176–7).

[1] Date of year conjectural (see nn. 2, 5).

[2] Probably a reference to the termination of his University career (see his letter to West of Aug. 11 of this year—Letter 62).

[3] See Letter 18, n. 10.

[4] The Ashmolean Museum, built by the University, *c.* 1680, to receive the collections of Elias Ashmole.

I could wish to have had Gray's fortune[5]; but I often see you by him at second hand. I find by his Picture of you, that there is a different Samenefs in you, an improved resemblance of what you was. but this Pleasure I receive from the copy, only makes me more desirous[6] to see the originall

I am
Dear West
Yours most sincerely
ASHTON.

68. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Christ Church. Dec. 1—37.

DEAR SIR,

IT is now above three months since I had the last letter from you: my silence all this while has been too involuntary to need excuse: give me leave to renew a correspondence, the lofs of which at another time would have been a real affliction to me: at present I find a more melancholy subject for my concern: I shall not dwell any longer upon it, for fear I should make my letter disagreable when I least would have it so. Perhaps it may be some alleviation, that the whole nation at present is in distrefs[1], nor are even Royal families exemt from the common fatalities of human life—poor

[5] Gray had recently seen West in London (see his letter to Walpole of this month—Letter 66).

[6] Tovey: 'makes me desirous'.

LETTER 68.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] West here refers to Walpole's own personal loss in the death of Lady Walpole (Aug. 20), and to that of the nation in the death of Queen Caroline (Nov. 20).

Dear Sir, Christ Church. Dec. 1-37.

It is now above three months since I had the last letter from you: my silence all this while has been too involuntary to need excuse: give me leave to renew a correspondence, the loss of which at another time would have been a real affliction to me: at present I find a more melancholy subject for my concern: I shall not dwell any longer upon it, for fear I should make my letter disagreable when I least would have it so. Perhaps it may be some alleviation, that the whole nation at present is in distress, nor are even Royal families exempt from the common fatalities of human life — poor Mr. Good! forgive me, if I reflect here, how much he must feel for his late loss! probably, the same horse, that carried his wife, may soon return for himself.

were I not as much convinced as any person living of your Good Sense, I should hardly write in this manner: but I protest I hardly know what manner to write in: Letters of Consolations in form, you know, are, one or other, the most odious things upon Earth: and yet I cannot write to you with the same easiness as I used to do: were I with you I should know better what to say than I do now what to write. I intended more, but shall defer it: forgive my affection: I hope you are well & easy, & am impatient to hear from you. I am, Dear Sir, very Sincerely Yours most affectionately. B. West.

To The Honorable
Mr. Horace Walpole
at Kingʼs Colledge
Cambridge

Mr Good[2] ! forgive me, If I reflect here, how much he must feel for his late loſs ! probably, the same herse that carried his wife, may soon return for himself. were I not as much convinced as any person living of your Good Sense, I should hardly write in this manner: but I protest I hardly know what manner to write in: letters of Consolation in form, you know, are, one or other, the most odious things upon Earth : and yet I cannot write to you with the same easineſs as I used to do : were I with you I should know better what to say than I do now what to write. I intended more, but shall deferr it : forgive my affection : I hope you are well & easy, & am impatient to hear from you. I am, Dear Sir, very Sincerely

yours most
affectionately. R. West.

Addressed : To
The Honorable
Mr Horace Walpole
at King's College
Cambridge

Postmark : Oxford 3 DE

[2] George II.

†1699.1

69. WEST TO GRAY.

RECEIVING no Answer to my last letter[1], which I writ above a month ago, I must own I am a little uneasy. The slight shadow of you which I had in town[2], has only served to endear you to me the more. The moments I past with you made a strong impreſsion upon me. I singled you out for a friend, and I would have you know me to be yours, if you deem me worthy.—Alas, Gray, you cannot imagine how miserably my time paſses away. My health and nerves and spirits are, thank my stars, the very worst, I think, in Oxford. Four-and-twenty hours of pure unalloy'd health together, are as unknown to me as the 400,000 characters in the Chinese vocabulary. One of my complaints has of late been so over-civil as to visit me regularly once a month—jam certus conviva[3]. This is a painful nervous head-ach, which perhaps you have sometimes heard me speak of before. Give me leave to say, I find no physic comparable to your letters. If, as it is said in Ecclesiasticus 'Friendship be the physic of the mind[4],' prescribe to me, dear Gray, as often and as much as you think proper, I shall be a most obedient patient.

Non ego
Fidis irascar medicis, offendar amicis[5].

LETTER 69.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 26–8.

[1] This letter has not been preserved.

[2] See Letter 66.

[3] Horace, 1 *Epist.* vii. 75.

[4] West appears to have been thinking of Ecclus. vi. 16, 'A faithful friend is the medicine of life'.

[5] Horace, 1 *Epist.* viii. 9, and *Ars Poet.* 351–2.

I venture here to write you down a Greek epigram[6], which I lately turned into Latin, and hope you will excuse it.

[Τὸν τριετῆ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀστυάνακτα
Εἴδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.
Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἥρπασε μάτηρ,
Σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίηνεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων
Ματρὸς κοιμηθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.][7]

Perspicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi
Immersit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ:
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
Credula, & amplexu funus inane fovet:
Paullatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno
Languidus, aeternúm lumina composuit[8].

Adieu! I am going to my tutor's lectures on one Puffendorff, a very jurisprudent author as you shall read on a summer's day.

Believe me yours, &c.

Christ Church, Dec. 2 [1737][9].

[6] Of Posidippus, an epigrammatic poet of the Alexandrian period, twenty-two of whose epigrams are preserved in the Greek Anthology.

[7] The Greek original, which is not given by Mason, is printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends*, p. 104.

[8] Gray transcribed West's rendering in his copy of the *Anthologia Græca* (Stephanus, 1566, p. 220), and added this note, 'Descriptio pulcherrima & quæ tenuem illum græcorum spiritum mirificè sapit.' (*Mason.*)

[9] Mason dates this letter 1738, but the date is obviously 1737, since West's reply (Letter 75) to Gray's acknowledgement of it (Letter 74) is dated Feb. 21, 1737–8.

70. ASHTON TO WEST.

Dec. 6. 1737.

My dear West,

ONLY think that I am just rose from a fat Founders feast[1], & then gueſs what kind of a letter you are to receive from Me. My Senses are immersd in the Lethe of College Luxury, & I' intend it, as a Compliment to you, that I write to you without 'em . . With respect to the little insults that have been levelled at you[2], I would not have you perceive 'em. Tis the completest revenge in Nature to let a Man see, that you won't believe him to be your Enemy. . I must own there is a strong Propensity in most of us to persecute the villainous flea that disturbs our Peace; but I declare, if I thought it intended to provoke me, I would sooner be marked from head to foot, than I would show the least Sign of Resentment. . If a Man should smite me on one side of the face, do me the favor, Sir, should I pray[3], to salute the other. If he robs me of my Coat, I would begg leave to throw my Cloke too over his shoulders. If he would break my bones, I would desire him not to trouble himself about one so little worth his Notice. . Nay, if he would cut my throat I should be apt to tell him, I fear Sir,

Letter 70.—Now first printed (save for a brief extract printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends*, p. 105) from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 196–7).

[1] Dec. 6, the birthday of Henry VI, is Founder's Day at King's and at Eton.

[2] No other reference to these 'little insults' appears in West's correspondence.

[3] Mitford's transcript reads 'sd I'; the reading in the text probably represents what Ashton wrote.

you have turnd the edge of your Razor. . Rare Principles these in Theory but hardly reducible to Practise. Indeed, my dear, they are the result of your experience & some reflexion on the Subject.

I find that one chief end which is proposed in injuring a Man is, that he who does it, may shew himself superior to you, which he[4] does effectually if he provokes your anger, but loses his aim, if you preserve your Temper.

A thing that can do you injustice, without a Cause, is infinitely below your Contempt, & should be treated with the tenderest Compaſsion.

yours

with the strongest affection,

ASHTON

King's College.

71. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1737][1]

MY DEAR[2]

I SHOULD say M[r] Inspector general of the Exports & Imports[3], but that appellation would make but an

[4] Mitford: 'if he'.

LETTER 71.—Now first printed in full from original in Waller Collection. This letter was first printed in part (in a garbled text, and in combination with a portion of another letter—see n. 7) by Mason in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 34–5 (see Letter 28 n.).

[1] The date is determined approximately (see n. 16) by the references to the recent death and burial of Queen Caroline (see n. 8). Mason dates this letter, August 1738, which is incompatible with the reference to Walpole's Inspectorship in the Customs (see n. 3).

[2] Mason: 'My dear Sir'; 'S[r]' having been added in pencil in the original.

[3] In his *Short Notes of my Life* Walpole writes: 'My mother died

odd figure in conjunction with the two[4] familiar monosyllables above written, for, Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur Majestas & amor[5], which is being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house: however by what style, title, or denomination soever you please[6] to be dignified or distinguish'd hereafter, you'll never get rid of these two words, nor of your christian-name: it will stick like a Burr, & you can no more get quitt of it, than S[t] Anthony could of his Pigg[7]: we had no Queen to bury here, so I have no procession to tell you of[8]; but we are collecting our flowers, as fast as may be, to strew upon her tomb[9]:

August 20th, 1737. Soon after, my father gave me the place of Inspector of the Imports and Exports in the Custom House, which I resigned on his appointing me Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of Colonel William Townshend, January 29th, 1738.' In the list of promotions for January 1738 is '*Horatio Walpole*, Esq; appointed Usher of the Exchequer, in the room of the late *Wm. Townshend*, Esq;—Col. *de Veil* succeeds Mr. *Walpole*, as Inspector General of the Imports and Exports' (*Lond. Mag.* 1738, p. 101).

[4] Mason: 'three'.

[5] Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 846–7.

[6] Mason: 'choose'.

[7] Mason: 'hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a burr, and you can no more get quit of these and your christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig'. Mason omits the remainder of the letter, and substitutes a portion (in a garbled text) of Letter 61.

[8] The Queen, who died on Nov. 20, was buried on Dec. 17. 'Saturday. Dec. 17. The Body of her late Majesty was interr'd in a new Vault, in King Henry VII's Chapel. The Procession was from the Prince's Chamber, adjoining to the House of Lords. Her Pall was supported by six Dukes, viz. the Dukes of *Richmond*, *Montagu*, *Argyll*, *Beucleugh*, *St. Albans* and *Kent*; and her Royal Highness the Princess *Amelia* was chief Mourner, supported by 2 Dukes, and her Train born by 2 Dutchesses, assisted by the Lord *Robert Montagu* the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, and 6 Dutchesses and 10 Countesses were Assistants to the chief Mourner' (*Lond. Mag.* 1737, p. 704).

[9] The collection was published in Feb. 1738 under the title, *Pietas Academiæ Cantabrigiensis in Funere Principis Wilhelminæ Carolinæ, & Luctu Augustissimi Georgii II. Brittanniarum, &c. Regis.*

Mr Pemberton[10] of Cath: Hall & one Ambrose[11] of Trin: Hall, a blind Man, they say will bear away the bell; both English; Mr Whitehead[12] does not shine vastly this time; the bellman has paid his duty in the following epigram.

Oh cruel death! how could'st be so unkind
To snatch the Queen, & leave the King behind?

almost as Laconick, as Mr Conways[13] letter[14]; who has wrought to his sister[15] in the same style, as one would write to the devil whose ancient title has been, Old Boy:, I am

yours ever
T: Gray

Addressed: To
The Honble Horace Walpole Esq
at the Treasury
London

Postmark: CAM BRIDGE 30 DE[16]

[10] 'Henry Pemberton, A.B. Fellow of Cath. Hall' (B.A. 1734; M.A. 1738), contributed an English poem.

[11] There is no contribution by Ambrose.

[12] '(——) Whitehead, Clare Hall' (no doubt, William Whitehead, Fellow of Clare, B.A. 1739; M.A. 1743), also contributed an English poem.

[13] This name has been scored through, but is still legible. Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (1721–95), second son of first Baron Conway by his third wife, Charlotte Shorter, sister of Lady Walpole, and thus first cousin of Horace Walpole. He entered the army in 1741, and eventually became Commander-in-Chief (1782–3) and Field-Marshal (1793). He and his elder brother, Lord Conway (afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford), were among Walpole's school-fellows at Eton.

[14] Gray first wrote 'epigram', which he smudged out and altered to 'letter'.

[15] Hon. Anne Seymour Conway (d. 1774), Conway's youngest sister (see Letter 130, n. 3).

[16] So apparently the postmark, but it is too indistinct to be deciphered with certainty.

72. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Jan. 10, 1738][1]

[ ][2]

I AM in good hopes, that by this time the Eclipse[3] is over with you, & that your two Satellit's have recover'd their usual light; the Sublimity of which two metaphors, after you have taken them out of their pantoufles, & reduced 'em to their just value, will be found to amount to my wishes for your health, & that of your eyes, whose warmth I have been too sensible of, when they used to shine upon me, not to be very apprehensive of any damage that might befall 'em: I should have taken care to write upon Green paper, & dip'd my Pen in Copperas-water, if you had not assured me, that they were on the mending hand, & pretty well able to sustain the whitemaking rays: now as for the transactions here, you are to be ascertain'd; that the Man at the Mitre has cut his throat, that one Mr White[4] of Emanuel a week ago drown'd himself, but since that has been seen a few miles of, having the appearance of one that had never been drown'd; where-

LETTER 72.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year is determined by the references to the funeral of Queen Caroline, and to the great gale (see nn. 5, 9).

[2] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 7).

[3] This appears to be a reference, not to an actual eclipse, but to some temporary weakness of Walpole's eyesight. There was an annular eclipse of the sun on Feb. 18, 1737, which attracted considerable attention, and Gray's metaphor may have been suggested by the recollection of it.

[4] Possibly Richard White, of Emmanuel, B.A. 1746; M.A. 1750.

fore it is by many conjectured, that he walketh: Dr Bouquets verses[5] have been return'd by Mr Vice-chancellour[6] to undergo several corrections; the old Man's invention is much [admired as][7] having found out a way to make bawdy verses upon a Burying[8]: the wind was so high last night[9], that I every minute expected to pay you a visit at London perforce, which was the place I certainly should have directed the storm to, if I had been obliged to ride in the Whirlwind[10]: if I don't hear from you this week, I shall be in a thousand Tyrrit's & frights[11] about you; I am, my dear Horace,

yrs most affect:tely

T: GRAY

Addressed: To
The Honble Horace Walpole Esq
at the Treasury,
St James's

Postmark: CAM BRIDGE II IA

5 Philip Bouquet (1669–1748), D.D., Fellow of Trinity, Regius Professor of Hebrew, 1712–48. He contributed four Hebrew stanzas, and a Latin poem of forty-two lines, to the Cambridge *Pietas* on the occasion of the funeral of Queen Caroline (Dec. 17, 1737) (see Letter 71, n. 9).

6 William Richardson, Master of Emmanuel.

7 Piece cut out (see n. 2); the missing words have been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

8 Dr. Bouquet's poem begins:

'Heu mihi! quod Priami experior mala fata superstes,
Ut videam teneræ Principis exsequias:
Orbatamque Throni Sobolem, Viduique Mariti
Desertos longa nocte jacere toros.
Ah! quoties voluit collo dare brachia circum?
Sed toties cupidas lusit imago manus.'

9 There was a very violent gale on the evening of Jan. 9 of this year, which did great damage, especially at Bristol (*Gent. Mag.* 1738, p. 49).

10 Addison's *Campaign*, 292: 'Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm'—a line borrowed by Pope in the *Dunciad*, iii. 264.

11 2 *Hen.* IV. ii. 4: '*Mrs. Quickly.* I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights.'

73. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[ ][1]

THE moving piece of ancient poetry you favour'd me with the sight of, would be sufficient, I must confeſs to deterr me, if I had any ambition of appearing among the Consolatores[2], from all pretence to writing at this time; so long as the sad Catastrophe of the beautiful & never-to be enough-lamented Gillian[3] dwells upon my memory: those Genius's, my friend, those mighty spirits of antiquity! alas, what are we to 'em? mere tinsel! mere flash! and indeed (not to dwell upon the moral, so feelingly inculcated in this little elegiacal narration, which 'tis impoſsible should escape the acuteneſs of your penetration) what can be beyond the elegant simplicity of the language? in the exordium the poet lays down the groundwork, & foundation, as it were, of that beautiful fabrick he intends to erect; he does not injudiciously draw his inferences, after he has recounted the story; at least he does not expatiate much in the end; no! he leaves the mind then to ruminate at its own leisure, & make its own applications, when

LETTER 73.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2), carrying with it part of the text on the other side (see n. 4).

[2] That is, the contributors to the Cambridge *Pietas* on the occasion of the funeral of Queen Caroline (see Letter 71, n. 9). Gray was not a contributor.

[3] The ballad of Gillian, if such there was, has not been traced. A chap-book containing 'The Pleasant and delightful history of *Gillian of Croydon*' was published in London in 1727. Possibly Walpole may have borrowed the heroine of this for a ballad of his own composition.

it shall have recover'd itself from that sorrow, which every virtuous mind must feel after so woful a tale: he recommends to the ladies of his time a strict observance of honour & chastity, who, I doubt not, received his advice with reverence (our modern Females would perhaps [have laug][4]h'd at his gravity) he also solemnly affirms the truth of it, as well knowing the prevalence of truth over the mind; from whence his deep insight into Nature is sufficiently evidenced: at the beginning of his narration, he fixes the place of his Heroine's habitation in Surry[5]; he had undoubtedly observed in Homer, & the imitators of that poet; how much we are ingaged in the interest of any person, who has the misfortune of falling in battle, by being told the place of his birth & abode, as

Υἱὸν[6] δὲ Στροφίοιο, Σκαμάνδριον, αἴμονα[6] θήρης, &c[7]:
—Ὀρσίλοχόν τε,
Τῷ ῥα πατὴρ μὲν ἔναιεν ἐϋκτιμένῃ[8] ἐνὶ Φηρῇ,[9]

'tis true, he has not carried it quite so far as Homer in telling us, whether Gillian loved hunting or not, nor whether her father's house was well, or ill built; he has showed, as he proceeds, his generous aversion, & contempt for your cockneys & fluttering beaux of the town, so agreeable to the simplicity of the age he lived in, &

[4] Piece cut out (see n. 1); the missing text has been supplied in pencil by Walpole.

[5] See n. 3; Croydon is in Surrey.

[6] *Sic.*

[7] *Iliad* v. 49: 'Skamandrios, son of Strophios, cunning in the chase.'

[8] *Sic.*

[9] *Iliad* v. 542–3: 'And Orsilochos, whose father dwelt in stablished Phere.'

its uncorrupted innocence; by making this ill-grounded paſsion of Gillian's the cause of all her misfortunes,

—Hinc prima mali labes[10]—

I don't wonder at her innocence not being proof against so strong allurements as are contain'd in those two unaffected lines,

He said as how he would her carry
To London, & her there would marry.

then how feelingly, yet concisely is the main part of the story expreſs'd—

He did perswade her to his bed,
And there he got her maidenhead:
—fulsere ignes, & conscius æther
Connubiis, summoq; ululârunt Teastere Nymphæ[11].

what woman would not consent, when a man swears upon his life? then for the master-stroke,

She sat down at his door, & cried,
And broke her heart, & so she died.

I suspect here some small imitation of the celebrated dragon of Wantley (provided that were really elder than this)

So groan'd, kicked, shit, & died[12].

[On][13]ly indeed the indecent circumstances are supprefsed, tho' the elegancy is still preserved: pray,

[10] *Aen.* ii. 97.

[11] *Aen.* iv. 167–8 ('ululârunt vertice Nymphæ').

[12] The last line of the ballad of *The Dragon of Wantley*:
'Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kickt, shit, and dy'd.'

[13] MS. torn.

excuse these little remarks, which a[re][14], however ill executed, design'd to make more conspicuous the [ex][14]cellencies of this amiable author, & believe me

your faithful friend, & humble Servt

PHILOGILLIANUS.

Jan: 15—[1738][15] Cambridge.

Addressed: To
The Honble Horace Walpole
Esq, at the Treasury,
St James's,[16]

74. GRAY TO WEST.

LITERAS, mi Favoni![1] abs te demum, nudiustertiùs, credo, accepi planè mellitas, nisi fortè quâ de ægritudine quâdam tuâ dictum: atque hoc sane mihi habitum est non paulò acerbiùs, quod te capitis morbo implicitum esse intellexi; oh morbum mihi quàm odiosum! qui de industriâ id agit, ut ego in singulos menses, dii boni, quantis jucunditatibus orbarer! quàm ex animo mihi dolendum est, quod

[14] Partly obliterated by seal.

[15] Mason has inserted the date 1737 in the original; this would be correct according to old style (15 Jan. 1737–8); according to new style the date must be 15 Jan. 1738, on account of the reference to the funeral of Queen Caroline, which took place on 17 Dec. 1737.

[16] The letter is endorsed in an uneducated hand:

'send by wm Haselwod
att ye Green Dragon
With in beeshops Gate
on wensday be fore
noon'

LETTER 74.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 28–9.

[1] Gray addresses him as Favonius ('West wind'), in allusion to the name of West.

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid[2].

Salutem mehercule, nolo, tam parvipendas, atq; amicis tam improbè consulas: quanquam tute fortaſsis—æstuas angusto limite mundi[3], viamq; (ut dicitur) affectas Olympo, nos tamen non eſse tam sublimes, utpote qui hisce in sordibus & fæce diutius paululum, versari volumus, reminiscendum est: illæ tuæ Musæ, si te ament modo, derelinqui paulisper non nimis ægrè patientur: indulge, amabo te, plus quam soles, corporis exercitationibus: magis te campus habeat, aprico magis te dedas otio, ut ne id ingenium quod tam cultum curas, diligenter nimis dum foves, officiosarum matrum ritu, interimas. Vide quæso, quàm *ἰατρικῶς* tecum agimus,

ἠδ' ἐπιθήσω
φάρμαχ' ἃ κεν παύσῃσι μελαινάων ὀδυνάων[4].

si de his pharmacis non satis liquet; sunt festivitates meræ, sunt facetiæ & risus; quos ego equidem si adhibere nequeo, tamen ad præcipiendum (ut medicorum fere mos est) certè satis sim; id, quod poeticè sub finem epistolæ lusisti, mihi gratiſsimum quidem accidit; admodum latinè coctum & conditum tetrastichon[5], græcam tamen illam *ἀφέλειαν* mirificè sapit: tu quod restat, vide, sodes, hujusce hominis ignorantiam;

[2] Lucretius, *Rer. Nat.* iv. 1133–4.

[3] Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 169.

[4] *Iliad* iv. 190–1: 'and apply drugs that shall assuage thy dire pangs.' Mason's misprinting of the Greek has been corrected.

[5] The epigram of Posidippus, of which he had sent Gray a Latin translation (see Letter 69). It is odd that Gray should apply this term to a poem of six lines.

cum, unde hoc tibi sit depromptum, (ut fatear) prorsus nescio: sane ego equidem nihil in capsis reperio quo tibi minimæ partis solutio fiat. Vale, & me ut soles, ama.

A.D. 11 Kalend. Februar. [Jan. 22, 1738][6]

75. WEST TO GRAY.

I OUGHT to answer you in Latin[1], but I feel I dare not enter the lists with you—cupidum, pater optime, vires deficiunt[2]. Seriously you write in that language with a grace and an Augustan urbanity that amazes me: Your Greek too is perfect in its kind. And here let me wonder that a man, longè græcorum doctiſsimus, should be at a loſs for the verse and chapter whence my epigram is taken. I am sorry I have not my Aldus[3] with me that I might satisfy your curiosity; but he with all my other literary folks are left at Oxford, and therefore you must still rest in suspense. I thank you again and again for your medical prescription. I know very well that those 'risus, festivitates, & facetiæ' would contribute greatly to my cure, but then you must be my apothecary as well as physician, and make up the dose as well as direct it; send me,

[6] The date of the year is determined by that of West's letter of 2 Dec. 1737, to which it is a reply.

LETTER 75.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 29–30.

[1] This was written in French, but as I doubted whether it would stand the test of polite criticism so well as the preceding would of learned, I chose to translate so much of it as I thought necessary in order to preserve the chain of correspondence. *Mason.*

[2] Horace, 2 *Sat.* i. 12–13.

[3] Renouard in his *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Alde* registers three Aldine editions of the *Anthologia Græca*, viz. 1503, 1521, and 1551.

therefore, an electuary of these drugs, made up secundùm artem, 'et eris mihi magnus Apollo'[4], in both his capacities as a god of poets and god of physicians. Wish me joy of leaving my college, and leave yours as fast as you can. I shall be settled at the Temple very soon.

Dartmouth-Street[5], Feb. 21, 1737–8.

76. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[Cambridge, Feb. 23, 1738][1]

My best Horace

I CONFESS, I am amazed: of all likely things this is the last I should have believed would come to paſs[2]: however I congratulate you upon being able at this time to talk of Clytemnæstra, & Mrs Porter[3]: I wish, you have not admired this last-mention'd Gentle-

[4] Virgil, *Ecl.* iii. 104.

[5] Dartmouth Street, Westminster, north side of Tothill Street to Great Queen Street (Wheatley's *London*).

Letter 76.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year is determined by the reference to Mrs. Porter (see n. 3), and by the fact that Gray (as is indicated by the postmark *Saffron Walden*—one of the regulation postmarks on letters between Cambridge and London) was still at Cambridge, which he left in September, 1738 (see Letter 84).

[2] This letter evidently refers to some love-affair, which Walpole had partially confided to Gray—a half-confidence, which evokes from the latter an interesting confession as to his own feelings on the subject of 'the new study . . . the most excellent of all sciences' (viz. the 'art of love'), of which Walpole had become a devotee (see Letter 130, n. 3).

[3] The famous actress (see Letter 23, n. 8); on April 6 of this year she appeared at Drury Lane as Clytæmnestra in the first performance of Thomson's *Agamemnon*. Walpole must have been discussing the performance by anticipation, presumably in the essay to which Gray refers in his postscript.

woman long enough to catch a little of her art from her, for if I'm not mistaken, you are a very different person behind the Scenes, & whatever face you set upon the matter, I gueſs—but perhaps I gueſs wrong; I wish I may for your sake; perhaps you are as cool as you would seem: either way I may wish you joy; of your Diſsimulation, or Philosophy: I long extremely to see you, but till I have that pleasure, methinks you might be a little more open in writing; have pity a little upon my curiosity: if you distrust my faith (I won't say Honour; that's for Gentlefolks) and imagine I would shew your letters to any one; yet rely upon my vanity, which won't suffer me to do an ill thing; if you fear the common fate of loose papers, I give you my word to sacrifice to the fire immediately (no small sacrifice, I aſsure you) all I shall receive, if you desire it: I don't wonder at the new study[4] you have taken a likeing to; first because it diverts your thoughts from disagreeable objects, next, because it particularly suits your Genius, & lastly, because I believe it the most excellent of all sciences, to which in proportion as the rest are subservient, so great a degree of estimation they ought to gain: would you believe it, 'tis the very thing I would wish to apply to, myself? ay! as simple as I stand here: but then the Apparatus neceſsary to it costs so much; nay, part of it is wholly out of one's power to procure; and then who should pare one, & burnish one? for they would have more trouble & fuſs with me, than Cinderaxa's[5] sisters had with their feet, to

[4] See n. 2.

[5] A variant of Cinderella apparently of Gray's own invention.

make 'em fit for the little glaſs Slipper: oh yes! to be sure one must be lick'd; now to lick oneself I take to be altogether impracticable, & to ask another to lick one, would not be quite so civil; Bear I was born, & bear, I believe, I'm like to remain: consequently a little ungainly in my fondneſses, but I'll be bold to say, you shan't in a hurry meet with a more loving poor animal, than

your faithful Creature,
BRUIN.

P: S: I beg you to continue your Eſsay[6]: & tell Zeph:[7] when you see him to expect a letter in Rabbinical Hebrew from me, unleſs he writes directly.

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horace
Walpole Esq at the
Treasury
S^t^ James

Postmark: SAFFRON 24
WALDEN FE

77. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[ ][1]

I DID not allow myself time to rejoyce with Ashton upon his good fortune[2], till after I had ransacked all his informations, as to you; & with him admired

[6] See n. 3.

[7] Zephyrus, that is West.

LETTER 77.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

[2] This presumably refers to Ashton's appointment, through the good offices of Walpole, as tutor to the youthful Earl of Plymouth (see Letter 65, n. 6).

your judgement & conduct[3]; for these virtues (I find, you are resolved to shew us) you are as well acquainted with, as we knew you were with their Sisters: what! will no leſs than the whole family serve your turn; sure one of 'em might have contented any moderate ſtomach! there's Miſs Temperance, Miſs Constance & the rest of 'em; e'er a one, i'gad, a match for an emperour: these, it is well known, or the world much belies you, you have Had; deny it, if you can; and must poor Miſs Prue go to pot too? well, I say no more, but it's too much in all conscience, methinks, for one man to be fit equally for this world, & the next. they tell me you are to be here once more in a little while; dear now, don't let it be much longer. in the mean time have you seen Comus[4], & what figure does it make after cutting for the simples[5]? have you read yourself to sleep with D[r] Swift's conversation[6], as

[3] Presumably in connexion with the affair alluded to in the previous letter.

[4] This was an adaptation of Milton's *Comus* for the stage by John Dalton (1709–63), which was produced at Drury Lane on 4 March 1738, the music being composed by Dr. Arne. The principal parts were performed by Quin, Beard, Mrs. Cibber (Arne's sister), and Mrs. Clive. It was played only about eleven times, but was frequently revived later.

[5] Gray borrowed this phrase from Swift's *Polite Conversation*, published in this year, which, as appears from the next sentence, he had just been reading. The phrase occurs in *Dialogue* i:

'*Miss.* I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answerall. Well; but, miss ——

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning; say a word more and you had as good as eat your nails.'

[6] *A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation, accord-*

I did? that confounded Lady Answerall, tho' she says lefs than any body, is the devil to me! pray did you ever see an elephant? I have. if you han't, you never saw an ugly thing. I would not be Aurengzebe for the world; they say, he rid upon one: that's

All.

yours ever,
T: G:

March, 7, [1738][7] Cantab:

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horace Walpole Esq
at the Treasury
S^t^ James's

Postmark: CAM IO
BRIDGE MR

78. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[ ][1]

THANK God, I had a very good night's rest, and am sufficiently awake to answer your letter, tho' likely to be more dull, than you that write in your sleep: and indeed I do not believe, that you ever are so much asleep, but you can write to a relation, play a sober game at Picquet, keep up a tete á tete conversation, sell a bargain, or perform any of the little offices of life with tolerable spirit; certain I am, there are

ing to the most polite Mode and Method, now used at Court, and in the best Companies of England. In three Dialogues. London, 1738.

[7] The date of the year is determined by the reference to the performance of *Comus* (see n. 4).

LETTER 78.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

many people in the world, who in their top spirits are no better eveillés, than you are at four in the morning, reclined upon your pillow. [2]I believe, I partly gueſs [what is] your hopeful branch; I fancy you may find the first letters of both somewhere between H & T inclusive; if I interpret your hieroglyphs aright[2]. as to my journey to London, which you are so good as to preſs, alas! what can I do? if I come, it is for good & all[3], & I don't know how it is, I have a sort of reluctance to leave this place, unamiable as it may seem; 'tis true Cambridge is very ugly, she is very dirty, & very dull; but I'm like a cabbage, where I'm stuck, I love to grow; you should pull me up sooner, than any one, but I shall be ne'er the better for transplanting: poor M[r] Cornwallis[4] is here, sadly alter'd, so that one can very hardly know him; Towers[5] still stands out, &

[2—2] The whole of this sentence has been heavily scored through, but is still decipherable, except for the words in square brackets, which are supplied conjecturally. Walpole's letter not having been preserved, the allusion remains unexplained. It is possible that it has reference to a cipher containing the names Horace and Thomas.

[3] Gray remained at Cambridge until the following September (see Letter 76, n. 1).

[4] Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. *Walpole.* — Hon. Frederick Cornwallis (see Letter 15, n. 5). Cole, whose schoolfellow and contemporary at the University he was, says that towards the latter end of his residence he had a stroke of palsy, which took away the use of his right hand, and obliged him to write with his left.

[5] William Towers, Master of Christ's College, 1723–45. Cornwallis had been elected Fellow on 28 Jan. 1738, but Dr. Towers refused to admit him on the ground that being a peer's son he was not eligible under the statute on the quality of Fellows. Cornwallis appealed to the Vice-Chancellor, who on 24 April 1738, with Dr. Hacket and Dr. Conyers Middleton as assessors, required the Master to admit him, which he did on the following day. (From information kindly supplied by Dr. Keynes, Registrary of the University of Cambridge.)

refuses to admit him ; so that they have called in their visitours, that is the Vice-chancellour[6], D^r^ Bently[7], & D^r^ Ashton[8]; but nothing is yet determined: the Aſsizes are just over, I was there; but I a'nt to be transported: Adieu,

yours sincerely

T: GRAY

Cam: March: 20 [1738][9]

Addressed: To
The Hon^ble^ Horatio Walpole, Esq
at the Treasury
St^t^ James's

Postmark: CAM 20
BRIDGE MR

79. GRAY TO WEST.

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum[1]
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen!

[6] William Richardson, D.D., Master of Emmanuel College, 1736–75.

[7] Presumably Dr. Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity, 1700–42.

[8] Dr. Charles Ashton, Master of Jesus, 1701–52.

[9] The date of the year is determined by the references to Gray's approaching departure from Cambridge (see n. 3), and to Cornwallis (see n. 5).

LETTER 79.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 30–3.

[1] Cf. Horace, 2 *Odes* vi. In the opening stanza Gray refers to the project he and West had formed of studying law together in the Inner Temple. So far as Gray was concerned this project was never carried out, his plans having been upset by the invitation to accompany Walpole on his foreign tour.

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuiq; inertes
Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

Et; pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnaſsum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamq; in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit & Ver me, facilesq; Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytię fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataq; & montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris: amæniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magìs magìs jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisq; in umbras
Scena receſsit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisq; cincto
Integris ah! quàm nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus?

Ohe! amicule noster, et unde, sodes, tu μουσοπάτακτος[2] adeo repente evasisti? jam te rogitaturum credo. Nescio hercle, sic planè habet. Quicquid enim nugarum ἐπὶ σχολῆς inter ambulandum in palimpsesto scriptitavi, hisce te maxumè impertiri visum est, quippe quem probare, quod meum est, aut certè ignoscere solitum probè novi: bonâ tuâ venià sit si fortè videar

[2] Term for a poet, used by Cicero, *Epist. ad Quintum Fr.* ii. 10.

in fine subtristior; nam risui jamdudum salutem dixi; etiam paulò mœstitiæ studiosiorem factum scias, promptumque, Καινοῖς παλαιὰ δακρύοις στένειν κακά[3].

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

Sed de me satis. Cura ut valeas.

[Cambridge] Jun. 1738.

80. GRAY TO ASHTON.

My dear Ashton

IT seems you have forgot the poor little tenement in which you so long lodg'd, and have set your heart on some fine Castle in the air: I wish I were Master of the Seat you describe, that I might make your Residence more agreeable; but as it is, I fear you'll hardly meet with common Conveniences.

I deserve you should be angry with me for haveing been so little punctual, in paying my Dues, & returning thanks for your advice some time since. All is at present, mighty well, that is, just as you remember it, & imagin'd it would be: cool enough not to burn, and warm enough not to freeze one, but methinks the Counsel you gave me, was what you did not think

[3] Adapted from a fragment of the Ἀλέξανδρος of Euripides: παλαιὰ καινοῖς δακρύοις οὐ χρὴ στένειν. *Tovey.*

Letter 80.—First printed by Tovey *in Gray and his Friends* (pp. 37–8); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 140 ff.).

proper to make use of in like Circumstances yourself; perhaps you know why the same way of acting should be improper for you, & proper for me: I don't doubt but you have your reasons, & I trust you would not have me do anything wrong.

The account W: gives me of your way of Life[1] is better than I expected: to be sure you must meet daily with little particulars enough to fill a letter, and I should be pleasd with the most minute. Has M^rs^ L:[2] a pimple upon her Nose? does her Woman love Citron Water[3]? &c: any of these would be a high regale for me. but perhaps you think it telling tales: you know best. Have you seen Madame Valmote[4]? naughty Woman! was you at the Christening[5]? is the Princeſs[6] with Child again? was you at the review? have you

[1] Ashton was now installed in the house of Mrs. Lewis in Hanover Square, as tutor to Lord Plymouth (see Letter 65, n. 6).

[2] Mrs. Lewis.

[3] Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iv. 67–9:

'But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame . . .'

[4] Amelia Sophia von Walmoden (1704–65), Hanoverian lady, mistress of George II, who, after the death of Queen Caroline (Nov. 1737), brought her over to England, and installed her in St. James's Palace. In 1739 she was divorced from her husband, and in the following year was created Countess of Yarmouth. 'Monday, June 12. Arriv'd in Town Baron *Valmoute*, Great Chamberlain of *Hanover*, with his Lady, and waited on his Majesty, and met with a most gracious Reception. The Baron's stay here will not be long, but the Lady remains with Baron *Stanberg*, her Brother, Chief Secretary of *Hanover*' (*Gent. Mag.* 1738, p. 322).

[5] That of George William Frederick, eldest son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. He was born on June 4 of this year, and was christened in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, on the evening of June 21, by the Bishop of Oxford.

[6] The Princess of Wales.

wrote e'er a Critique on the Accidence ? is Despauterius [7] or Linacer [8] most in your favor ? but perhaps you think this, tittle-tattle. Well ! you know best. Pot-fair [9] is at its height ; there's old raffleing. Walpole is gone to Stamford, & to Lynn, but returns in a day or two. I am gone to the Carrier's with this letter, and am

ever yours
T. G.

June 30 [1738] [10]—Cambridge.

Addressed: To
Mr Ashton,
at the Honble Mrs Lewis's,
in Hanover Square,
London

81. WEST TO GRAY.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your elegant ode [1], and wish you every joy you wish yourself in it. But, take my word for it, you will never spend so

[7] Jean Despautère (1460–1520), Flemish grammarian; his *Commentarii Grammatici* were published in 1537.

[8] Thomas Linacre (*c.* 1460–1524), English physician and classical scholar; his *Rudimenta Grammatices*, an elementary Latin grammar in English, composed for the use of the Princess Mary, which was first printed *c.* 1524, was translated into Latin by George Buchanan, and printed by Stephanus in 1533, ten editions of it being published in France in thirty years.

[9] An annual fair at Cambridge for the sale of 'horses, cattle, timber, and pottery, beginning on June 22, and commonly called Midsummer or Pot fair ; it is proclaimed by the Heads of the University, and the Mayor and Corporation successively.' (Lewis, *Topog. Dict.*)

[10] The date of the year is determined by the references to the arrival of Madame Walmoden (see n. 4), and to the royal christening (see n. 5).

LETTER 81.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 33–4.

[1] See Letter 79.

agreeable a day here as you describe; alas! the sun with us rises only to shew us the way to Westminster-Hall. Nor must I forget thanking you for your little Alcaic fragment. The optic Naiads are infinitely obliged to you.

I was last week at Richmond Lodge [2], with Mr Walpole, for two days, and dined with Cardinal Fleury [3]; as far as my short sight can go, the character of his great art and penetration is very just, he is indeed

Nulli penetrabilis astro [4].

I go to-morrow to Epsom [5], where I shall be for about a month. Excuse me, I am in haste, but believe me always, &c.

August 29, 1738.

82. WEST TO WALPOLE.

MY dear Horace, t'is now 3 weeks almost since I saw you at Richmond [1]: you desired me then to write something upon your Thatcht house, and I have

[2] Sir Robert Walpole's eldest son had been appointed Ranger of Richmond Park ('nominally, but my father in reality', says Walpole in his *Reminiscences*, chap. i) in 1725; for the convenience of hunting Sir Robert built a lodge in the New Park, on which he spent £14,000, and to which 'he usually retired on Saturdays and Sundays'.

[3] Sir Robert Walpole. *Mason.*—Cardinal André Hercule de Fleury (1653–1743), First Minister of France from 1726 till his death, during which period he exercised absolute power. The first object of his foreign policy was the maintenance of peace, which was also that of Sir Robert Walpole. Pope, 2 *Sat.* i. 75: 'Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more.'

[4] Statius, *Theb.* x. 85.

[5] Where his mother was then residing.

LETTER 82.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] See previous letter.

done it: I beleive, you little expected that the consequence of a request made out of pure civility would have been so long a poem. as it is, I wish it may amuse you one half hour. I am going in about a fortnight's time to Oxford.

yours RW—

Epsom. Septemb. 7. 1738.

to be left at the posthouse here.

THE VIEW FROM THE THATCHT HOUSE[2].

Stranger! whosoere you be,
Deign to enter: tho' you see
All above the moſs-grown shed
With stubble vile & straw o'erspread,
Still beneath a mean outside
Inward graces oft reside.
Expect not here the glare of State,
No Persian loom, no splendid plate,
No polish't pillar, no carv'd Dome,
Rare ornaments of Greece or Rome:
But if such simple soft repose
A Hermit in his grotto knows,
If calm Philosophy, if Ease,
And Nature's rural face can please,
Awhile, from this rude spot of ground
Let us view the fair Scene round.
See! how wide the prospects lie,
Open all beneath the Eye!
Fallows grey, and pastures green,

[2] In Richmond New Park. *Walpole.*

Where herds and flocks are grazing seen,
With many a woody park, & hill
Hanging o'er some shadowy rill,
And villas glimm'ring thro' the glade,
And scatter'd towns half-wrapt in shade,
Each with their little Spire in view
Pointing up the clear Sky blew:
Old Thames the beauteous vale below
Gently bids his waters flow,
Pleased with his course: down the pure stream
Moves the huge barge; the labring team
Fast by, beside the winding shore,
To aid the sail, or ease the oar,
Tug the long cord, and slowly tread,
The Driver whistling at their head:
Meantime, along the distant road,
From farm or field, with different load
Of Country fare, the village swain
On pannier'd horse or jingling wain
To market drive; and often by
Gilt chariots, glittring to the Eye,
Roll nimbly on, toward some lone seat,
Descryed afarr, of aspect neat:
There oft, e're yet the grey-eyed Dawn
Has visited the dewy lawn,
The early chace with cheerful yell
Calls sleepy Echo from her cell:
Hark! the pack open on the scent;
Down that hoar hill the course is bent;
Within this brake the hare is hid—
—Ah me! the horn proclaims it dead.

And now, the bright Sun 'gins arise
Up the high Zenith of the Skyes,
And all the hot Horizon glows,
While not a breath of wind scarce blows:
Then underneath the Elm-shade cool,
Or kneedeep in the watry pool
Stand the mute herd: but where the plain
Waves high above with golden grain,
Observe the reapers' tawny band,
Each with his sickle in his hand;
Down fall the ripen'd stalks apace;
And now they wipe their weary face,
Till the glad bell for dinner call
The laborers to their Master's Hall:
No less, athwart the sultry way
Mark where the active sporters stray,
And, while the setter points the game,
Nimbly take their level aim:
Lo! the quick flash! anon is heard
The faint report: down drops the bird
In giddy circles wheeling round,
And marks with blood the guilty ground—
But turn the eye, and shift the scene
Down to yonder level green,
Where, thro' the meadow winding slow,
A little rivulet learns to flow;
There, underneath a willow tree,
Beside the bank, the fisher see,
In musing posture silent stand,
(The long rod bending in his hand)
And, watching every minute bite,

Deftly catch with nimble slight
The frequent prey, till his fell hook
Has nigh unpeopled half the brook:
Still further from the fountain-head,
As the stream begins to spread,
See! where some boys are met to play,
And wash 'em on a sunshine day:
All life and gayety they seem;
They sport adown the merry stream,
And dash the water as they paſs,
Or, naked, run along the graſs:
The nymphs, at distance, eye the flood,
Conceal'd, and laugh behind the wood.
Now look, how vast a space the Eye
Has journey'd 'thwart the ambient Skye,
O'er grove & park & woody dale,
Up the high hill & down the vale,
Till we're come round th' Horizon wide
Back to where Thame's fruitful tide
Thro' meadow, field, & garden fair
Winds it's clear current, here and there
With town or village interlaid
Alternate on each bank, and shade
Of flowery lime, or Elmtree green,
Before some decent villa seen
In seemly row: such yonder Seat,
Fair Howard's elegant retreat![3]
Such Twickenham to the muses dear![4]

[3] Marble Hill, near Twickenham, the residence of Lady Suffolk (Mrs. Howard), and resort of Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift.

[4] Pope's villa at Twickenham.

And many a rural mansion near,
Some rising low the river by,
Some on a slope hill hanging high,
Whose different beauties e're I'd done
Repeating, the bright noonday Sun
Would down the West have roll'd his light,
And all the prospect sink in night.
Thus could I ever change the view
To something pleasing still, and new,
Or Something, which, perhaps, tho' seen
Before, would please the Eye again:
For perfect Nature never cloys
The mind well taught to taste her joys.
But the Muse whispers in my ear,
T'is time to close the rapture here,
Poets know seldom where to end,
And one may chance to tire a friend.
No longer Now then let us stay:
Here's pleasure for another day.

83. ASHTON TO WEST.

Sep. 9. 1738 Hanover Square

My dear West,

WHY must you vent all your dear Spleen at a Coffee House to deprive me of a pleasure, which it is not often in your Power to give me[1]; of

Letter 83.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 116–17); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 197–8).

[1] Tovey omits this word.

seeing you out of Humor? I shall go to the Temple tomorrow, & I am determind to visit your door, tho' I am certain[2] it will not open its Eyes upon Me. I shall however enjoy the happineſs (the loſs of which old Adam most regretted at his expulsion from Paradise) of saying to myself

'In this room he appeard: behind this door
Stood visible: among those books his voice
I heard: here with him on this Staircase talk'd.'[3]

I thank you, my dear for your invitation to Epsom[4] or Oxford, I am sorry I am not free agent enough to comply[5] with it. A small Piece of Paper light at this House to day with Gray's Name attachd to it, & declares he is very well, that Stourbridge fair[6] is full blown, & that he will go to bed at Cambridge but 14 Nights more[7].

You know that the alarm of Sir Robert's Danger had set many hearts a beating with Hopes and fears, which are now equally dispersd[8]—our friend Horace has

[2] Tovey: 'tho' I am afraid'.

[3] *Par. Lost*, xi. 320–2:

'On this mount He appeared; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked.'

[4] West was staying at Epsom with his Mother, &c. *Mitford.*

[5] Tovey: 'I am not a free agent to comply'.

[6] Stourbridge, 1½ miles from Cambridge, was celebrated for its fair, formerly one of the largest in the kingdom, held in September. 'It is proclaimed by the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Proctors of the University of Cambridge, and the Mayor and Aldermen of that borough, and continues more than three weeks: the staple commodities exposed for sale are, leather, timber, cheese, hops, wool, cattle, and horses.' (Lewis, *Topog. Dict.*)

[7] Gray was in London on Sept. 19 (see Letter 86).

[8] '*Cardinal Fleury* and Sir *Robert Walpole*, who had been dangerously ill part of this Month, recover'd. There were great Cabals

received good advantage by Tunbridge Wells. He will be in Town next Tuesday.

Yours,

very sincerely

ASHTON.

Write soon—oro, obsecro, obtestor.

84. GRAY TO WEST.

I AM coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me, without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge Fair[1]. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all's one for that; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little procterlings to see its orders executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley[2] and his

at the Court of *France* about succeeding the former; but we heard of none to succeed the latter; either, they were not so openly carried on, or Sir *Robert*'s Station is less to be desired than the Cardinal's' (*Gent. Mag.* 1738, Sept., p. 490).

LETTER 84.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, p. 36.

[1] See Letter 83, n. 6.

[2] John Henley (1692–1756), an eccentric preacher, commonly known as 'Orator Henley'. He was a Cambridge graduate, and after holding a living in Suffolk, in 1726 he severed his connexion with the Church, and began his 'orations' in a wooden booth in Newport Market. In 1729 he removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, in spite of a prosecution for profaning the clerical character, he continued his 'exhibitions' for many years. He and his 'gilt tub' are celebrated in the *Dunciad* (ii. 2; iii. 199 ff.), where Pope apostrophizes him as, 'Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age'. 'The pulpit of a Dissenter', writes Pope, 'is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. . . He preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. . . After having stood

gilt tub should come to the Fair and seduce their young ones; but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedneſs in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in Pastor Fido[3] that begins, Care selvè beate[4].

[Cambridge] Sept. 1738.

85. WEST TO GRAY.

I THANK you again and again for your two last most agreeable letters[1]. They could not have come more a-propos; I was without any books to divert

some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences.' Sir Robert Walpole turned his talents to account by employing him, at a salary of £100 a year, to ridicule the *Craftsman*, the opposition journal, in a periodical called the *Hyp-Doctor*.

[3] Pastoral tragi-comedy by Battista Guarini (1538–1612), first published in 1590.

[4] Mason: 'beati'.—This Latin version is extremely elegiac, but as it is only a version I do not insert it. Mr. Gray did not begin to learn Italian till about a year and a half before he translated this scene; and I find amongst his papers an English translation of part of the 4th Canto of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, done previously to this, which has great merit. *Mason.* (See Letter 55.)—A translation, dated 1738, of eight stanzas of the 14th (not 4th) Canto of the *Gerusalemme* has been preserved among Gray's poems (see Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. i, pp. 148–51), and it is probable that this is the version to which Mason refers.

LETTER 85.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 37–9.

[1] Letters 79 and 84.

me, and they supplied the want of every thing; I made them my clasics in the Country, they were my Horace and Tibullus—Non ita loquor asentandi causâ ut probè nosti si me noris, verum quia sic mea est sententia. I am but just come to Town, and, to shew you my esteem of your favours, I venture to send you by the penny-post, to your Father's[2], what you will find on the next page; I hope it will reach you soon after your arrival, your boxes out of the waggon, yourself out of the coach, and tutors out of your memory.

Adieu, we shall see one another, I hope, to-morrow.

ELEGIA.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camenæ[3],
  Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,
Amplector te, Graie, & toto corde reposco,
  Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum:
Et mihi rura placent, et me quoq; sæpe volentem
  Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ;
Sicubi lympha fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,
  Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum:
Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,
  Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.
Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida silvæ:
  Ah, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
  Regnat & in Cælis, regnat & Oceano;

[2] In Cornhill (see Letter 45, n. 3). Philip Gray died of gout about three years after this date (on 6 Nov. 1741).

[3] The version from the *Pastor Fido* mentioned in his last letter (see Letter 84, n. 4).

Ille gregem taurosq; domat, saeviq; leonem
Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros:
Quin & fervet amore nemus, ramoq; sub omni
Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
Dura etiam & fertur saxa animaſse Venus.
Durior & saxis, & robore durior ille est,
Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat:
Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,
Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim;
Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores:
Ah! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberent
Externâ positum ducere fata dies;
Si vultus modo amatus adeſset, non ego contra
Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos.
At dulci in gremio curarum oblivia ducens
Nil cuperem præter poſse placere meæ;
Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neq; munera regum,
Illa intrà optarem brachia cara mori.

Sept. 17. 1738[4].

86. GRAY TO WALPOLE.

[ ][1]

I HAVE been in town a day or two, & in doubt where to direct to you, till Ashton, whom I saw

[4] Mr. West spent the greatest part of this winter with his mother and sister at Epsom. *Mason* (in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, p. 39).

LETTER 86.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] A piece containing the initial address has been cut out (see Letter 1, n. 2).

today, told me you were at Richmond[2]. I have seen him & his Lordling[3], and am mightily pleased with 'em both; the boy kiſses his eyes out, & had no sooner heard, that I was Mr John Ashton, but he climbed up to the top of my head, & came down again on the other side in half a second. I shall be glad to know when & where I may see you most alone, &

am Yours ever,

T: G:

Tuesday—Night—[September 19, 1738][4]

Addressed: To
The Honble Horace Walpole, Junr: Esq
at New Park
Richmond.

Postmark: 19 SE

87. GRAY TO WEST.

Paris, April 12, 1739.

ENFIN donc me voici à Paris[1]. Mr. Walpole is gone out to supper at Lord Conway's[2], and here

[2] At Sir Robert Walpole's house in New Park (see Letter 81, n. 2).

[3] The Earl of Plymouth (see Letter 65, n. 6).

[4] The date of the month is supplied by the postmark; that of the year is determined by the reference to Ashton and Lord Plymouth (see n. 3).—Mr. Gray, on his return to Town, continued at his father's house in Cornhill till the March following, in which interval Mr. Walpole being disinclined to enter so early into the business of Parliament, prevailed on Sir Robert Walpole to permit him to go abroad, and on Mr. Gray to be the companion of his travels. *Mason* (in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, p. 39).

LETTER 87.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 44–7.

[1] In *Short Notes of my Life* Walpole writes: 'In 1739, March 10th, I set out on my travels with

I remain alone, though invited too. Do not think I make a merit of writing to you preferably to a good supper; for these three days we have been here, have actually given me an aversion to eating in general. If hunger be the best sauce to meat, the French are certainly the worst cooks in the world; for what tables we have seen have been so delicately served, and so profusely, that, after rising from one of them, one imagines it impoſsible ever to eat again. And now, if I tell you all I have in my head, you will believe me mad, mais n'importe, courage, allons! for if I wait till my head grow clear and settle a little, you may stay long enough for a letter. Six days have we been coming hither, which other people do in two; they have not been disagreeable ones; through a fine, open country, admirable roads, and in an easy conveyance; the inns not absolutely intolerable, and images quite unusual presenting themselves on all hands. At Amiens we saw the fine cathedral, and eat paté de perdrix; paſsed through the park of Chantilly by the Duke of Bourbon's palace, which we only beheld as we paſsed; broke down at Lusarche; stopt at St. Denis, saw all the beautiful monuments of the Kings of France, and the vast treasures of the abbey, rubies, and emeralds as big as small eggs, crucifixes, and vows, crowns and

my friend Mr Thomas Gray, and went to Paris. From thence, after a stay of about two months, we went with my cousin Henry Conway to Rheims, in Champagne, stayed there three months; and paſsing by Geneva, where we left Mr Conway, Mr Gray and I went by Lyons to Turin, over the Alps, and from thence to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. There we stayed three months, chiefly for the sake of Mr Horace Mann, the English Minister.'

[a] See Letter 17, n. 3.

reliquaries, of inestimable value; but of all their curiosities the thing the most to our tastes, and which they indeed do the justice to esteem the glory of their collection, was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickneſs. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expreſsion admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since. The jolly old Benedictine, that showed us the treasures, had in his youth been ten years a soldier; he laughed at all the reliques, was very full of stories, and mighty obliging. On Saturday evening we got to Paris, and were driving through the streets a long while before we knew where we were. The minute we came, voila Milors Holderneſse[3], Conway, and his brother[4]; all stayed supper, and till two o'clock in the morning, for here nobody ever sleeps; it is not the way: Next day go to dine at my Lord Holderneſse's, there was the Abbé Prevôt[5], author of the Cleveland[6], and several other pieces much esteemed: The rest were English. At night we went to the Pandore; a spectácle literally, for it is nothing but a beautiful piece of machinery of three scenes. The first represents the chaos, and by degrees the separation of the elements. The second, the temple

3 Robert Darcy (1718–78), fourth Earl of Holdernesse.

4 Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (see Letter 71, n. 13).

5 Antoine-François Prévost d'Exiles (1697–1763), best known as the author of *Manon Lescaut* (1731).

6 *Le Philosophe anglois, ou Histoire de Monsieur Cleveland, fils naturel de Cromwell, écrite par lui-mesme, et traduite de l'anglois* (8 vols., 1731–39). An English translation was published in 1734.

of Jupiter, and the giving of the box to Pandora. The third, the opening of the box, and all the mischiefs that ensued. An absurd design, but executed in the highest perfection, and that in one of the finest theatres in the world; it is the grande sale des machines in the Palais des Tuileries. Next day dined at Lord Waldegrave's[7]; then to the opera. Imagine to yourself for the drama four acts[8] entirely unconnected with each other, each founded on some little history, skilfully taken out of an ancient author, e. g. Ovid's Metamorphoses, &c., and with great addreſs converted into a French piece of gallantry. For instance, that which I saw, called the Ballet de la Paix, had its first act built upon the story of Nireus[9]. Homer having said he was the handsomest man of his time[10], the poet, imagining such a one could not want a mistreſs, has given him one. These two come in and sing sentiment in lamentable strains, neither air nor recitative; only, to one's great joy, they are every now and then interrupted by a dance, or (to one's great sorrow) by a chorus that borders the stage from one end to the other, and screams, past all power of simile to represent. The second act was Baucis and Philemon. Baucis is a beautiful young shepherdeſs, and Philemon her swain. Jupiter falls in love with her, but nothing will prevail upon her; so it is all

[7] James Waldegrave (1684–1741), first Earl Waldegrave, Ambassador in Paris, 1730–40.

[8] The French opera has only three acts, but often a prologue on a different subject, which (as Mr. Walpole informs me, who saw it at the same time) was the case in this very representation. *Mason.*

[9] Mason: 'Nereus'.

[10] *Iliad* ii. 673–4: 'Nireus the most beauteous of all the Greeks that came up to Troy, after the noble son of Peleus.'

mighty well, and the chorus sing and dance the praises of Constancy. The two other acts were about Iphis and Ianthe, and the judgment of Paris. Imagine, I say, all this transacted by cracked voices, trilling divisions upon two notes and a half, accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums, and a whole house more attentive than if Farinelli[11] sung, and you will almost have formed a just notion of the thing[12]. Our astonishment at their absurdity you can never conceive; we had enough to do to expreſs it by screaming an hour louder than the whole dramatis personæ. We have also seen twice the Comedie Françoise; first, the Mahomet Second[13], a tragedy that has had a great run of late; and the thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful. Mademoiselle Gauſsin[14] (Mr. Voltaire's Zara[15]) has with a charming (though little) person the most pathetic tone of voice, the finest expreſsion in her face, and most proper action imaginable. There is also a Dufrêne[16], who did the chief character, a handsome

[11] See Letter 25, n. 5.

[12] Our author's sentiments here seem to correspond entirely with those which J. J. Rousseau afterwards published in his famous Lettre sur la Musique Françoise. In a French letter also, which Mr. Gray writ to his friend soon after this, he calls their music 'des miaulemens & des heurlemens effroyables, melés avec un tintamarre du diable; voilà la musique Françoise en abregé'. *Mason.*

[13] By Jean-Baptiste Sauvé de la Noue (1701–61); this tragedy had been produced for the first time on Feb. 23 of this year.

[14] Jeanne-Catherine Gaussin (1711–67); she made her first appearance in 1731, and did not quit the stage till 1763.

[15] *Zaïre*, Voltaire's masterpiece, first produced in 1732; it was adapted for the English stage by Aaron Hill, and produced at Drury Lane in Jan. 1736 (see Letter 23, n. 13).

[16] Abraham-Alexis Quinault Dufresne (1693–1741); he is described as being endowed with

man and a prodigious fine actor. The second we saw was the Philosophe marié [17], and here they performed as well in comedy; there is a Mademoiselle Quinault [18], somewhat in Mrs. Clive's [19] way, and a Monsieur Grandval [20], in the nature of Wilks [21], who is the genteelest thing in the world. There are several more would be much admired in England, and many (whom we have not seen) much celebrated here. Great part of our time is spent in seeing churches and palaces full of fine pictures, &c., the quarter of which is not yet exhausted. For my part, I could entertain myself this month merely with the common streets and the people in them. * * *

'une taille noble et haute, des yeux éloquens, un organe enchanteur'. His most celebrated rôle was in the *Glorieux* of Destouches.

[17] By Philippe Néricault Destouches (1680–1754); it was first produced in 1727.

[18] Jeanne-Françoise Quinault (*c.* 1700–83), sister of Dufresne (see n. 16).

[19] Catherine Raftor (1711–85), wife (1732) of George Clive, a barrister, commonly known as Kitty Clive. She made her début in 1728 at Drury Lane under Colley Cibber's management, and quickly established her reputation as a comic actress. She joined Garrick's company at Drury Lane in 1746, and remained with him, save for a brief interval, until her retirement in April, 1769. For the last thirty years of her life she was Horace Walpole's tenant at Little Strawberry Hill, which he hence used to call 'Cliveden'. In comedy she was considered equal, if not superior, to Garrick.

[20] François-Charles Grandval (1710–84).

[21] Robert Wilks (*c.* 1665–1732), chiefly distinguished as a comedian, though he played many tragic parts with success. He first appeared on the stage in Dublin in 1691 as Othello; his last original part was that of Bellamant in Fielding's *Modern Husband*, at Drury Lane in Feb. 1732. He was considered to have excelled all actors of his time 'in genteel and lively comedy', and was especially noted for 'the ease, sprightliness, and distinction of his manner'. Wilks was for some years associated with Cibber, Booth, and Steele, in the management of Drury Lane (see Letter 23, n. 16).

88. WALPOLE TO WEST.

DEAR WEST,

YOU figure us in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find: cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas indeed are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating maigre: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which in some parts beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights, and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Moliere's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the Avare to-night: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the Place de Louis le grand[1] (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden-square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the duke de Tresmes[2], governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish-church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of

LETTER 88.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 419–21.

[1] Since 1792 known as the Place des Victoires.

[2] François-Bernard Potier de Gesvres, Duc de Tresmes (1655–1739); he died on April 15.

the Celestins[3], where is his family vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as we went to see the church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any except St. Denis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Celestins' church is a votive column to Francis II. which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalized, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart[4] for his wife. After this long digression I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery[5].

This goodly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-deluces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see

[3] The Convent of the Célestins was replaced by barracks.

[4] Mary Queen of Scots married Francis II two years before his death (1558).

[5] Milton, *Par. Lost*, iii. 474–5.

this proceſsion, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with sallads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at Venus's toilette, and some at the sucking cat. You would not easily gueſs their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the duke de Gesvres'[6] pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princeſses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of

[6] D'Argenson in his *Mémoires* writes (under date of March, 1739) in reference to these public gaming-houses: 'On compte plus de trois cents de ces maisons dans Paris, où l'on joue au *biribi* et au pharaon; tous les jeunes gens s'y ruinent. Les jeux de l'hôtel de Soissons et de l'hôtel de Gesvres sont causes de ces désordres. On ne sauroit reprendre aucun jeu particulier qu'on ne vous cite aussitôt ces deux académies.'—The Duc de Gesvres (François-Joachim-Bernard Potier) (1692–1757) was the eldest son of the Duc de Tresmes (see n. 2).

a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Thuilleries; but we have seen almost every thing else that is worth seeing in Paris, though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarine at the Sorbonne and the College de quatre nations[7] are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play, and speak the language readily. There are many English here: lord Holderneſs[8], Conway and Clinton[9], and lord George Bentinck[10]; Mr. Brand[11], Offley[12], Frederic, Frampton[13], Bonfoy[14], &c. Sir John Cotton's[15] son and a Mr. Vernon[16] of Cambridge paſsed through Paris last week. We shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway for two or three months. When you have nothing else

[7] Now the Palais de l'Institut.

[8] See Letter 87, n. 3.

[9] Hugh Fortescue (1696–1751), fourteenth Baron Clinton, cr. Earl Clinton, 1749.

[10] Second son of first Duke of Portland. He became a Major-General, and died in 1759.

[11] Thomas Brand, of The Hoo, near Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

[12] Probably John Offley, of Wichnor, near Lichfield.

[13] Probably James Frampton (d. 1784), of Moreton, Dorsetshire.

[14] Probably Nicholas Bonfoy, of Abbot's Ripton, Huntingdonshire.

[15] Sir John Hinde Cotton (1688–1752), third Baronet, of Landwade, Cambridgeshire. The son here mentioned, John Hinde Cotton (d. 1795), succeeded as fourth Baronet.

[16] Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire.

to do, we shall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unleſs it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Paris, H. W.

April 21, N.S. 1739.

To-morrow we go to the Cid[17]. They have no farces, but *petites pieces* like our Devil to Pay[18].

89. GRAY TO ASHTON.

Dear Ashton,

YOU and West have made us happy to night in a heap of letters, & we are resolvd to repay you tenfold[1]. Our English perhaps may not be the best in the World, but we have the Comfort to know that it is at least as good as our French. So to begin. Paris is a huge round City, divided by the Seine, a very near relation (if we may judge from[2] the resemblance) of your old acquaintance, that ancient river, the river Cam. Along it on either side runs a key of perhaps as handsome buildings, as any in the World. the view down

[17] By Pierre Corneille; first produced in 1636.

[18] *The Devil to pay, or the Wives metamorphosed*, farcical opera by Charles Coffey (d. 1745), produced at Drury Lane in 1731; it was in the original part of Nell in this play that Kitty Clive (as Miss Raftor) established her reputation as a comic actress (see Letter 87, n. 19).

Letter 89.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 39–41); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 153 ff.).

[1] Tovey: 'twofold'.

[2] Tovey: 'by'.

which on either hand from the Pont Neuf is the charming'st Sight imaginable. There are infinite Swarms of inhabitants & more Coaches than Men. The Women in general dreſsd in Sacs, flat Hoops of 5 yards wide nosegays of artificial flowers, on one shoulder, and faces dyed in Scarlet up to the Eyes. The Men in bags[3], roll-upps[4], Muffs and Solitaires[5]. our Mornings have been mostly taken up in Seeing Sights: few Hotels or Churches have escapd us, where there is anything remarkable as to building, Pictures or Statues.

M^r^ Conway is as usual, the Companion of our travels, who, till we came, had not seen anything at all; for it is not the fashion here to have Curiosity. We had at first arrival an inundation of Visits pouring in upon us, for all the English are acquainted, and herd much together & it is no easy Matter to disengage oneself from them, so that one sees but little of the French themselves.

To be introduced to the People of high quality, it is absolutely neceſsary to be master of the Language, for it is not to be imagind that they will take pains to understand anybody, or to correct a stranger's blunders. Another thing is, there is not a House where they don't play, nor is any one at all acceptable, unleſs they do so too . . a profeſsed Gamester being the most advantageous Character a Man can have at Paris. The Abbés indeed & Men of learning are a People of easy

[3] Bag-wigs.

[4] Otherwise called rolling-hose —'stockings of which the tops could be rolled up or down on the leg.' (*N. E. D.*)

[5] 'A loose neck-tie of black silk, sometimes secured to the bag of the wig behind, and in front either falling loosely or secured by a brooch.' (*Cent. Dict.*)

acceſs enough, but few English that travel have knowledge enough to take any great Pleasure in their[6] Company, at least our present Set[7] of travellers have not. We are, I think to remain here no longer than L[d] Conway stays, and then set out for Rheims, there to reside a Month or two, & then to return hither again. this is our present design[8] & very often little hankerings break out, so that I am not sure, we shall not come back tomorrow.

We are exceedingly unsettled & irresolute, don't know our own Minds for two Moments together, profeſs an utter aversion for all Manner of fatigue, grumble, are ill natured & try to bring ourselves to a State of perfect Apathy in which [we] are so far advanced, as to declare we have no Notion of caring for any mortal breathing but ourselves. In short I think the greatest *evil* could have happen'd to us, is our liberty, for we are not at all capable to determine our own actions.

My dear Ashton I am ever
Yours sincerely
T: G:

Paris—Hotel de
Luxembourg. Rue
des petits Augustins.
April 21. N. S. [1739]

[6] Tovey: 'this'.
[7] Tovey: 'lot'.
[8] Tovey omits these five words.

90. WALPOLE TO WEST.

From Paris, [May] 1739.

DEAR WEST,

I SHOULD think myself to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter[1] you seem to want amusement, that is, you want spirits. I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exercise is more suitable to your complaint. If you would promise me to read them in the Temple garden[2], I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to dispatch to Dick's[3] the first opportunity.—Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Versailles le grand!——But no: it fell so short of my idea of it, mine, that I have resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They say I am to like it better next Sunday; when the sun is to shine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghost are to be installed[4]! Ever since Wednesday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but dispute about it. They say, we did not see it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, saw the garden en paſsant, and slubbered over Trianon. I say, we saw

LETTER 90.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 421–3.

[1] This letter has not been preserved.

[2] West was now studying law in London.

[3] A celebrated coffee-house in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar.

[4] The installation took place on Whit-Sunday.

nothing. However, we had time to see that the great front is a lumber of littlenesses[5], composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all small, except the great gallery, which is noble, but totally wainscoted with looking-glass. The garden is littered with statues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary god of fire solaces himself in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who disport themselves much in squirting up cascadelins. In short, 'tis a garden for a great child. Such was Louis quatorze, who is here seen in his proper colours, where he commanded in person, unassisted by his armies and generals, and left to the pursuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We saw last week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than anything I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniences, or rather (if there was such a word) all the *adaptments* are assembled here, that melancholy, meditation, selfish devotion, and despair would require. But yet 'tis pleasing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming solitude. It stands on a large space of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through some dark passages, you pass into a large obscure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for some hellish council. The large cloister surrounds their burying-ground. The

[5] See Letter 91, n. 1.

cloisters are very narrow, and very long, and let into the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himself Dom Victor. We have promised to visit him often. Their habit is all white: but besides this, he was infinitely clean in his person; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any assistance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has several canary-birds disposed in a pretty manner in breeding-cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers and fruit-trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to strangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to see was the small cloister, with the history of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur[6]. It consists of twenty-two pictures, the figures a good deal less than life. But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome, but these pictures excel all I have seen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead man who spoke at his burial, contains all the strongest and horridest ideas, of ghastliness, hypocrisy discovered, and the height of damnation; pain and cursing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the same time, said

[6] Eustache Lesueur (1617–55). These pictures were purchased from the monks in 1776, and transferred to Versailles, and thence to the Louvre. (See Jameson, *Hist. of the Monastic Orders*, p. 128.)

to me of this picture: C'est une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois. Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expreſsed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been speaking of are ill preserved, and some of the finest heads defaced, which was done at first by a rival of Le Sœur's.—Adieu! dear West, take care of your health; and some time or other we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them.

Yours ever.

91. GRAY TO WEST.

Paris, May 22, 1739.

AFTER the little particulars aforesaid I should have proceeded to a journal of our transactions for this week past, should have carried you post from hence to Versailles, hurried you through the gardens to Trianon, back again to Paris, so away to Chantilly. But the fatigue is perhaps more than you can bear, and moreover I think I have reason to stomach your last piece of gravity. Supposing you were in your soberest mood, I am sorry you should think me capable of ever being so diſsipé, so evaporé, as not to be in a condition of relishing any thing you could say to me. And now, if you have a mind to make your peace with me, arouse ye from your megrims and your melancholies, and (for exercise is good for you) throw away your night-cap, call for your jack-boots, and set out with me, last Saturday evening, for Versailles—and so at eight

LETTER 91.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 47–50.

o'clock, paſsing through a road speckled with vines, and villas, and hares, and partridges, we arrive at the great avenue, flanked on either hand with a double row of trees about half a mile long, and with the palace itself to terminate the view; facing which, on each side of you is placed a semi-circle of very handsome buildings, which form the stables. These we will not enter into, because you know we are no jockies. Well! and is this the great front of Versailles? What a huge heap of littleneſs![1] it is composed, as it were, of three courts, all open to the eye at once, and gradually diminishing till you come to the royal apartments, which on this side present but half a dozen windows and a balcony. This last is all that can be called a front, for the rest is only great wings. The hue of all this maſs is black, dirty red, and yellow; the first proceeding from stone changed by age; the second, from a mixture of brick; and the last, from a profusion of tarnished gilding. You cannot see a more disagreeable tout-ensemble; and, to finish the matter, it is all stuck over in many places with small busts of a tawny hue between every window. We paſs through this to go into the garden, and here the case is indeed altered; nothing can be vaster and more magnificent than the back front; before it a very spacious terrace spreads itself, adorned with two large basons; these are bordered and lined (as most of the others) with white marble, with handsome statues of bronze reclined on their edges. From hence you descend a huge flight of steps into a semi-circle formed

[1] Pope, *Moral Essays*, iv. 109 (of Timon's Villa): 'Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!'

by woods, that are cut all round into niches, which are filled with beautiful copies of all the famous antique statues in white marble. Just in the midst is the bason of Latona; she and her children are standing on the top of a rock in the middle, on the sides of which are the peasants, some half, some totally changed into frogs, all which throw out water at her in great plenty. From this place runs on the great alley, which brings you into a complete round, where is the bason of Apollo, the biggest in the gardens. He is rising in his car out of the water, surrounded by nymphs and tritons, all in bronze, and finely executed, and these, as they play, raise a perfect storm about him; beyond this is the great canal, a prodigious long piece of water, that terminates the whole: All this you have at one coup d'oeil in entering the garden, which is truly great. I cannot say as much of the general taste of the place; every thing you behold savours too much of art; all is forced, all is constrained about you; statues and vases sowed every where without distinction; sugar-loaves and minced-pies of yew; scrawl-work of box, and little squirting jets-d'eau, besides a great sameneſs in the walks, cannot help striking one at first sight, not to mention the silliest of labyrinths, and all Æsop's fables in water; since these were designed in usum Delphini only. Here then we walk by moonlight, and hear the ladies and the nightingales sing. Next morning, being Whitsunday, make ready to go to the Installation of nine Knights du Saint Esprit, Cambis is one[2]: high

[2] Louis-Dominique, Comte de Cambis, French Ambassador in London, where he died, 12 Feb. 1740.

maſs celebrated with music, great croud, much incense, King[3], Queen[4], Dauphin[5], Mesdames[6], Cardinals, and Court: Knights arrayed by his majesty; reverences before the altar, not bows, but curtsies; stiff hams; much tittering among the ladies; trumpets, kettle-drums and fifes. My dear West, I am vastly delighted with Trianon, all of us with Chantilly; if you would know why, you must have patience, for I can hold my pen no longer, except to tell you that I saw Britannicus[7] last Night; all the characters, particularly Agrippina and Nero, done to perfection; to-morrow Phædra and Hippolitus[8]. We are making you a little bundle of petites pieces; there is nothing in them, but they are acting at present; there are too Crebillon's Letters[9], and Amusemens sur le langage des Bêtes, said to be of one Bougeant[10], a Jesuit; they are both esteemed, and lately come out. This day se'nnight we go to Rheims.

[3] Louis XV, now in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

[4] Mary Leszczynska (d. 1768).

[5] Louis (d. 1765), now in his tenth year, father of Louis XVI.

[6] The daughters of Louis XV, of whom the eldest, Louise-Élisabeth, and the only one who married, was in her fifteenth year.

[7] By Racine; first produced in 1669. It was on this play that Gray modelled his tragedy of *Agrippina*, which he did not complete, and of which only a fragment has been preserved.—The *Britannicus* of M. Racine, I know was one of Mr. Gray's favourite plays; and the admirable manner in which I have heard him say that he saw it represented at Paris by Mademoiselle Dumesnil, seems to have led him to choose the death of Agrippina for this his first and only effort in the drama. *Mason.* (See Letter 141, n. 8.)

[8] Racine's *Phèdre*; first produced in 1677.

[9] *Lettres de la Marquise de*** au Comte de****, by Claude-Prosper-Jolyot de Crébillon (1707–77).

[10] Guillaume-Hyacinthe Bougeant (1690–1743); his *Amusement philosophique sur le Langage des Bêtes* was published in this year.

92. GRAY TO ASHTON.

My Dear Ashton

I SHALL not make you any excuses, because I can't: I shall not try to entertain you with descriptions, for the same reason; & moreover, because I believe you don't care for them. so that you can have no occasion to wonder at my brevity, when you consider me, as confined to the narrow bounds of the history of[1] We, quatenus We. which I continue.

Our tête à tête conversations, that you enquire after, did consist leſs in words, than in looks & signs, & to give you a notion of them, I ought to send you our pictures; tho' we should find it difficult to set for 'em in such attitudes, as we very[2] naturally fall into, when alone together. at present Mr Conway, who lives with us, joins to make them a little more verbose, & every thing is mighty well. on Monday next we set out for Rheims, (where we expect to be very dull;) there to stay a month or two; then we croſs Burgundy, & Dauphiny, & so go to Avignon, Aix, Marseilles, &c: the weather begins to be violently hot already even here, & this is our ingenious contrivance, as the summer increases, to seek out cool retreats among the scorch'd rocks of Provence; I will not promise, but that if next winter bid fair for extreme cold, we shall

Letter 92.—First printed by Tovey, in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 41–5), from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 144 ff.); now reprinted from original in possession of Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

[1] Tovey omits these three words.

[2] Tovey omits this word.

take a trip to Muscovy.' you in the mean time will be quietly enjoying the temperate air of England under your own vine, & under your own (at least under M^rs^ Lewis's)[3] Fig-tree; & I don't doubt but the fruits of your leisure will turn to more account, than those of our laborious peregrination, and while our thoughts are rambling about, & changeing situation oftener than our bodies, you will be fixing your attention upon some weighty truth, worthy a Sage of your honour's magnitude. the end of your researches, I mean: whatever your profound contemplation brings to light, I should be proud to be acquainted with; whither it please to be invoked under the appellation of Sermon, Vision, Eſsay, or discourse: in short, on whatever head you chuse[4]. to be loquacious (Wall on Infant-Baptism[5] excepted) a diſsertation[6] will be very acceptable, & received with a reverence due to the hand it comes from.

We have seen here your Gustavus Vasa[7], that had raised the general expectation so high long ago. a worthy piece of prohibited marchandise in truth! the town must have been extreme mercifully disposed; if, for the sake of ten innocent lines, that may peradventure

3 See Letter 65, n. 6.

4 Mitford: 'you may chuse'.

5 *The History of Infant Baptism* (1705–20), by William Wall (1647–1728).

6 Mitford: 'disputation'.

7 *Gustavus Vasa, the Deliverer of his Country*, a tragedy by Henry Brooke (*c.* 1703–83). After five weeks' rehearsal, the play had been announced for performance at Drury Lane, when it was suddenly prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain under Sir Robert Walpole's Licensing Act of 1737. It was then, as a protest, published by subscription, by which the author is said to have cleared over £1,000. The tragedy was subsequently produced with success at Dublin under the title of *The Patriot*.

be pick'd out, it had consented to spare the lives of the ten thousand wicked ones, that remain. I don't know what condition your Stage is in, but the French is in a very good one at present; among the rest they have a Mad[lle] Duminie[8], whose every look & gesture is violent Nature; she is Paſsion itself incarnate: I saw her the other night do the Phædra of Racine in a manner, which affected me so strongly, that, as you see, I can't help prattling about her even to you, that do not care two-pence.

You have got My L[d] Conway there[9] among ye: what do people think about him, & his improvements? you poſsibly see him sometimes, for he visits at M[rs] Conduit's. is he charming, & going to be married, like M[r] Barrett[10]? pray, write to me, & persuade West to do the same, who unleſs you rouse him, & preach to him, what a sin it is to have the vapours, & the dismals, will neglect himself; I won't say his friends; that I believe him incapable of[11]. I again recommend him to your care, that you may nourish him, &

[8] So MS.—The actress in question, Marie-Françoise Dumesnil (1711–1803), had made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français two years before. She remained on the stage for nearly forty years, during which time she was a great favourite with the public. Mme du Deffand, however, judged her severely. Writing to Horace Walpole, who was a great admirer of the actress, in 1769, she says: 'Je revis hier *Hamlet* . . . votre Mlle Dumesnil est abominable, elle fait de grands cris, et puis elle débride dix ou douze vers de suite, comme si elle parlait à l'oreille.'

[9] Mitford: 'then'.

[10] Perhaps Thomas Barrett-Lennard (1717–86), afterwards (1755) seventeenth Baron Dacre in succession to his mother; he married about this time Anna Maria, daughter of Sir John Pratt, one of the Justices of the King's Bench, and sister of Charles, first Earl Camden.

[11] Tovey: 'to be incapable of'

cherish him, & administer to him some of that cordial spirit of chearfulneſs, that you used to have the Receipt of. My Compliments to my Lord[12]. Good night,

Yours ever

T: G:

Paris—May 29. N: S: Friday-night. [1739]

93. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Rheims[1], June 18, 1739. N.S.

Dear West,

HOW I am to fill up this letter is not easy to divine. I have consented that Gray shall give you an account of our situation and proceedings; and have left myself at the mercy of my own invention—a most terrible resource, and which I shall avoid applying to, if I can poſsibly help it. I had prepared the ingredients for a description of a ball, and was just ready to serve it up to you, but he has plucked it from me. However, I was resolved to give you an account of a particular song and dance in it, and was determined to write the words and sing the tune just as I folded up my letter: but as it would, ten to one, be opened before it gets to you, I am forced to lay aside this thought, though an admirable one. Well, but now I have put

[12] Ashton's pupil, Lord Plymouth.

Letter 93.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 423–4.

[1] Mr. Walpole was now removed to Rheims, where, with his cousin Henry Seymour Conway and Mr. Gray, he resided three months, principally to acquire the French language. *Berry.*

it into your head, I suppose you won't rest without it. For that individual one, believe me, 'tis nothing without the tune and the dance; but to stay your stomach, I will send you one of their vaudevilles or ballads[2], which they sing at the comedy after their petites pieces.

You must not wonder if all my letters resemble dictionaries, with French on one side and English on t'other; I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning till night. This has put my mouth a little out of tune at present; but I am trying to recover the use of it, by reading the news-papers aloud at breakfast, and by chewing the title-pages of all my English books. Besides this, I have paraphrased half the first act of your new Gustavus[3], which was sent us to Paris: a most dainty performance, and just what you say of it. Good night, I am sure you must be tired: if you are not, I am.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

94. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Temple, June 21, 1739

DEAR WALPOLE,

YOUR last letter puts me in mind of some good people, who, though they give you the best dinner in the world, are never satisfied with themselves, but—

[2] This ballad does not appear. *Berry.*

[3] See Letter 92, n. 7.

LETTER 94.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 424–7.

wish they had known sooner—quite ashamed—a little unprepared—hope you'll excuse, and so forth: for you tell me, you only send me this to stay my stomach against you are better furnished, and at the same time you treat me, *ut nunquam in vitâ melius*[1]. Nor is it now alone that I have room to say so, but 'tis always: and I know I had rather gather the crumbs that fall from under your table, than be a prime guest with most other people. Sincerely, sir, nobody in Great Britain, nor, I believe, in France, keeps a more elegant table than yourself: mistake me not, I mean a metaphorical one, for else I should lie confoundedly; for you know you did not use to keep a very extraordinary one, at least when I had the honour to dine with you:—boiled chickens and roast legs of mutton were your highest effort. But with the metaphor, the case is quite altered: 'tis no longer chapon toujours bouilli: 'tis *varium et mutabile semper*[2] enough, I am sure: 'tis *Italo perfusus aceto*[3]: 'tis *tota merum sal*[4]: you see too, it has a particularity, which perhaps you did not know before, that it is of all genders, and is masculine, feminine, or neuter, which you please. Your feasts are like Plato's: one feeds upon them for two or three days together, & *è convivio sapientiores resurgimus quàm accubuimus.* So it is with me; and I never receive any of your tables, or *tabulæ*, for you know 'tis the same thing, but I exclaim to myself,

Di magni! salicippium[5] disertum!,

[1] Horace, 2 *Sat.* viii. 3–4.
[2] *Aen.* iv. 569.
[3] Horace, 1 *Sat.* vii. 32.
[4] Lucretius, *Rer. Nat.* iv. 1162.
[5] Catullus, liii. 5: 'Di magni, salaputium disertum!'

If you don't understand this line, you must consult with Doctor Bentley's nephew[6], who thinks nobody can understand it without him; when after all it does not signify a brafs farthing whether you understand it or no. But, sir, this is not all: you not only treat me with a whole bushel of attic salt, and a gallon of Italian vinegar, but you give me some English-French music—a vaudeville in both languages!

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ—[7]

But now I talk of music at a feast; I'll tell you of a feast and music too. About a fortnight ago, walking through Leicester-fields, I ran full-butt against somebody. Upon examination, who should it be but Mr A—? I mean the nephew of the lord of ——. So we saluted very amicably, and I engaged to sup with him Thursday next. To his lodgings I went on Thursday, and there I found Plato, Puffendorf, and Prato[8] (can't you guefs who they be?) A very good supper we had, and Plato gave your health. I believe he is in love. Did you ever hear of Nanny Blundel? But I forget our music. We had sir, for an hour or two, an Ethiopian, belonging to the Ducheſs of Athol[9], who played to us upon the French-horn. A— made

[6] Presumably the classical scholar, Dr. Thomas Bentley (*c.* 1693–1742), eldest son of Dr. Richard Bentley's half-brother, Thomas; he was Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1713 he published a little annotated edition of Horace, which earned him a place in the *Dunciad* (ii. 205), in the notes to which Pope refers to him as 'one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace'.

[7] Horace, 3 *Odes* viii. 5.

[8] Neither 'Puffendorf' nor 'Prato' has been identified; for 'Plato', see Letter 18, n. 8.

[9] Wife of James Murray, second Duke of Atholl.

me laugh about him very much. I said, I suppose you give this Ethiopian something to drink? Upon which he ordered him half-a-crown. I said, So *much*? Oh! he's only a Black, answered he. Puffendorf (who you know says good things sometimes) said, not amiſs, Oh, sir, if he had been a White, he'd have given him a crown. I don't pretend to compare our supper with your partie de cabaret at Rheims; but at least, sir, our materials were more sterling than yours. You had a goûté forsooth, composed of des fraises, de la crême, du vin, des gateaux, &c. We, sir, we supped à l'Angloise. Inprimis, we had buttock of beef, and Yorkshire ham; we had chickens too, and a gallon bowl of sallad, and a gooseberry pye as big as any thing. Now, sir, notwithstanding (Do you know what this notwithstanding relates to? I'll mark the cue for you—'tis)—notwithstanding, I say, I am neither *solers citharæ, neque musæ deditus ulli*[10], as you are; yet, as I am very vain, and apt to have a high opinion of my own poetry, I have a mind to treat you as elegantly as you have treated me—as you remember a certain doctor at King's College did the duke of Devonshire—and so have prepared you a little sort of musical accompagnamento for your entertainment. 'Tis true, I said to myself very often—

> An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, Te quoque verum est,
> Tanto diſsimilem, & tanto certare minorem[11]?

Then I reflected—

[10] Horace, 2 *Sat.* iii. 105: 'Nec studio citharæ nec Musæ deditus ulli.'

[11] Horace, 2 *Sat.* iii. 312–13.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine illis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulum summo discessit, vergit ad imum[12].

Yet in spite of these two long quotations (which I made no other use of than what you see) I still determined to scrape a little, and accordingly have sent you, in lieu of your vaudeville, a miserable elegy[13].

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS El: 15: Lib. 3:

Nunc, oh Bacche tuis &c.

Now prostrate Bacchus at thy Shrine I bend:
This once be gracious Father and attend!
Thine great Lyæus is the power confest
To chase our sorrows, & restore our rest:
'Tis thine, each joy attendant on the bowl,
Thine each gay Lenitive that glads the Soul.
God of the rosey cheek, & laughing eye,
To thee from Cynthia and from love I fly:
If ever Ariadne was thy Care,
Now shew thy pity, & accept my prayer.
Then, Bacchus, if by thee renew'd I find,
As once, my old serenity of mind,
My Umbrian hill shall flourish with the vine
Thine Bacchus, all my labours shall be thine
With my own hands the generous growth I'll rear,

[12] Horace, *Ars Poet.* 374–8.

[13] This elegy does not appear. *Berry.*—Tovey identified this elegy with the following imitation of Propertius, which he printed (in *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 127–8) from the copy in Gray's handwriting, dated by him 'Fav: June 1739', in the Pembroke MSS.

Rank the young shoots, & watch the riseing year,
Till all my boughs with the red Autumn bend,
And the large Vintage in my Vats descend.
Hail, mighty Bacchus, to my latest hour
In grateful strains I'll celebrate thy power;
And as I strike the Dithyrambic string,
Thy name, thy glory, & thy power I'll sing:
Thy birth I'll sing, thy mother's fatal fires,
Thy Indian trophies, & Nysæan choirs:
I'll sing Lycurgus by his Pride undone:
The dire disaster of Agave's son:
And the false Tuscans hurl'd into the Main.
I'll sing the wonders of the Naxian plain
Thy lakes of honey & thy floods of wine;
Such bleſsings, father, are reserved for thine!
Now, Io Bacchus! to the general Song,
Bacchus, to thee I'll lead the pomp along:
O'er thy white neck the vivid Ivy spread,
The Lycian mitre nodding on thy head:
Divine with oil thy honest face shall glow,
And to thy feet the dauncing robe shall flow.
Meantime thy Orgies in proceſsion come:
Dircæan Thebes shall beat the hollow Drum,
Th' Arcadian reed shall give a softer sound,
And Phrygian cimbals rattle hoarse around;
High at thy shrine the Flamen Priest shall stand
White-robed, with Ivy crown'd, and in his hand
The golden Vase: th' inferiour throng shall sing:
Io! again shall thro' the Temple ring.
And I thy Bard these wonders will rehearse,
And sound thy glories in no common verse:

Of thee this only recompense I ask,
A slight reward for such a toilsome task,
'Tis but to ease my bosom of its pain,
And never may I feel the pangs of love again.

I dare say you wish you could shake the pen out of my hand. But I don't know how it is; I am at present in a vein to make up for the dryneſs of most of my former letters, since you have been abroad; and I can't tell but that I may fill up this sheet, if not another, with more such trumpery. I forgot all this while to thank for the packet[14], which I have received, and which was more welcome to me than an Amiens-pye; for I can't help running on upon the metaphor I set out with; and you know I always was a heluo librorum. The first thing I pitched upon was Crebillon's love-letters[15], allured by the garnishing, I fancy; that is, the red leaves and the blue silk kalendar. 'Tis an ingenious account of the progreſs of love in a very virtuous lady's heart, and how a fine gentleman may first gain her approbation, then her esteem, then her heart, and then her—you know what. But don't you think it ends a little too tragically? For my part, I protest, I was very sorry the last letter made me cry. But the paſsions are charmingly described all through, and the language is fine. After this I would have read the Amusement Philosophique[16]; but Asheton has run away with it—

Callidus, quicquid placuit jocoso
Condere furto[17].

14 See Letter 91 *ad fin.*
15 See Letter 91, n. 9.
16 See Letter 91, n. 10.
17 Horace, 1 *Odes* x. 7–8.

Very jocose indeed to rob a body! So I ha'n't seen it since. Gustave[18] is no bad thing, as far as I can judge. One may see the author was young when he wrote it, and it looks to me like a first play of an author. But the language is natural, and in many places poetical. The plot is very entertaining, only I don't like the conclusion. It ends abrupt, and Leonor comes in at last too much like an apparition. The rest of the pieces I have not read; but from what I can discover by a transient view, I fancy they are better seen than read.

I am now at the eighth page: 'tis time to have done, and wish you adieu. I hear sir Robert is very well. My lord Conway is reckoned one of the prettiest persons about town.

Yours ever,
R. West.

95. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Rheims, July 20, 1739.

GRAY says, Indeed you ought to write to West. Lord, child, so I would, if I knew what to write about. If I were at London and he at Rheims, I would send him volumes about peace and war, Spaniards, camps, and conventions[1]; but d'ye think he cares sixpence to know who is gone to Compiegne[2], and when they come back, or who won and lost four livres at quadrille

[18] See Letter 92, n. 7.

Letter 95.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv. pp. 427–9.

[1] A Convention was signed in Jan. 1739 with a view to composing the differences between England and Spain. This it failed to do, and Sir Robert Walpole at length declared war against Spain on Oct. 19, 1739.

[2] A royal residence.

last night at Mr. Cockbert's?—No, but you may tell him what you have heard of Compiegne; that they have balls twice a week after the play, and that the count d'Eu[3] gave the king a most flaring entertainment in the camp, where the Polygone was represented in flowering shrubs. Dear West, these are the things I must tell you; I don't know how to make 'em look significant, unleſs you will be a Rhemois for a little moment[4]. I wonder you can stay out of the city so long, when we are going to have all manner of diversions. The comedians return hither from Compiegne in eight days, for example; and in a very little of time one attends the regiment of the king, three battalions and an hundred of officers; all men of a certain fashion, very amiable, and who know their world. Our women grow more gay, more lively from day to day in expecting them; mademoiselle la Reine is brewing a wash of a finer dye, and brushing up her eyes for their arrival. La Barone already counts upon fifteen of them: and madame Lelu, finding her linen robe conceals too many beauties, has bespoke one of gauze.

I won't plague you any longer with people you don't know, I mean French ones; for you must absolutely hear of an Englishman that lately appeared at Rheims. About two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner; from all which you may conclude we dine at two o'clock, as we were picking our teeth round a littered table, and in a crumby

3 Louis Charles de Bourbon, Comte d'Eu (1701–75).

4 The three following paragraphs are a literal translation of French expressions to the same import. *Berry*.

room, Gray in an undreſs, Mr. Conway in a morning grey coat, and I in a trim white night-gown, and slippers, very much out of order, with a very little cold; a meſsage discomposed us all of a sudden, with a service to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleased, he would wait on him. We scuttle upstairs in great confusion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three glaſses, and the dropping a slipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleaned out, and sent a very civil response to Mr. More, we began to consider who Mr. More should be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More[5], my Lady Tenham's husband[6]? No, it can't be he. A Mr. More then that lives in the Halifax family? No. In short, after thinking of ten thousand more Mr. Mores, we concluded it could never be a one of 'em. By this time Mr. More arrives; but such a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Irish, and learnt fortifications, which he does not understand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In short, he is a young swain of very uncouth phrase, inarticulate speech, and no ideas. This hopeful child is riding post into Lorrain, or any where else, he is not certain; for if

[5] Hon. Robert Moore (d. 1728), third son of third Earl of Drogheda.

[6] Anne Lennard (d. 1755), second daughter of Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex and Baron Dacre; m. (1) Thomas Barrett-Lennard; (2) Henry Roper, eighth Baron Teynham; (3) Hon. Robert Moore, as above. On the death of her elder sister (1741) she became Baroness Dacre.

there is a war he shall go home again: for we must give the Spaniards another drubbing, you know; and if the Dutch do but join us, we shall blow up all the ports in Europe; for our ships are our bastions, and our ravelines, and our hornworks; and there's a devilish wide ditch for 'em to pass, which they can't fill up with things——Here Mr. Conway helped him to fascines. By this time I imagine you have laughed at him as much, and were as tired of him as we were: but he's gone. This is the day that Gray and I intended for the first of a southern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn[7] and George Montagu[8] design us a visit here, we have put off our journey for some weeks. When we get a little farther, I hope our memoires will brighten: at present they are but dull, dull as

Your humble servant ever,

H. W.

P.S. I thank you ten thousand times for your last letter: when I have as much wit and as much poetry in me, I'll send you as good an one. Good night, child!

[7] George Augustus Selwyn (1719–91), the well-known wit, second son of Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, Gloucestershire; his friendship with Walpole was maintained unbroken from their school days at Eton till his death in 1791.

[8] George Montagu (d. 1780), eldest son of Brigadier Edward Montagu, and nephew of the second Earl of Halifax. He was an Eton friend of Walpole, and they remained on intimate terms until within ten years of Montagu's death, when a breach arose, due partly to political differences, partly to caprice on the part of Montagu.

96. GRAY AND WALPOLE TO ASHTON.

My dear Ashton,

THE exceeding Slowneſs and Sterility of me, & this Place[1] & the vast abundance & volubility of Mr Walpole & his Pen will sufficiently excuse to you the shortneſs of this little matter. He insists that it is not him, but his Pen that is so volubility, & so I have borrowd it of him; but I find it is both of 'em that is so volubility, for tho I am writing as fast, as I can drive, yet he is still chattering in vast abundance. I have desired me to hold his tongue, pho, I mean him, & his, but his Pen is so used to write in the first Person, that I have screwd my finger & thumb off, with forcing it, into the third. After all this confusion of Persons, & a little stroke of Satyr upon me the Pen returns calmly back again into the old *I*, & *me*, as if nothing had happend to tell you how much I am tired, & how croſs I am, that this cursed Scheme of Meſsrs. Selwyn & Montague[2] should have come acroſs all our Measures, & broke in upon the whole year, which, what with the Month we have to wait for them, & the Month they are to stay here, will be entirely slipt away, at least, the agreable Part of it, and if we journey at all, it will be thro' dirty roads, & falling leaves.

Letter 96.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 45–7); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 151 ff.).

[1] Tovey omits these three words.

[2] See Letter 95 *ad fin.*

The Man, whose arguments you have so learnedly stated[3], & whom you did not think fit to honour with a Confutation, we from thence conceive to be one, who does us honour, in thinking us fools, & so you see, I lay my Claim to a share of the glory; we are not vastly curious about his Name, first because it don't signify, 2dly because we know it already: it is either Sr T: G: himself, or your friend Mr Fenton, if it's them we don't care, & if it is not, we don't care neither, but if you care to convince the Man, whoever he be, that we are in some points not altogether fools, you might let him know that we are most sincerely

Yours

H W. G

Rheims—July. [1739]

Addressed: To pour l'Angleterre
Mr Ashton
at Mrs Lewes's
Hanover Square
London.
Franc à Paris.

97. GRAY TO ASHTON.

Rheims. 25 Aug. N: S [1739]

My dear Ashton,

I AM not so ignorant of Pain myself as to be able to hear of anothers Sufferings, without any Sensibility to them, especially when they are those of One, I ought

[3] The letter here referred to has not been preserved.

Letter 97.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 47–8); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, fol. 148 ff.).

more particularly to feel for; tho' indeed the goodneſs of my own Constitution, is in some Sense a Misfortune to me, for as the health of everybody I love seems much more precarious than my own, it is but a melancholy prospect to consider myself as one, that may poſsibly in some years be left in the World, destitute of the advice or good Wishes of those few friends, that usd to care for me, and without a likelihood or even a desire of gaining any new ones. this letter will, I hope, find you perfectly recoverd, & your own painful experience will, for the future, teach you not to give so much in to a sedentary Life, that has [I] fear been the Cause of your illneſs. Give my duty to your Mind, & tell her she has taken more care of herself, than of my tother poor friend, your Body, &. bid her hereafter remember how nearly *her* Welfare is connected with *his:* tell her too, that she may pride herself in her great family, & despise him for being a poor Mortal, as much as she pleases, but that he is her wedded husband, & if he suffers, she must smart for it. my inferences you will say, don't follow very naturally, nor have any great relation to what has been said, but they are as follows.

Meſsrs Selwin and Montague have been here these 3 weeks, are by this time pretty heartily tired of Rheims, & return in about a week. The day they set out for England, we are to do the same for Burgundy, in our way only as it is said to Provence, but People better informd conceive that Dijon will be the end of our expedition. for me, I make everything that does not depend on me, so indifferent to me, that if it be to go to the Cape of good Hope I care not: if you are

well enough, you will let me know a little of the history of West who does not remember there is such a Place as Champagne in the world.

Your's ever
T. G.

pour l'Angleterre
franc jusqu'a Paris.

Addressed: To
Mr Ashton at Mrs Lewes's
in Hanover Square
London
Franc a Paris.

98. ASHTON TO WEST.

London. Aug. 25. 1739.

FRIEND[1],

THE kind Meſsage thou didst leave with my Servant John raisd my Appetite of seeing thee to a very great Pitch, in so much that my bowells did yearn, yea verily I did hunger & thirst for thy Company many days. I would have devourd thy Sayings & would have hung upon thy Mouth, as an infant hangs on the Nipple of the breast. I would have sucked in thy words, as the warm new Milk. but thou hast defrauded my Soul, & withdrawn thyself unkindly from me.

LETTER 98.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 130–1); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, fol. 201).

[1] This letter [is] in a large regular, assum'd Hand, to imitate the Quakers' Manner of Penmanship. *Mitford.*

The exhortation I gave thee was good, tho' clothd in the language of the Profane. Feed thy Soul with such food, and truly thou wilt be fat & well liking.

Our friend Whitfield[2] is too hard for Edmund Gibson[3]. Perhaps thou hast seen his Answer[4] it is wrote in the meek Spirit of Satyr, in all the humility of religious Sneer. I doubt the Spirit of Truth had no hand in the Controversy.

Our friends on the other side of the water[5] salute thee, but they complain as much of the want of thy letters as I do, of the want of thyself.

Fare thee well.

99. GRAY TO WEST.

Lyons, Sept. 18, N. S. 1739.

SCAVEZ vous bien, mon cher ami, que je vous hais, que je vous deteste? voila des termes un peu forts; and that will save me, upon a just computation, a page of paper and six drops of ink; which, if I confined

[2] George Whitefield (1714–70), the celebrated preacher, leader of the Calvinistic Methodists.

[3] Edmund Gibson (1669–1748), Bishop of Lincoln, 1716–20; of London, 1720–48. In 1739 he issued a Pastoral Letter 'By way of Caution, Against *Lukewarmness* on one hand, and *Enthusiasm* on the other'.

[4] 'The Rev. Mr. Whitefield's *Answer*, to the Bishop of London's last Pastoral Letter'. Lond. 1739.

[5] Gray and Walpole.

LETTER 99.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 54–6.

myself to reproaches of a more moderate nature, I should be obliged to employ in using you according to your deserts. What! to let any body reside three months at Rheims, and write but once to them? Please to consult Tully de Amicit. page 5, line 25, and you will find it said in expreſs terms, 'Ad amicum inter Remos relegatum mense uno quinquies scriptum esto;' nothing more plain, or leſs liable to false interpretations. Now because, I suppose, it will give you pain to know we are in being, I take this opportunity to tell you that we are at the ancient and celebrated Lugdunum, a city situated upon the confluence of the Rhône and Saône (Arar, I should say) two people, who, though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company; the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicari non poſsit[1]; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he paſses incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below. The houses here are so high, and the streets so narrow, as would be sufficient to render Lyons the dismallest place in the world, but the number of people, and the face of commerce diffused about it, are, at least, as sufficient to make it the liveliest: Between these two

[1] Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*, i. 12: 'Flumen est Arar, quod per fines Æduorum et Sequanorum in Rhodanum influit, incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis, in utram partem fluit, judicari non possit.

sufficiencies, you will be in doubt what to think of it; so we shall leave the city, and proceed to its environs, which are beautiful beyond expreſsion; it is surrounded with mountains, and those mountains all bedroped and bespeckled with houses, gardens, and plantations of the rich Bourgeois, who have from thence a prospect of the city in the vale below on one hand, on the other the rich plains of the Lyonnois, with the rivers winding among them, and the Alps, with the mountains of Dauphiné, to bound the view. All yesterday morning we were busied in climbing up Mount Fourviere, where the ancient city stood perched at such a height, that nothing but the hopes of gain could certainly ever persuade their neighbours to pay them a visit: Here are the ruins of the Emperors' palaces, that resided here, that is to say, Augustus and Severus; they consist in nothing but great maſses of old wall, that have only their quality to make them respected. In a vineyard of the Minims are remains of a theatre; the Fathers, whom they belong to, hold them in no esteem at all, and would have showed us their sacristy and chapel instead of them: The Ursuline Nuns have in their garden some Roman baths, but we having the misfortune to be men, and heretics, they did not think proper to admit us. Hard by are eight arches of a most magnificent aqueduct, said to be erected by Antony, when his legions were quartered here: There are many other parts of it dispersed up and down the country, for it brought the water from a river many leagues off in La Forez. Here are remains too of Agrippa's seven great roads which met at Lyons; in

some places they lie twelve feet deep in the ground: In short, a thousand matters that you shall not know, till you give me a description of the Païs de Tombridge, and the effect its waters have upon you.

100. WEST TO GRAY AND WALPOLE.

Moi R West.

COMME nous avons entendu par notre fidel & bon ami Thomas Ashton[1], que vous, Tho. Gray & Hor. Walpole, nos anciens & bienaimez alliés, vous êtes fachés un peu, de ce que nous n'avons pas ecrit ce long tems, ni à l'un ni l'autre, & que vous le considerez tous deux comme un contrevention de nôtre amitié, Nous de notre bonne volunté promettons pour le futur d'être plus exacts en nôtre correspondance, &, parceque nous avons envie de continuer la paix & la tranquilité, qui ont été de tout tems entre nous trois[2], nous sommes resolus en plein conseil de vous demander pardon, &, au lieu que nous pouvions nous plaindre de vous à nôtre tour, & rejetter la faute sur vous, à la mode Espagnole, nous au contraire, pour donner à l'Europe un exemple de nôtre moderation, avouons que nous

Letter 100.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] See Letter 98, *ad fin.*

[2] West originally wrote 'deux'.

sommes coupables, & vous prions, de nous continuer vôtre amitié, & correspondance.

Signé. Moi RW.
Souſsigné. Grimalkin, premier Chat.

I hope this silly, unmeaning thing won't be open'd & stop't at the post.

Adieu! Mes chers —

Temple. Sept^r. 24. [1739]

Addressed: To Horace Walpole Esq^r.
au soin de Monsieur
Alexander, Banquier,
à Paris[3],
France

Stamped: RJ

101. WALPOLE TO WEST.

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy,
Sept. 28, 1739. N.S.

PRECIPICES, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa——the pomp of our park and the meekneſs of our palace! Here we are, the loſtely lords of glorious desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I staid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter

[3] Gray and Walpole were at this time at Lyons.

LETTER 101.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 429–31.

among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it; and that I should write it too! Lord, how potent that sounds! But I am to undergo many transmigrations before I come to 'yours ever.' Yesterday I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss Calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all æthers; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this; 'tis my esteem for you: this is a common thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here; as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 30th.

We are this minute come in here, and here's an awkward abbé this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. Oüi, oui, oui. He has ordered us a radish soupe for supper, and has brought a chefs-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the act, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see anything like the prospect we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse[1]; expected bad roads, and the finest convent

[1] About thirty-seven miles from Grenoble. On revisiting the Chartreuse (in August 1741, after his parting from Horace Walpole) Gray wrote in the visitors' book his famous Alcaic ode, 'Oh tu, severi relligiò loci.'

in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity: they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, conserves, cheese, butter, grapes and figs, and prefsed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, unluckily having the charge of the meal and bran, showed us little besides. They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others, we found two mottos of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of Sir J—— D——, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Justum & tenacem*[2], altering the last line to *Mente quatit Carthusiana.* The second was of one D——, *Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; & hic ventri indico bellum*[3]. The Goth!—But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hasting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with a broken rail, a leaning crofs, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the

[2] Horace, 3 *Odes* iii. [3] Horace, 1 *Odes* iii. 38, and 1 *Sat.* v. 7–8.

summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you? Good night!

Geneva, Oct. 2.

By beginning a new date, I should begin a new letter; but I have seen nothing yet, and the post is going out: 'tis a strange tumbled dab, and dirty too, I am sending you; but what can I do? There is no possibility of writing such a long history over again. I find there are many English in the town; lord Brook[4], lord Mansel[5], lord Hervey's[6] eldest son, and a son[7] of —— of Mars and Venus, or of Antony and Cleopatra, or, in short, of ————. This is the boy in the bow of whose hat Mr. Hedges[8] pinned a pretty

[4] Francis Greville (1719–73), eighth Baron Brooke; cr. Earl Brooke, 1746; and Earl of Warwick, 1759.

[5] Thomas Mansell (d. 1744), second Baron Mansell.

[6] John Hervey (1696–1743), eldest surviving son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol (n. c.); entered the House of Lords as Baron Hervey of Ickworth, 1733. His eldest son was the Hon. George William Hervey (1721–75), who succeeded his father as second Baron Hervey, 1743, and his grandfather as second Earl of Bristol, 1751.

[7] Probably Charles Churchill junior, natural son of General Charles Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield the actress. The two latter are doubtless referred to here as 'Mars and Venus' and 'Antony and Cleopatra'. Mrs. Oldfield appeared in 1724 in the part of Cleopatra in Cibber's *Cæsar in Egypt*.

[8] Charles, youngest son of Sir Charles Hedges, sometime Secretary of State. He was Envoy to Turin, and Secretary to the Prince of Wales. (See n. 6 on this letter in Mrs. Toynbee's *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. i, p. 39.)

epigram: I don't know if you ever heard it: I'll suppose you never did, because it will fill up my letter:

> Give but Cupid's dart to me,
> Another Cupid I shall be;
> No more distinguish'd from the other
> Than Venus would be from my mother.

Scandal says, Hedges thought the two last very like; and it says too, that she was not his enemy for thinking so.

Adieu! Gray and I return to Lyons in three days. Harry[9] stays here. Perhaps at our return we may find a letter from you: it ought to be very full of excuses, for you have been a lazy creature; I hope you have, for I would not owe your silence to any other reason.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

102. WEST TO GRAY.

Temple, Sep. 28. 1739.

IF wishes could turn to realities, I would fling down my law books, and sup with you to-night. But, alas, here am I doomed to fix, while you are fluttering from city to city, and enjoying all the pleasures which a gay climate can afford. It is out of the power of my heart to envy your good fortune, yet I cannot help indulging a few natural desires; as for example, to take

9 Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

LETTER 102.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 56–8.

a walk with you on the banks of the Rhône, and to be climbing up mount Fourviere;

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari:
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt [1].

However, so long as I am not deprived of your correspondence, so long shall I always find some pleasure in being at home. And, setting all vain curiosity aside, when the fit is over, and my reason begins to come to herself, I have several other powerful motives which might easily cure me of my restleſs inclinations: Amongst these, my Mother's ill state of health is not the least; which was the reason of our going to Tunbridge, so that you cannot expect much description or amusement from thence. Nor indeed is there much room for either; for all diversions there may be reduced to two articles, gaming and going to church. They were pleased to publish certain Tunbrigiana this season; but such ana! I believe there were never so many vile little verses put together before. So much for Tunbridge: London affords me as little to say. What! so huge a town as London? Yes, consider only how I live in that town. I never go into the gay or high world, and consequently receive nothing from thence to brighten my imagination. The busy world I leave to the busy; and am resolved never to talk politics till I can act at the same time. To tell old stories, or prate of old books, seems a little musty; and toujours Chapon bouilli, won't do. However, for want of better fare, take another little mouthful of my poetry.

[1] Catullus, xlvi. 7–8.

O meæ jucunda comes quietis !
Quæ ferè ægrotum solita es levare
Pectus, et sensim ah ! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas :

Quid canes ? quanto Lyra dic furore
Gesties, quando hâc reducem sodalem
Glauciam [2] gaudere simul videbis
Méque sub umbrâ ?

103. WEST TO WALPOLE.

Dear Walpole,

NOTHING can be more obliging than your last letter [1] : t'is so obliging, that you must forgive me, if I imputê a good part of what you say to complaisance: I should be vain if I did'n't. You tell me, you had made a kind of resolution not to write to me as long as you staid in France : if you allways make me such amends, I don't care how many of those resolutions you make : tho' in the mean time I should be a loser, so that I might very well have spared my compliment. But it is not so easy for me to make you amends. I have often accused myself for my negligence in writing but never yet could excuse myself : perhaps I should never have known how to do it, if you had not prevented me by doing it for me. I beleive you lay the fault on a very right cause. I confeſs my lazyneſs.

[2] He gives Mr. Gray the name of Glaucias frequently in his Latin verse, as Mr. Gray calls him Favonius. *Mason.*

Letter 103.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] Letter 101.

It has such an ascendancy over me, that, I'm pretty sure, If I were divided into two persons, one half would forget t'other very quickly. Wou'd you have me say any more after that?

You seem to take it for granted that I'm a poet, I find; but you never dream all this while of another quality I have, which is that I'm a prophet. for I told Ashton, before I received your letter, that you would go into Savoy & come back again: which you have done. Your description of the Alps made me shudder, but I don't see any occasion you have to wish you were a poet, or to wish for your humble Servt. at least in that capacity, since you can give such a description so very poetically: Nay there is a couple of verses which perhaps you did not take notice of, when you writ it—

> Others all shagg'd with hanging woods,
> Obscured in[2] pines, or lost in clouds.

they are so good, that I could wish they had not been alone: as they are, I shall consider them as a Fragment.

The Epigram of Hedges, I have seen before: but, if you'll give me leave, I'll copy down some things, which I fancy you never did. I take 'em from a new book or an old book just come out. T'is a collection of Prior's relicts[3], which the Editor has scraped together good & bad, & has swell'd them into a couple of large volumes in Octavo. The first vol. contains an account

[2] Walpole wrote 'with'.

[3] Matthew Prior (1664–1721), an edition of whose works in two volumes 8vo (vol. i, *History of his Own Time*; vol. ii, *Miscellaneous Works, consisting of Poems, &c. now first published*) had been issued in this year (but with the imprint 1740).

of his Negotiations, & consists chiefly of Letters, Treaties, Instructions, Journals & so forth: There is the Examination of Prior before the Committee of Secrecy (in which S^r. Rob^t. was chairman)[4] which is curious enough. The second vol. contains several Epigrams & petites pieces, very few of which seem intended for publication. Some of them are very pretty, & have that easy air of the world, which is so visible in Prior's poetry. I'll pick you out some & fill my paper with them. Yours ever. R W.

I hope you received my Manifesto[5] & a letter since[6].

Oct^r. 15. [1739]

CUPID TURN'D PLOWMAN. IMITATION OF MOSCHUS.

His lamp, his bow, & quiver laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tyed,
Sly Cupid allways on new Mischief bent,
To the rich field, & furrow'd tillage went.
Like any plowman toil'd the little God,
His tune he whistled, & his wheat he sow'd:
Then sat & laugh'd, and to the Skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove.
Lay by your hail, Your hurtfull storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain.
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, & draw the servile plow,
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

T'is pretty. But don't you think it a little like one of Quarles' Emblems?

[4] In 1715. [5] Letter 100. [6] Letter 102.

To Fortune.

Whilst I in prison on a court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
In vain, malicious Fortune, hast Thou tried
By taking from my state to quell my pride:
Insulting girl! thy present rage abate;
And woud'st thou have me humble, make me great.

I writ this down for the Sentiment. Prior seems to have writ it in his confinement.

Human Life.

What trifling coil do we poor Mortals keep:
Wake, Eat, and Drink, evacuate, and sleep.

To my Lord Harley. Extempore.
for my Lady Harley.

Pen, Ink, & wax, & paper send
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite,
Of virtue, Goodneſs, peace & Love,
Thoughts which Angels might approve.

If I remember, I think you told me this Extempore once, so, I'm afraid, you know it.

A Letter
to the Hon. Lady Miss Margaret Cavendish
Holles Harley.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first Epistle beg ye,

At dawn of morn & close of Even
To lift your hands & heart to Heaven,
In double duty[7] say your prayer,
Our father, first, then nôtre pere;
And dearest Child along the day
In everything you do & say
Obey & please My Lord & Lady,
So God shall love, & Angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your Constant friend. M. P.

Can one write better to a child of five year old? I would send you two or three more. but I have not room as you see, without a fresh sheet—— Adieu!

104. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Turin, Nov. 11, 1739. N.S.

SO, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for, on the very highest precipice of mount Cenis, the devil of discord in the similitude of sour wine had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting, with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never hâve found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons; the four last in crofsing the Alps. Such un-

[7] West's notes on the margin: 't'is printed Beauty. it must be wrong'.

LETTER 104.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 431–3.

couth rocks, and such uncomely inhabitants! my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen! and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep, and rough as Oldham's father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hobnails in his shoes[1]. But the dexterity and nimbleneſs of the mountaineers is inconceivable; they run with you down steeps and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could poſsibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel, of king Charles's breed[2]; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of one of the highest Alps, by the side

[1] Mitford points out that this simile is taken from Oldham's *Character of a Certain Ugly Old Priest* (commonly supposed to be intended for his father): 'His filthy *Countenance* . . . has more *Furrows* than all *Cotswold* . . . I believe the *Devil* travels over it in his Sleep with *Hob-nails* in his *Shoes*' (ed. 1770, pp. 165–6). Miss Berry prints the initial of the name only.

[2] This dog had been given to Walpole in Paris by Lord Conway (see Walpole to Cole, Dec. 10, 1775).

of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory[3] by the throat, and, before we could posibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sun-shine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death[4].

Just coming out of Chamberri, which is a little nasty old hole, I copied an inscription, set up at the end of a great road, which was practised through an immense solid rock by bursting it asunder with gun-powder: the Latin is pretty enough, and so I send it you:

Carolus Emanuel II.[5] *Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publicâ felicitate partâ, singulorum commodis intentus, breviorem securioremque viam regiam, naturâ occlusam, Romanis intentatam, cæteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum repagulis, æquatâ montium iniquitate, quæ cervicibus imminebant precipitia pedibus substernens, æternis populorum commerciis patefecit.* A.D. 1670.

We pased the Pas de Suze, where is a strong fortres on a rock, between two very neighbour mountains; and then, through a fine avenue of three leagues, we at last discovered Turin.

[3] For the explanation of this name, see the letter to Cole quoted in n. 2.

[4] For another account of this incident, see Gray's letter to his mother, from Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1739. An ode on the subject was published in 1775 by Edward Burnaby Greene.

[5] Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy (1638–75).

E l'un à l'altro mostra, & in tanto oblia
La noia, e 'l mal de la paſsata via[6].

'Tis really by far one of the prettiest cities I have seen—not one of your large straggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty suburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's[7] palace is not of the proudest without, but of the richest within; painted, gilt, looking-glaſsed, very costly, but very tawdry; in short, a very popular palace. We were last night at the Italian comedy—The devil of a house, and the devil of actors! Besides this, there is a sort of an heroic tragedy, called *La representatione dell' anima dannata*. A woman, a sinner, comes in and makes a solemn prayer to the Trinity: enter Jesus Christ and the Virgin: he scolds, and exit: she tells the woman her son is very angry, but she don't know, she will see what she can do. After the play, we were introduced to the aſsembly, which they call the Conversazione: there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called taroc[8], with cards so *high*[9], to the number of seventy-eight. There are three or four English here;

[6] Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* iii. 4.

[7] Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia (1730–73).

[8] A contemporary description of the game of taroc or *minchiate* is given by De Brosses: 'Il y a quatre-vingt-dix-sept cartes, grandes et épaisses au double des nôtres; savoir: cinquante-six des quatre couleurs ordinaires; . . . plus, quarante figures singulières numérotées, et le fol, ou *matto*, qui tient lieu de zéro, en augmentant la valeur des autres. Ces figures portent le nom des étoiles, du soleil, de la lune, du pape, du diable, de la mort, du pendu, du bateleur, de la trompette du jugement dernier, et autres bizarres . . . Ce jeu a été inventé à Sienne, par Michel-Ange, à ce qu'on prétend.' (*Lettres Familières*, XLIV.)

[9] In the manuscript, the writing of this word is extraordinarily tall. *Berry*.

lord Lincoln [10], with Spence [11], your professor of poetry; a Mr. B——, and a Mr. C——, a man that never utters a syllable. We have tried all stratagems to make him speak. Yesterday he did at last open his mouth, and said *Bec.* We all laughed so at the novelty of the thing that he shut it again, and will never speak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you. What a volume of trifles! I wrote just the fellow to it from Geneva [12]; had it you? Farewell!

Thine,

HOR. WALPOLE.

105. GRAY TO WEST.

Turin, Nov. 16, N. S. 1739.

AFTER eight days journey through Greenland, we arrived at Turin. You approach it by a handsome avenue of nine miles long, and quite strait. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dragons, called Douäniers, who mumbled us for some time. The city is not large, as being a place of strength, and consequently confined within its fortifications; it has many beauties and some faults; among the first are streets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walks that surround the whole, and in general a good lively clean appearance: But the houses are of brick

[10] Henry Fiennes Pelham-Clinton (1720–94), ninth Earl of Lincoln; succeeded his uncle as second Duke of Newcastle, 1768.

[11] Rev. Joseph Spence (1699–1768), author of the well-known *Anecdotes*, at this time travelling with Lord Lincoln. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1728–38.

[12] Letter 101, the last portion of which is dated from Geneva.

LETTER 105.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 65–8.

plaistered, which is apt to want repairing; the windows of oiled paper, which is apt to be torn; and every thing very slight, which is apt to tumble down. There is an excellent Opera, but it is only in the Carnival: Balls every night, but only in the Carnival: Masquerades, too, but only in the Carnival. This Carnival lasts only from Christmas to Lent; one half of the remaining part of the year is pafsed in remembering the last, the other in expecting the future Carnival. We cannot well subsist upon such slender diet, no more than upon an execrable Italian Comedy, and a Puppet-Show, called Rappresentazione d'un' anima dannata, which, I think, are all the present diversions of the place; except the Marquise de Cavaillac's Conversazione, where one goes to see people play at Ombre and Taroc[1], a game with 72 cards all painted with suns, and moons, and devils and monks. Mr. Walpole has been at court; the family are at present at a country palace, called La Venerie. The palace here in town is the very quinteſsence of gilding and looking-glafs; inlaid floors, carved pannels, and painting, wherever they could stick a brush. I own I have not, as yet, any where met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for; But those of Nature have astonished me beyond expreſsion. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that

[1] See Letter 104, n. 8.

would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day: You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frighting it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloïse were not forgot upon this occasion: If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance among the trees; il me semble, que j'ai vu ce chien de visage là quelque part. You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since paſsed among the Alps, has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties; the savage rudeneſs of the view is inconceivable without seeing it: I reckoned in one day, thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. I had Livy in the chaise with me, and beheld his 'Nives cœlo propè immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi & inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentiá gelu; omnia confragosa, præruptaque[2]'. The creatures that inhabit

[2] Livy, xxi. 32.

them are, in all respects, below humanity; and most of them, especially women, have the tumidum guttur[3], which they call goscia. Mont Cenis, I confeſs, carries the permiſsion mountains have of being frightful[4] rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monsters I have mentioned, upon its very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their stock of provisions and firing, and so are buried in their hut for a month or two under the snow. When we were down it, and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find 'Apricos quosdam colles, rivosque prope sylvas, & jam humano cultu digniora loca[5]'. I read Silius Italicus too, for the first time; and wished for you according to custom. We set out for Genoa in two days time.

106. GRAY TO WEST.

Genoa, Nov. 21, 1739.

Horridos tractus, Boreæq; linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæq; amantes
Littora soles.

AT least if they do not, they have a very ill taste; for I never beheld any thing more amiable

3 Goitre—Juvenal, *Sat.* xiii. 162: 'Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?'

4 Mason notes that this is a phrase borrowed from Madame de Sévigné: 'Guilleragues disoit hier que Pellisson abusoit de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'être laids' (*à Mad. de Grignan*, 5 janv. 1674).

5 Livy, xxi. 37.

LETTER 106.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 68–70.

Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular bason, full of fine blue sea, and veſsels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens and marble terrases full of orange and cypreſs trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup d'oeil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little orisons; (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been sometime converts to the holy Catholic church) we found our Lady richly dreſsed out, with a crown of diamonds on her own head, another upon the child's, and a conſtellation of wax lights burning before them: Shortly after came the Doge, in his robes of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. Upon his approach began a fine concert of music, and among the rest two eunuchs' voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French operas for a year. We listened to this, and breathed nothing but incense for two hours. The Doge is a very tall, lean, stately, old figure, called Costantino Balbi[1]; and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion. After this we went to the Annonciata, a church built by the family Lomellini, and belonging to

[1] Doge, 1738–40.

it; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place. From hence to the Palazzo Doria. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terrases, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family[2]. There great imbosed silver tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea; how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Commonwealth when it was offered him; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs, and gothic tapestry. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our hearts' content, in cursing French music and architecture, and in singing the praises of Italy. We find this place so very fine, that we are in fear of finding nothing finer. We are fallen in love with the Mediterranean sea, and hold your lakes and your rivers in vast contempt. This is

'The happy country where huge lemons grow,'

as Waller says[3]; and I am sorry to think of leaving it in a week for Parma, although it be

The happy country where huge cheeses grow.

[2] The famous admiral, Andrea Doria (1466–1560).

[3] *Battle of the Summer Islands*, i. 5–6:

'Bermuda, walled with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow . . .'

107. WEST TO WALPOLE.

DEAR WALPOLE,

BEC! for I have not spoke to-day, and therefore I am resolved to speak to you first. Asheton is of opinion you have read Herodotus; but I imagine no such thing, and verily believe the gentleman to be a Phœnician[1]. I can't forgive Mont Cenis poor Tory's death! I can aſsure her I'll never sing her panegyric, unleſs she serves all her wolves as Edgar the Peaceable did[2]. It did touch a little upon the traveller. What do you think it put me in mind of? Not a bit like, but it put me in mind of poor Mrs Rider in Cleveland[3], where she's tore to pieces by the savages. I can't say I much like your Alps by the description you give; but still I have a strange ambition to be where Hannibal was: it must be a pretty thing to fetch a walk in the clouds, and to have the snow up to one's ears. But

LETTER 107.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, p. 434.

[1] As Tovey points out, West here makes a slip. It should be Phrygian. Herodotus (ii. 2) tells the story of how Psammitichus, King of Egypt, had two children brought up, without a word being uttered in their presence, in order to discover what word they would first articulate. One day, when they were two years old, they held out their hands to their foster-father, and cried βεκός, which on inquiry proved to be the Phrygian name for bread.

[2] Edgar, King of the English, 959–75. According to William of Malmesbury, he laid a tribute on the Prince of the North Welsh of 300 wolves' heads for four years, which was paid for three years, and then discontinued because no more wolves were left.

[3] By the Abbé Prévost (see Letter 87, n. 6). In the original French the name is not Rider, but Riding. The incident occurs in Book V (ed. 1783, vol. ii, pp. 225 ff.). The fate of this unfortunate lady was even more terrible than that of Tory: 'Je ne pus douter que ma fille et madame Riding ne servissent alors de proies aux flammes, pour servir ensuite de pâture à nos cruels ennemis.'

I am really surprised at your going two leagues in five hours: a'n't it prodigious quick, to go down such a terrible descent? The inscription you mention is very pretty Latin. I see already you like Italy better than France and all its works. When shall you be at Rome? Middleton, I think, says, you find there every thing you find every where else. I expect volume upon volume there. Do you never write folios as well as quartos? You know I am a heluo of everything of that kind, and I am never so happy as when—verbosa & grandis epistola venit[4].—We have strange news here in town, if it be but true: we hear of a sea-fight between six of our men of war and ten Spanish; and that we sunk one and took five. I should not forget that Mr. Pelham[5] has lost two only children at a stroke: 'tis a terrible loſs: they died of a sort of sore-throat. To muster up all sort of news: Glover[6] has put out on this occasion a new poem, called London, or The Progreſs of Commerce; wherein he very much extols a certain Dutch poet, called Janus Douza[7], and compares

[4] Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 71.

[5] Hon. Henry Pelham (*c.* 1695–1754), second son of first Lord Pelham, and brother of the Duke of Newcastle. He was at this time Paymaster of the Forces (1730–43), and was subsequently Prime Minister (1743–54). His two only sons (not 'two only children', for he had four daughters living) died in November this year of ulcerated sore throat, which hence came to be known as the 'Pelham fever'.

[6] The author of *Leonidas* (see Letter 56, n. 1). His *London*, like *Leonidas*, was in blank verse.

[7] 'Brave Æschylus and Sophocles, around
Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
By Douza's valour.'
(ll. 364–7.)
In his note Glover describes Douza as 'a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time'. Janus Douza (Jan van der Does) (1545–1604), Dutch statesman, historian,

him to Sophocles: I suppose he does it to make interest upon 'Change. Plays we have none, or damned ones. Handel has had a concerto this winter[8]. No opera, no nothing. All for war and admiral Haddock[9]. Farewell and adieu!

Yours,

R. West.

Temple,
Dec. 13, 1739.

108. WALPOLE TO WEST.

From Bologna, [Dec. 14][1] 1739.

I DON'T know why I told Asheton I would send you an account of what I saw; don't believe it, I don't intend it. Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues! And then one should have that odious Curl[2] get at one's letters, and publish them like Whitfield's Journal[3], or for a

and poet. He distinguished himself in the defence of Leyden against the Spaniards in 1574. His principal work was a poem, in Latin elegiacs, on the Annals of Holland.

[8] Handel produced two concertos this year at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre.

[9] Admiral Nicholas Haddock (1686–1746), at this time Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. During the war with Spain he made many rich prizes, including two treasure-ships.

Letter 108.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 435–7.

[1] See n. 14.

[2] Edmund Curll, the bookseller (1675–1747). In 1726 he had printed Pope's *Familiar Letters to Henry Cromwell* (by Pope's own connivance, as was afterwards proved).

[3] Portions of the *Journal* of Whitefield (see Letter 98, n. 2) were published in this year.

supplement to the Traveller's Pocket-companion. Dear West, I protest against having seen any thing but what all the world has seen; nay, I have not seen half that, not some of the most common things; not so much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you? Except pictures and statues, we are not very fond of sights; don't go a-staring after crooked towers and conundrum staircases. Don't you hate too a jingling epitaph of one Procul and one Proculus that is here[4]? Now and then we drop in at a proceſsion, or a high-maſs, hear the music, enjoy a strange attire, and hate the foul monkhood. Last week was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On the eve we went to the Franciscans' church to hear the academical exercises. There were moult and moult clergy, about two dozen dames, that treated one another with *illuſtriſsima* and brown kiſses, the vice-legate, the gonfalonier, and some senate. The vice-legate, whose conception was not quite so immaculate, is a young personable person, of about twenty, and had on a mighty pretty cardinal-kind of habit; 'twould make a delightful masquerade dreſs. We asked his name: Spinola. What, a nephew of the cardinal-legate[5]? *Signor, no: ma credo che gli sia qualche cosa.* He sat on the right-hand with the gonfalonier in two purple fauteuils. Opposite was a throne of crimson damask, with the device of the Academy, the Gelati; and trimmings of gold. Here sat at a table, in black,

[4] *Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuisset,*
Jam procul a Proculo Proculus ipse foret.
A.D. 1392.
Epitaph on the outside of the wall of the church of St. Proculo. *Berry.*

[5] Cardinal Giorgio Spinola (d. 1739), Nuncio at Vienna.

the head of the academy, between the orator and the first poet. At two semicircular tables on either hand sat three poets and three; silent among many candles. The chief made a little introduction, the orator a long Italian vile harangue. Then the chief, the poet, the poets, who were a Franciscan, an Olivetan, an old abbé, and three lay, read their compositions; and to-day they are pasted up in all parts of the town. As we came out of the church, we found all the convent and neighbouring houses lighted all over with lanthorns of red and yellow paper, and two bonfires. But you are sick of this foolish ceremony; I'll carry you to no more: I will only mention, that we found the Dominicans' church here in mourning for the inquisitor; 'twas all hung with black cloth, furbelowed and festooned with yellow gauze. We have seen a furniture here in a much prettier taste; a gallery of Count Caprara's: in the pannels between the windows are pendent trophies of various arms taken by one of his ancestors[6] from the Turks. They are whimsical, romantic, and have a pretty effect. I looked about, but could not perceive the portrait of the lady at whose feet they were indisputably offered. In coming out of Genoa we were more lucky; found the very spot where Horatio and Lothario[7] were to have fought, '*west of the town a mile among the rocks.*'

My dear West, in return for your epigrams of Prior[8],

[6] Albert, Count Caprara (d. 1701), who in 1685 took Neuhausel from the Turks.

[7] Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, Act ii, Sc. 2: '*Lothario.* West of the town a mile, among the rocks, Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee, Thy single hand to mine. *Horatio.* I'll meet thee there.'

[8] See Letter 103.

I will transcribe some old verses too, but which I fancy I can show you in a sort of a new light. They are no newer than Virgil, and, what is more odd, are in the second Georgic. 'Tis, that I have observed that he not only excels when he is like himself, but even when he is very like inferior poets: you will say that they rather excel by being like him: but mind: they are all near one another:

Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam[9]*:*

And the four next lines; are they not just like Martial? I the following he is as much Claudian;

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro[10].

Then who are these like?

—nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.
Sollicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas & limina regum.
Hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, & Sarrano indormiat ostro[11].

Don't they seem to be Juvenal's?—There are some more, which to me resemble Horace; but perhaps I think so from his having some on a parallel subject. Tell me if I am mistaken; these are they:

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
Casta pudicitiam servat domus——[12]
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;

inclusively to the end of these:

[9] *Georg.* ii. 461–2.
[10] Ibid., 495–7.
[11] Ibid., 501–6.
[12] Ibid., 523–4.

Hanc Remus & frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma[13].

If the imagination is whimsical; why at least 'tis like me to have imagined it. Adieu, child! We leave Bologna to-morrow[14]. You know 'tis the third city in Italy for pictures: knowing that, you know all. We shall be three days crossing the Apennine to Florence; would it were over!

My dear West, I am yours from St. Peter's to St. Paul's!

HOR. WALPOLE.

109. GRAY TO WEST.

Florence, Jan. 15, 1740.

I THINK I have not yet told you how we left that charming place Genoa: How we crossed a mountain, all of green marble, called Buchetto[1]: How we came to Tortona, and waded through the mud to come to Castel St. Giovanni, and there eat mustard and sugar with a dish of crows' gizzards: Secondly, how we passed the famous plains

Quà Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere
Et suspirantes ducere mæstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, & nigræ increbrescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ[2].

[13] *Georg.* ii. 532–4.

[14] In Gray's letter to his mother of Dec. 19, he says they left Bologna on Dec. 15; hence the date of this letter is Dec. 14.

LETTER 109.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, p. 75.

[1] In the Ligurian Apennines.

[2] The river Trebbia, which falls into the Po near Piacenza, was the scene of the defeat of the Romans by Hannibal, 218 B.C.

Nor, thirdly, how we paſsed through Piacenza, Parma, Modena, entered the territories of the Pope; stayed twelve days at Bologna; croſsed the Apennines, and afterwards arrived at Florence. None of these things have I told you, nor do I intend to tell you, till you ask me some questions concerning them. No not even of Florence itself, except that it is as fine as poſsible, and has every thing in it that can bleſs the eyes. But, before I enter into particulars, you must make your peace both with me and the Venus de Medicis, who, let me tell you, is highly and justly offended at you for not inquiring, long before this, concerning her symmetry and proportions. * * *

110. WEST TO WALPOLE.

[London], Jan. 23, 1740.

IT thaws, it thaws, it thaws! A'n't you glad of it? I can aſsure you we are: we have been this four weeks a-freezing: our Thames has been in chains, our streets almost unpaſsable with snow, and dirt, and ice, and all our vegetables and animals in distreſs[1]. Really, such a frost as ours has been is a melancholy thing.

LETTER 110.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 437–8.

[1] 'Inclement weather, commencing on Christmas-day, continued through the whole of the month, when the Thames was frozen over, so that numbers of people walked upon it' (*Univ. Chron.* 9 Jan. 1740). Tovey prints in *Gray and his Friends* (p. 137), from a copy by Gray in the Pembroke MSS., and signed by him 'Fav: the hard Winter 1740', a Latin poem by West on the severe frost and the frozen Thames.

I don't wonder now that whole nations have worshipped the sun: I am almost inclined myself to be a Guebre[2]: tell Orosmades[3]. I believe you think I'm mad; but you would not if you knew what it was to want the sun as we do: 'tis a general frost delivery. Heaven grant the thaw may last! for 'tis a question[4].

Your last letter[5], my dear Walpole, is welcome. I thank you for its longitude, and all its parallel lines. You have rather transcribed too many lines out of Virgil: but your criticism I agree with, without any hesitation. Whimsical, quotha: 'tis just and new. You might have added Ovid—

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa—[6]

and Statius:

At secura quies—

and what follows down to

Non absunt—[7]

But what do you think? Your observations have set me a-translating, and Asheton has told me it was worth sending[8]. Excuse it, 'tis a tramontane. I shall certainly publish your letters. But now I think on't, I won't!

[2] A fire-worshipper, otherwise called Zoroastrian or Parsee.

[3] Gray (see Letter 3, n. 8).

[4] The thaw did not begin in earnest till the middle of February —'The inclement season having continued, with little intermission, for nearly eight weeks, began to subside, and gradually diminished till the end of the month, but it continued still very cold, and not till the 20th, did the Thames begin to thaw above the bridge' (*Univ. Chron.* 16 Feb. 1740).

[5] Letter 108.

[6] *Georg.* ii. 500.

[7] Ibid., 467–71.

[8] This translation does not appear. *Berry.*—It is no doubt that now first printed in *Appendix* B. 5.

I should make Pope quite angry[9]. Addio, mio caro, addio! Dove sei? Ritorna, ritorna, amato bene!

Yours from St. Paul's to St. Peter's!

'R. WEST.'

I believe you must send my translation to the academy of the Gelati[10].

My love to Gray, and pray tell him from me—

ψῦχος δὲ λεπτῷ[11] χρωτὶ πολεμιώτατον[12].

III. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Florence, Jan. 24, 1740. N.S.

DEAR WEST,

I DON'T know what volumes I may send you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but à force d'en avoir vû I have left off screaming, Lord! this! and Lord! that! To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's[1] gallery; I walk into it now with

[9] See Letter 108, n. 2.

[10] An Academy at Bologna (see Letter 108).

[11] Berry: λέπτῳ.

[12] 'Cold is extremely inimical to thin habits of body.' *Berry.*—This is a line from a lost tragedy of Euripides, quoted by Cicero: 'Vix in ipsis tectis et oppidis frigus infirma valetudine vitatur: nedum in mari et via sit facile abesse ab injuria temporis. Ψῦχος δὲ λεπτῷ χρωτὶ πολεμιώτατον, inquit Euripides' (*Epist. ad Fam.* xvi. 8).

LETTER III.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 438–9.

[1] Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, husband of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary; elected Emperor, 1745; d. 1765.

as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel, the leſs I wonder at anything: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same every where, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weakneſses, the same paſsions that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and show themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, Cicisbeos, and Corydon ardebat Alexins[2]. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so exceſsively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queerneſses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerneſs, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and in a year after taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife or the cicisbeo of any person, & voilà qui est fini. Thus, child, 'tis dull dealing here! Methinks your

[2] Virgil, *Ecl.* ii. 1: 'Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin.'

Spanish war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spaniard. Adieu! Do you remember my maxim, that you used to laugh at? *Every body does every thing, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S——'s was not still better, *Well, 'gad, there is nothing in nothing.* You see how I distill all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that after travelling three years brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and every thing in the world: after many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a saraband [3]. There is a fairy tale for you. If I had anything as good as your old song [4], I would send it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive still plainer the sameness that reigns here; for I find I have said the same things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

[3] See the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's fairy-tale, *The White Cat.*

[4] Neither this song, nor the letter in which it was enclosed, has been preserved.

112. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Florence, February 27, 1740. N.S.

WELL, West, I have found a little unmasqued moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then? No, then I was masqued too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morn one makes parties in masque to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods, how have I danced!*[1] The Italians are fond to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw*[2] they only know by the tune; *Blowzy-bella* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizelli al buro.* There are but three days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper: they sup first, to eat gras, and not encroach upon Ash-wednesday. What makes masquerading more agree-

LETTER 112.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 440–1.

[1] Cf. Nathaniel Lee's *The Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great*, i. 1: '*Statira.* Then he will talk, good gods, how he will talk!'

[2] 'Cold and raw the North did blow' is the first line of an old ballad ('The Northern Ditty; or, The Scotchman outwitted by the Country Damsel'), set to 'a new Scotch tune' in the *Collection of Old Ballads* published in 1723 (vol. i, pp. 211 ff.).

able here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk grofs bawdy to a woman of quality. I found the other day by a play of Etheridge's [3], that we have had a sort of Carnival even since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if she could*, they talk of going a-mumming in Shrove-tide.

After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondneſs I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's [4], word was brought

[3] Sir George Etherege (*c.* 1635–91); he was the author of three comedies, of which the second, *She would if she could*, was first produced in 1667.

[4] Horace (1701–86), second son of Robert Mann, Deputy-Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital. He was Minister at the Court of Tuscany, 1740–86; cr. a Baronet, 1755; K.B., 1768; d. unmarried at Florence, aged eighty-five, Nov. 1786, having never revisited England since taking up his appointment, although in 1775, on the death of his brother Edward Louisa Mann, he succeeded to the estate of Linton, in Kent. The Walpole and Mann families were connected, and this probably accounts, in the first instance, for Horace Walpole's residence in Florence with Mann, whose inmate he was at different times during his stay in Italy in

by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatneſs of his birth, entered, and informed the British minister that one Martin an English painter had left a challenge for him at his house, for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to enquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel: the instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo; 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving about above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but croſs, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say, 'Your servant, Mr. Martin,' and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the

1739 and 1741. Walpole and Mann became intimate friends, and when the former returned to England they began a correspondence which continued uninterruptedly for forty-five years (during which period they never met), until Mann's death.

more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts, and confused hopes of victory, or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures; but 'twas a pleasant sight, as we knew the poor painter was safe. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember, 'twas reported in London that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to see it.

I have this instant received your letter. Lord! I am glad I thought of those parallel paſsages, since it made you translate them. 'Tis exceſsively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very easy too.—It snows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. What is the history of the theatres this winter?

113. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Siena, March 22, 1740. N.S.

DEAR WEST,

PROBABLY now you will hear something of the Conclave; we have left Florence, and are got hither on the way to a pope. In three hours time we have seen all the good contents of this city: 'tis old,

LETTER 113.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 442–3.

and very smug, with very few inhabitants. You must not believe Mr. Addison about the wonderful Gothic nicety of the dome[1]: the materials are richer, but the workmanship and taste not near so good as in several I have seen. We saw a college of the Jesuits, where there are taught to draw above fifty boys: they are disposed in long chambers in the manner of Eton, but cleaner. N.B. We were not *bolstered*[2], so we wished you with us. Our Cicerone, who has less classic knowledge, and more superstition than a colleger, upon showing us the she-wolf, the arms of Siena, told us that Romulus and Remus were nursed by a wolf, *per la volonta di Dio, si può dire*; and that one might see by the arms, that the same founders built Rome and Siena. Another dab of Romish superstition, not unworthy of presbyterian divinity, we met with in a book of drawings: 'twas the Virgin standing on a tripod composed of Adam, Eve, and the Devil, to express her immaculate conception.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and tipped with villas or convents. We left unseen the Great Duke's villas and several palaces in Florence till our return from Rome: the weather has been so cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys,

[1] 'There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of Gothic architecture.' (*Remarks on Italy—Sienna.*)

[2] An Eton phrase. *Walpole.*

and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wrists, and the women have portable stoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedneſs, and carry silver shovels in their pockets, with which their Cicisbeos stir them—Hush! by them, I mean their stoves. I have nothing more to tell you; I'll carry my letter to Rome and finish it there.

Rè di Coffano, March 23,
where lived one of the three kings.

The king of Coffano carried presents of myrrh, gold, and frankincense: I don't know where the devil he found them, for in all his dominions we have not seen the value of a shrub. We have the honour of lodging under his roof to-night. Lord! such a place, such an extent of uglineſs! A lone inn upon a black mountain, by the side of an old fortreſs! no curtains or windows, only shutters! no testers to the beds! no earthly thing to eat but some eggs and a few little fishes! This lovely spot is now known by the name of Radicofani. Coming down a steep hill with two miserable hackneys, one fell under the chaise; and while we were disengaging him, a chaise came by with a person in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and black hat: we thought it a fat old woman; but it spoke in a shrill little pipe, and proved itself to be Senesini [3].

3 Francesco Bernardi, known as Senesino (*c.* 1680–*c.* 1750), famous soprano; he was one of the Italian singers engaged by Handel for his opera company in London, where he sang on numerous occasions between 1720 and 1735.

I forgot to tell you an inscription I copied from the portal of the dome of Siena:

Annus centenus Romæ semper est jubilenus;
Crimina laxantur si pœnitet ista donantur;
Sic ordinavit Bonifacius[4] *et roboravit.*

Rome, March 26.

We are this instant arrived, tired and hungry! O! the charming city—I believe it is—for I have not seen a syllable yet, only the Pons Milvius and an obelisk. The Caſsian and Flaminian ways, were terrible disappointments; not one Rome tomb left; their very ruins ruined. The English are numberleſs. My dear West, I know at Rome you will not have a grain of pity for one; but indeed 'tis dreadful, dealing with school-boys just broke loose, or old fools that are come abroad at forty to see the world, like Sir Wilful Witwou'd[5]. I don't know whether you will receive this, or any other I write: but though I shall write often, you and Asheton must not wonder if none come to you; for, though I am harmleſs in my nature, my name has some mystery in it[6]. Good-night! I have no more time or paper. Asheton, child, I'll write to you next post. Write us no treasons, be sure!

[4] The Jubilee was instituted by Boniface VIII in 1300.

[5] Congreve, *Way of the World*, i. 5: '*Mirabell.* What, is the chief of that noble family in town, sir Wilfull Witwoud? *Fainall.* He is expected to-day . . . He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel. *Mir.* For travel! why, the man that I mean is above forty. *Fain.* No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England, that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.'

[6] The name of Walpole might be supposed to excite curiosity among the Jacobites in Rome, where the Pretender was living.

114. WALPOLE AND GRAY TO WEST.

Rome, April 16, 1740. N.S.

I'LL tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad, every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surprised, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Westminster-abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees everything particularized there, it would appear transcribing, to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when anybody served me so that was travelling.—Well, I will tell you something, if you will love me: You have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the

LETTER 114.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 444–6.

urns with the inscriptions remaining; and in one, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling with paintings in grotesque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen-garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists: before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, coloſsal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth:—the man that showed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*. The cardinal Corsini[1] has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amaſsed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I aſsure you,

[1] Thus described by De Brosses: 'Clerc tonsuré, Florentin, neveu du pape actuel, peu d'esprit, moins de tête, nulle capacité, courtisé pour sa place et par le grand nombre de créatures qu'a son oncle dans le collége. On verra au conclave ce qu'il sait faire. Le gouvernement est entre ses foibles mains: il a mis les finances surtout en pitoyable état. Le peuple crie hautement de la rareté et du mauvais titre de l'argent, se plaint du transport de l'espèce à Florence, ne veut plus de pape qui ne soit Romain ou de l'état ecclésiastique.' (*Lettres Familières*, LI.)

that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day; eighteen pence: there are some extend their expense to five pauls, or half a crown: cardinal Albani[a] is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princeſses and ducheſses particularly lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the counteſses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do iſsue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

In short, child, after sunset one paſses one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! And then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal garnished with thirty abbés roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the chapel of Versailles. I heard one of

[a] 'Neveu de Clément XI, camerlingue, extrêmement considéré par sa capacité, haï et redouté à l'excès; sans foi, sans principes, ennemi implacable, même quand il paroît s'être réconcilié; grand génie dans les affaires, inépuisable en ressources dans les intrigues, la première tête du collége, et le plus méchant homme de Rome.' (Ibid.)

them say t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale.* One asked of course how he liked it—*Ah! il y a aſsez.de belles choses.*

Tell Asheton I have received his letter, and will write next post; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately——.

Not so delicate; nor indeed would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received de vos nouvelles, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it; which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and every body does it (and I suppose every body says the same thing); else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. A-propos du Colisée, if you don't know what it is, the prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for: 'They say 'twas for Christians to fight with tigers in.' We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true croſs, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter's. In the same place, and on the same occasion last night, Walpole saw a poor creature naked to the waist discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you, that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at

the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery croſs, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appears through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air. All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn proceſsion, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breast, and kiſsing the pavement with extreme devotion[3]. But methinks I am describing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like everything else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams[4]: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello[5] all this while; pray let

[3] See Gray's letter to his mother of April 15 (Good Friday),

[4] This is supposed to be the John Williams who had been secretary to West's father, and who after the death of the latter (1726) is said to have carried on a liaison with West's mother, and eventually (after West's death) to have married her. 'Mr. Gray said, the cause of the disorder, a consumption, which brought Mr. West to an early grave, was the fatal discovery which he made of the treachery of a supposed friend, and the viciousness of a mother whom he tenderly loved; this man, under the mask of friendship to him and his family, intrigued with his mother, and robbed him of his peace of mind, his health, and his life' (Norton Nicholls, *Reminiscences of Gray*, p. 50). A more sinister story still was recorded by Dyce, who stated, on the authority of Mitford, 'that West's death was hastened by mental anguish, there having been good reason to suspect that his mother poisoned his father' (see Gosse, *Works of Gray*, vol. ii, p. 113).

[5] On the Isthmus of Panama; taken from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, 20 Nov. 1739. (See Letter 125, n. 1.)

us know where it is, and whether you or Asheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the admiral. Adieu!

Ever yours,
T. GRAY.

115. WEST TO GRAY.

ELEGIA [1].

[April, 1740] [2]

Ergo desidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus;
Et meritò: victas do tibi sponte manus.
Arguor & veteres nimium contemnere Musas,
Irata et nobis est Medicæa Venus [3].
Mene igitur statuas & inania saxa vereri!
Stultule! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere?
Hìc veræ, hìc vivæ Veneres, & mille per urbem,
Quarum nulla queat non placuiſse Jovi.
Cedite Romanæ formosæ et cedite Graiæ [4],
Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermionæ!
Et, quascunque refert ætas vetus, Heroinæ:
Unus honor nostris jam venit Angliasin.
Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis!
I nunc & Tuscas improbe confer opes.

LETTER 115.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 76–7.

[1] The letter which accompanied this little elegy is not extant. *Mason.*

[2] The date is supplied by Gray's note ('Fav: sent from London to Florence. April—1740') on his transcript of the poem in the Pembroke MSS.

[3] See Letter 109, *ad fin.*

[4] Propertius, 2 *Eleg.* xxv. 66: 'Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.'

Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas,
Neu me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum:
Testor Pieridumque umbras & flumina Pindi
Me quoque Calliopes semper amaſse choros;
Et dudum Ausonias urbes, & visere Graias
Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo:
Sive est Phidiacum marmor[5], seu Mentoris æra[6],
Seu paries Coo nobilis e calamo[7];
Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentûm
Romanique decus nominis & Veneti:
Quà Furor & Mavors & sævo in Marmore vultus,
Quàque et formoso mollior ære Venus.
Quàque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,
Et quicquid calamo dulciùs ausa manus:
Hîc nemora, et solâ mærens Melibœus in umbrâ,
Lymphaque muscoso prosiliens lapide;
Illìc majus opus, faciesque in pariete major
Exurgens, Divûm & numina Cœlicolûm;
O vos fælices, quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,
Et totâ Italiâ, quà patet usque, frui!
Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam
Norîtis quid sit tempora amara pati.

[5] Sculpture by Phidias (*c.* 490–432 B. C.).
[6] Chased vases by Mentor (fl. *c.* 360 B. C.).
[7] Paintings by Apelles (fl. *c.* 330 B. C.), the most famous of which (Venus rising from the sea) was painted for a temple at Cos, his reputed birthplace.

116. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Rome, May 7, 1740. N.S.

DEAR WEST,

'TWOU'D be quite rude and unpardonable in one not to wish you joy upon the great conquests that you are all committing all over the world. We heard the news last night from Naples, that admiral Haddock[1] had met the Spanish convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thousand men, three colonels, and a Spanish grandee[2]. We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan majesty[3] mentioned it at dinner. We are going thither in about a week to wish him joy of it too. 'Tis with some apprehensions we go too, of having a pope chosen in the interim: that would be cruel, you know. But, thank our stars, there is no great probability of it. Feuds and contentions run high among the Eminences. A notable one happened this week. Cardinal Zinzendorff[4] and two more had given their votes for the general of the Capucins: he is of the Barberini family, not a cardinal, but a worthy man. Not effecting anything, Zinzendorff voted for Coscia[5],

LETTER 116.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 446–8.

[1] See Letter 107, n. 9.

[2] An exaggerated report—Admiral Haddock had merely captured two Spanish transports with soldiers from Majorca. (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 199.)

[3] Charles, King of Naples, succeeded his brother as King of Spain in 1759.

[4] Bishop of Breslau.

[5] 'Ministre sous Benoît XIII, digne de la potence, condamné à une prison perpétuelle au château St. Ange, où il se trouve à merveille, dit-on, parce qu'il ne lui en coûte rien et qu'il amasse de l'argent.' (De Brosses, *Lettres Familières*, LI.)

and declared it publicly. Cardinal Petra [6] reproved him; but the German replied, he thought Coscia as fit to be pope as any of them. It seems, his pique to the whole body is, their having denied a daily admission of a pig into the conclave for his Eminence's use; who being much troubled with the gout, was ordered by his mother to bathe his leg in pig's blood every morning.

Who should have a vote t'other day but the *Cardinalino* of Toledo[7]? Were he older, the queen of Spain might possibly procure more than one for him, though scarcely enough.

Well, but we won't talk politics: shall we talk antiquities? Gray and I discovered a considerable curiosity lately. In an unfrequented quarter of the Colonna garden lie two immense fragments of marble, formerly part of a frieze to some building; 'tis not known of what. They are of Parian marble; which may give one some idea of the magnificence of the rest of the building, for these pieces were at the very top. Upon enquiry, we were told they had been measured by an architect, who declared they were larger than any member of St. Peter's. The length of one of the pieces is above sixteen feet. They were formerly sold to a stone-cutter for five thousand crowns; but Clement XI would not permit them to be sawed, annulled the bargain, and laid a penalty of twelve

[6] 'Grand pénitencier, vieux radoteur. Il croit qu'il sera pape, et le croit tout seul.' (De Brosses, *loc. cit.*)

[7] Louis, son of Philip V of Spain by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese. He was Archbishop of Toledo, and was made a Cardinal (1735) at the age of eight.

thousand crowns upon the family if they parted with them. I think it was a right judged thing. Is it not amazing that so vast a structure should not be known of, or that it should be so entirely destroyed? But indeed at Rome this is a common surprise; for, by the remains one sees of the Roman grandeur in their structures, 'tis evident that there must have been more pains taken to destroy those piles than to raise them. They are more demolished than any time or chance could have effected. I am persuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth seeing; 'tis less so now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying; the few ruins cannot last long; and the statues and private collections must be sold, from the great poverty of the families. There are now selling no less than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni: the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the conclave[8]. I must give you an instance of his generosity, or rather ostentation. When lord Carlisle[9] was here last year, who is a great virtuoso, he asked leave to see the cardinal's collection of cameos and intaglios. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my lord admired most. My lord admired many: they were all sent him the next morning. He sent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of

[8] 'Doyen, neveu d'Alexandre VIII, Vénitien, protecteur de France, fait cardinal à dix-sept ou dix-huit ans; sans mœurs, sans crédit, débauché, ruiné, amateur des arts, grand musicien.' (De Brosses, *loc. cit.*)

[9] Henry Howard (1684–1758), fourth Earl of Carlisle.

ten times the value. Voila qui est fini! Had my lord produced more gold repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

Adieu, my dear West! You see I write often and much, as you desired it. Do answer one now and then with any little job that is done in England. Good night.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

117. WALPOLE AND GRAY TO ASHTON.

Rome, May 14, 1740. N.E.

BOILEAU'S Discord dwelt in a College of Monks[1]. At present the Lady is in the Conclave. Corsini has been interrogated about certain Millions of Crowns that are absent from the Apostolic Chamber; He refuses giving an account, but to a Pope. However he has set several arithmeticians to work, to compose Summs, & flourish out expenses, which probably never existed. Cardinal Cibo[2] pretends to have a Banker at Genoa, who will prove that he has received three Millions on the part of the Eminent Corsini. This Cibo is a madman, but set on by others. He had formerly some great office in the government, from whence they are generally raisd to the Cardinalate. after a time, not

LETTER 117.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 49–54); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 128 ff.).

[1] *Lutrin*, i. 25 ff.:

'Quand la Discorde encor toute noire de crimes,
Sortant des Cordeliers pour aller aux Minimes,' &c.

[2] Camillo Cibo, of the princely house of Massa Carrara.

being promoted, as he expected, he resignd his Post, and retired to a Mountain where he built a most magnificent Hermitage. There he inhabited for two years, grew tired, came back and received the Hat.

Other feuds have been between Card. Portia[3] and the father of Benedict the Thirteenth[4], by whom he was made Cardinal. About a month ago, he was within three votes of being Pope; he did not apply to any Party, but went gleaning privately from all. and of a sudden burst out with a Number, but too soon, and that threw him quite out. Having been since left out of their meetings, he askd one of the Benedictine Cardinals the reason, who replied that he never had been their friend and never should be of their aſsemblies, & did not even hesitate to call him Apostate. This flung Portia into such a rage that he spit blood, and instantly left the Conclave with all his baggage. But the great Cause of their antipathy to him, was, his having been one of the four, that voted for putting Coscia to death, who now regains his interest, & may prove somewhat disagreable to his Enemies: whose honesty is not abundantly heavier than his own. He met Corsini t'other day, and told him, he heard his eminence had a mind to his Cell: Corsini answered he was very well contented with that he had. Oh!

[3] Leandro, of the family of the Counts Porzia—'Bénédictin, Vénitien de Frioul, de haute naissance, d'un très-grand mérite et d'une égale considération; l'esprit noble et élevé, ferme, sévère, grand justicier, impitoyable pour la canaille, sujet très-papable et capable de rétablir le bon ordre dans Rome. Il seroit naturel qu'on jetât les yeux sur lui; probablement le fera-t-on; mais il est fort haï du menu peuple, qui l'appelle: *Il nemico del povero.*' (De Brosses, *Lettres Familières*, LI.)

[4] Of the Orsini family (d. 1730).

says Coscia, I don't mean here in the Conclave, but in the Castle S[t]. Angelo.

'With all these Animosities, one is near having a Pope. Card. Gotto[5], an old, inoffensive Dominican, without any Relations, wanted yesterday, but two voices & is still most likely to succeed. Card. Altieri has been sent for from Albano, whither he was retird on account of his brother's death[6], & his own illneſs, & where he was to stay till the Election drew nigh. There! there is a sufficient quantity of Conclave News I think. . .

We have miserable Weather for the season. Could you think I was writing to you by my fireside at Rome in the middle of May? the Common People say 'tis occasioned by the Pope's soul, which cannot find rest.

How goes your War? We are persuaded here of an additional one with France, Lord! it will be dreadful to return thro' Germany. I don't know who cooks up the news, here, but we have some strange Peice every day. One that is much in vogue, & would not be disagreable for us, is, that the Czarina[7] has clapt the Marquis de la Chetardie[8] in Prison; one must hope till some months hence, 'tis all contradicted.

[5] 'Jacobin; il a quelque science monacale, assez de piété et peu de crédit. Cependant on en parle pour le conclave; mais cela ne peut être sérieux, si ce n'est que parce que c'est un sujet médiocre.' (De Brosses, *loc. cit.*)

[6] 'Les deux Altieri, de haute naissance, neveux de Clément X. Le premier est attentif, exact; le second tout uni: tous deux bonnes gens. Le premier est estimé, l'autre jouit de peu de considération.' (Ibid.) Giovanni Battista Altieri (d. 1740), and Lorenzo Altieri (d. 1741).

[7] Anne, Empress of Russia (1730–40).

[8] Joachim Jacques Trotti (1705–59), Marquis de la Chétardie; Ambassador to Russia, 1739–42. He was the lover of

I am balancing in great Uncertainty, whether to go to Naples, or to stay here. You know 'twould be provoking to have a Pope chosen just as one's back was turnd[9]: and if I wait, I fear the heats may arrive. I don't know what to do. We are going to-night to a great aſsemblee, at one of the villas just out of the City, whither all the English are invited[10]; amongst the rest Mr. Stuard and his two Sons[11]. There is one lives with him calld Lord Dunbar[12], Murray's[13] brother, who would be his Minister, if he had any occasion for one. I meet him frequently in Public Places, & like him. He is very sensible, very agreable, & well bred.

Good night Child: by the bye, I have had no letters from England, these two last Posts.

yours ever.

I am by trade a finisher of Letters. don't you wonder at the Conclave? Instead of being immurd, every one in his proper hutch as one us'd to imagine, they have the Liberty of scuttling out of one hole into another, and might breed, if they were young enough[14]. I do

Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. Her accession to the throne (1741) was largely due to his intrigues. The report of his imprisonment was unfounded.

9 Tovey: 'is turned'.

10 See Letter 118, *ad fin.*

11 James Edward Stuart (the Old Pretender), Charles Edward Stuart (the Young Pretender), and Henry Benedict Stuart (afterwards Cardinal of York).

12 Hon. James Murray, second son of fifth Viscount Stormont; titular Earl of Dunbar.

13 William Murray (1705–93), fourth son of fifth Viscount Stormont; cr. (1756) Baron Mansfield, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire; cr. (1776) Earl of Mansfield; Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1756–88

14 Tovey omits the last eight words.

aſsure you, every thing one has heard say of Italy, is a lye, & am firmly of opinion, that no mortal was ever here before us. I am writeing to prove that there never was any such a People as the Romans, that this was antiently a Colony of the Jews, and that the Coliseum was built on the model of Solomon's temple. Our People have told so many Stories of them, that they don't believe any thing we say about ourselves. Porto Bello is still said to be impregnable and it is reported the Dutch have declard War against us. The English Court here, brighten up on the news of our Conquests, and conclude all the Contrary has happend. You do not know perhaps, that we have our little good fortune in the Mediterranean, where Adm^l. Haddock has overturnd certain little boats carrying Troops to Majorca, drown'd a few hundred of them, and taken a little Grandee of Spain, that commanded the Expedition, at least, so they say at Naples [15]. I'm very sorry. but methinks they seem in a bad Condition. Is West dead to the world in general, or only so to me? for you I have not the impudence to accuse, but you are to take this as a sort of reproof, and I hope you will demean yourself accordingly. You are hereby authoriz'd to make my particular Compliments to my L^d. Plymouth [16], and return him my thanks de l'honneur de son Souvenir. So I finish my postscript with

yours ever T. G.

[15] See Letter 116, n. 2.

[16] See Letter 65, n. 6.

118. GRAY TO WEST.

Tivoli, May 20, 1740.

THIS day being in the palace of his Highneſs the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory, that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene poſseſsions for the said West's perusal.—Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two feet and an inch; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room. Item, another great room; item, a bigger room; item, another room; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth as before; a ninth as abovesaid; a tenth (see No. 1.); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which, not to be too particular, we shall paſs over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools, and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypreſs trees, and half the river Teverone, that piſses into two thousand several chamberpots. Finis.—Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semi-circle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a

LETTER 118.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 83–7.

little river of hers, called Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedleſs chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself all to shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue and yellow. To get out of our metaphors without any further trouble, it is the most noble sight in the world. The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force they fall with, have worn the rocks they throw themselves among into a thousand irregular craggs, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down (but first you must walk two miles farther) a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being croſsed and opposed by the rocks, into four several streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view all these cascades intermixed with groves of olive and little woods, the mountains rising behind them, and on the top of one (that which forms the extremity of one of the half-circle's horns) is seated the town itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sybils' temple, the remains of a little rotunda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose beautiful Corinthian pillars are still standing and entire; all this on one hand. On the other, the open

Campagna of Rome, here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being 18 miles off) except the dome of St. Peter's; which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose, you can see. I did not tell you that a little below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

'Præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda
'Mobilibus pomaria rivis[1].'

Mæcenas did not care for such a noise, it seems, and built him a house (which they also carry one to see) so situated that it sees nothing at all of the matter, and for any thing he knew there might be no such river in the world. Horace had another house on the other side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which 'andava il detto Signor per trastullarsi coll' istesso Orazio.' In coming hither we crosed the Aquæ Albulæ, a vile little brook that stinks like a fury, and they say it has stunk so these thousand years. I forgot the Piscina of Quintilius Varus, where he used to keep certain little fishes. This is very entire, and there is a piece of the aqueduct that supplied it too; in the garden below is old Rome, built in little, just as it was, they say. There are seven temples in it, and no houses at all: They say there were none.

[1] Horace, 1 *Odes* vii. 13–14.

May 21.

We have had the pleasure of going twelve miles out of our way to Palestrina. It has rained all day as if heaven and us were coming together. See my honesty, I do not mention a syllable of the temple of Fortune, because I really did not see it; which, I think, is pretty well for an old traveller. So we returned along the Via Prænestina, saw the Lacus Gabinus and Regillus, where, you know, Castor and Pollux appeared upon a certain occasion[2]. And many a good old tomb we left on each hand, and many an Aqueduct,

Dumb are whose fountains, and their channels dry.

There are, indeed, two whole modern ones, works of Popes, that run about thirty miles a-piece in length; one of them conveys still the famous Aqua Virgo to Rome, and adds vast beauty to the prospect. So we came to Rome again, where waited for us a splendidiſsimo regalo of letters; in one of which came You, with your huge characters and wide intervals, staring. I would have you to know, I expect you should take a handsome crow-quill when you write to me, and not leave room for a pin's point in four sides of a sheet royal. Do you but find matter, I will find spectacles.

I have more time than I thought, and I will employ it in telling you about a Ball that we were at the other evening. Figure to yourself a Roman villa; all its little apartments thrown open, and lighted up to the best advantage. At the upper end of the gallery, a fine

[2] At the battle of the Lake Regillus, when the Romans defeated the Latins, 498 B.C. (Livy, ii. 19; Cicero, *Nat. Deor.* ii. 2 §6).

concert, in which La Diamantina, a famous virtuosa, played on the violin divinely, and sung angelically; Giovannino and Pasqualini (great names in musical story) also performed miraculously. On each side were ranged all the secular grand monde of Rome, the Ambaſsadors, Princeſses, and all that. Among the rest Il Sereniſsimo Pretendente (as the Mantova gazette calls him) displayed his rueful length of person, with his two young ones[3], and all his ministry around him. 'Poi nacque un grazioso ballo,' where the world danced, and I sat in a corner regaling myself with iced fruits, and other pleasant rinfrescatives.

119. GRAY TO WEST.

Rome, May 1740.

MATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Piero Zephyrinus[1] antro
Furore dulci plenus, & immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi

[3] See Letter 117, n. 11.

LETTER 119.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 87–92.

[1] Rich[d]. West. *Walpole.*—He intitled this ode 'Ad C. Favonium Zephyrinum', and writ it immediately after his journey to Frescati and the cascades of Tivoli, which he describes in the preceding letter. *Mason.*

Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, & capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, & Æsulæ
Audîſse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius & gratas Latinis
Naiasin ingeminâſse rupes:
Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quà niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulce canens Venusinus ales[2];
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa juſsit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amæna, jucundumque ver in-
-compositum docuere carmen;
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia[3],
Argutiusque & lympha & auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

[2] In a copy of this ode in Gray's handwriting, which belonged to Horace Walpole, and is now in the Waller Collection, these last lines read: 'quâ niveas lavit
Tam sæpe plumas rore puro
Et gelido Venusinus ales.'

[3] Cf. *Aen.* vi. 283–4:
'Ulmus opaca ingens quam sedem
Somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub
omnibus hærent';
and see Letter 39, n. 11.

'I am to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued; for you know the Appian[4] is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompey's[5]; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but, by the care of his Villicus, we made an admirable meal. We had the dugs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchylia of the Lake with garum sauce: For my part I never eat better at Lucullus's table. We drank half a dozen cyathi a-piece of ancient Alban to Pholoë's[6] health; and, after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our esedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground, but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half hour, but no body understood it. But quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you, in plain English, that we come from Albano. The present town lies within the inclosure of Pompey's Villa in ruins. The Appian way runs through it, by the side of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with five pyramids upon

[4] Mitford quotes Statius, 2 *Silv.* ii. 12: 'Appia longarum teritur regina viarum.'

[5] However whimsical this humour may appear to some readers, I chose to insert it, as it gives me an opportunity of remarking that Mr. Gray was extremely skilled in the customs of the ancient Romans; and has catalogued, in his common place book, their various eatables, wines, perfumes, cloathes, medicines, &c. with great precision, referring under every article to passages in the Poets and Historians where their names are mentioned. *Mason.*

[6] Horace, 1 *Odes* xxxiii. 7; &c.

it, which the learned suppose to be the burying-place of the family, because they do not know whose it can be else. But the vulgar aſsure you it is the sepulchre of the Curiatii, and by that name (such is their power) it goes. One drives to Castel Gondolfo, a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one of the Collinette, that forms a brim to the bason, commonly called the Alban lake. It is seven miles round; and directly opposite to you, on the other side, rises the Mons Albanus, much taller than the rest, along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old Alba longa. They had need be very little, as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of Tullus Hostilius. On its top is a house of the Constable Colona's, where stood the temple of Jupiter Latialis. At the foot of the hill Gondolfo, are the famous outlets of the lake, built with hewn stone, a mile and a half under ground. Livy, you know, amply informs us of the foolish occasion of this expence[7], and gives me this opportunity of displaying all my erudition, that I may appear considerable in your eyes. This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole Campagna, the City, Antium, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the veſsels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor,

[7] The *emissarium* for draining the Alban Lake is said to have been constructed during the siege of Veii by the Romans, 406–396 B.C. (Livy, v. 15–17, 19).

or Richmond Hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frescati. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the most beautiful of Italian nights, which, in truth, are but just begun (so backward has the spring been here, and every where else, they say.) There is a moon! there are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the Convent of S. Isidore; and that eminence, with the cypreſs trees and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not two hundred yards in length. We send you some Roman inscriptions to entertain you. The first two are modern, transcribed from the Vatican library by Mr. Walpole.

Pontifices olim quem fundavere priores,
Præcipuâ Sixtus perficit arte tholum[8];
Et Sixti tantum se gloria tollit in altum,
Quantum se Sixti nobile tollit opus:
Magnus honos magni fundamina ponere templi,
Sed finem cæptis ponere major honos.

Saxa agit Amphion, Thebana ut mænia condat:
Sixtus & immensæ pondera molis agit[9].
Saxa trahunt ambo longè diversa: sed arte
Hæc trahit Amphion; Sixtus & arte trahit.
At tantum exsuperat Dircæum Amphiona Sixtus,
Quantum hic exsuperat cætera saxa lapis.

Mine is ancient, and I think not leſs curious. It is exactly transcribed from a sepulchral marble at the villa Giustiniani. I put stops to it, when I understand it.

[8] The dome of St. Peter's was finally completed in 1590, under Sixtus V (Pope 1585–90).

[9] Sixtus erected the obelisk in the Piazza of St. Peter's in 1586.

Dis Manibus
Claudiæ, Pistes
Primus Conjugi
Optumae, Sanctae,
Et Piae, Benemeritate.
Non æquos, Parcae, statuistis stamina vitæ.
Tam bene compositos potuistis sede tenere.
Amiſsa est conjux. cur ego & ipse moror?
Si · bella · eſse · mî · iste · mea · vivere · debuit ·
Tristia contigerunt qui amiſsâ conjuge vivo.
Nil est tam miserum, quam totam perdere vitam.
Nec vita enasci dura peregistis crudelia pensa, sorores,
Ruptaque deficiunt in primo munere fusi.
O nimis injustæ ter denos dare munus in annos,
Deceptus · grautus · fatum · sic · preſsit · egestas ·
Dum vitam tulero, Primus Pistes lugea conjugium.

120. WALPOLE TO ASHTON.

Rome. May 28 1740 N.S.

DEAR CHILD,

I HAVE just receivd your Letter[1] of news; I had heard before of Symphony's affair, with Lady ——[2]. but they calld it a report: but I find like many stories of that kind 'tis true. What are We to be to[3] appear before the H: of Lords? are there to be Damagès? or is it to be blown over, with only a separate Maintenance for the

LETTER 120.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 54–8); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 135 ff.).

[1] This letter has not been preserved.

[2] The identity of these two persons has not been established.

[3] So Mitford's transcript.

Fair One? I am sorry he has already [4] established such a Character. Tis too soon to be arrived at one's *ne plus ultra*. I doubt tis all the fame he will ever be Master of, & tis horrid to begin where one must end.

By a considerable volume of Charts & Pyramids, which I saw at Florence, I thought it threatend a Publication [5]. His travels have really improvd him; I wish they may do the same for any one else.

West has sent me a letter of Fragments [6], which not being antique, I am extremely angry, are not compleat.

'Nor cease the Maiden Graces from above
To shower their fragrance on the field of Love.'

I desire you will set him to digging in the same Spot, where he found these Verses, for the other parts of the Poem. I took them for his own; but upon showing them to a great Virtuoso here, he assures me they are undoubtedly ancient, by one of the best hands, & in the true greek Taste.

This is the first day, we have had, that one can call warm; they say, in England you have not a leaf yet on the Trees.

I have made a Vow against Politics, or I would wish you joy of your West Indian Conquests [7]. One shall not know you again. You will be so martial all. Here one should not know, if there had ever been such a thing as War, if it were not now & then from seeing a Scrap of a Soldier on an old Bas-relief. Tis comical to see a

[4] Tovey: 'obviously'.

[5] No doubt Gray's notes of travel, some of which were published by Mitford, and others by Tovey (in *Gray and his Friends*, pp. 203 ff.).

[6] This letter has not been preserved.

[7] See Letter 114, n. 5.

hundred & twenty thousand inhabitants in a City where you scarce ever see one, that has not taken a vow never to propagate; But they say there are larger Parsley beds here, than in other Countries. Dont talk of our Coronatiqn [8]; 'tis never likely to happen. The divisions are so great between the Albani & Corsini factions, that the Conclave will probably be drawn out to a great length. With Albani are his Uncle's Creatures, the Spanish & Neapolitan factions, and the Zelanti; a set of Cardinals, who always declare against any Party, & profeſs being solely in the interest of the Church. With Corsini are the late Pope's Creatures, and the Dependents of France.

Mrs G.[9] writes me word how much goodneſs she met with in Hanover Square. Poor Creature! You know, how much it obliges me, my dear Ashton, & if that can give you any Satisfaction, as I will [10] believe it does, be aſsurd, it touches me in the strongest Manner. It obliges me in a Point that relates to my Mother, & that is all I can say in this World! You must make my particular [compliments] [11] to Mrs Lewis [12]: her kindneſs to Mrs G:

[8] Of a Pope.

[9] This is probably not Gray's mother, as has been conjectured, but a Mrs. Gravener, apparently companion, or housekeeper, or perhaps nurse, in Lady Walpole's household, who is mentioned familiarly by Walpole (as 'Mrs. Gravenner') in a letter to his mother, written in 1725, when he was eight years old, and (as 'Grave') in another to Lady Walpole from Eton in 1733. She is no doubt identical with the 'Mrs Gr.' of Ashton's letter to Walpole of July 5, 1741 (Letter 138), and with the Mrs. Grosvenor (the two are different forms of the same name) of Walpole's letter to George Montagu of April 15, 1769 (see *Horace Walpole and 'Mrs. G.'*, in *The Times*, April 13, 1914).

[10] Tovey: 'well'.

[11] This word is omitted in Mitford's transcript.

[12] See Letter 65, n. 6.

is adding to the severall great obligations I have to her. Tis a pleasure to receive such from one who acts from no Motives, but innate goodneſs and benevolent Virtue. You must not tell that poor Woman, what I am now going to mention; I fear we shall not see Naples. We have been setting out for some time; and if we do not, to be back by the end of this Month, it will be impracticable from the heats, and the bad air, in the Campania. but we are prevented by a great body of banditti, Soldiers deserted from the King of Naples, who have taken Poſseſsion of the roads, & not only murderd several Paſsengers, but some Sbirri who were sent against them. Among others was a poor Hermit, who had a few old Medals which he had dug up, that they took for Money.

The Poverty of the Roman State and the mutinous humor of the inhabitants, who grow desperate for want of a Pope, thro' decay of trade, & a total want of Specie are likely to encrease the bands, while the Conclave sits, so that I fear, we are Prisoners at Rome, till the Election. I should not at all dislike my Situation, if I were entirely at Liberty & had nothing to call me to England. I shall but too soon miſs there the Peace I enjoy here; I don't mention the pleasures I enjoy here, which are to be found in no other City in the World, but them I could give up to my friends with satisfaction. But I know the Causes that drove me out of England, and I don't know that they are remedied[13]. But adieu!

[13] This may be an allusion to the love affair which is hinted at in Letter 76.

when I leave Italy, I shall launch out into a Life, whose Colour I fear, will have more of black than of White.

yours ever.

121. WEST TO GRAY.

Bond-street, June 5, 1740

I LIVED at the Temple till I was sick of it: I have just left it, and find myself as much a lawyer as I was when I was in it. It is certain, at least, I may study the law here as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a pinch of snuff. They tell me my father was a lawyer, and, as you know, eminent in the profeſsion[1]; and such a circumstance must be of advantage to me. My uncle[2] too makes some figure in Westminster hall; and there's another advantage: Then my grandfather's[3] name would get me many friends. Is it not strange that a young fellow, that might enter the world with so many advantages, will not know his own interest? &c. &c.—What shall I say in answer to all this? For money, I neither dote upon it nor despise

LETTER 121.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 97–9.

[1] Richard West (d. 1726), who is described as having been 'eminent for legal and constitutional learning', was Lord Chancellor of Ireland (May, 1725–Dec. 1726). His son was ten years old at the time of his death.

[2] Thomas Burnet (1694–1753), third son of Bishop Burnet, West's maternal grandfather; he was made a serjeant-at-law in 1736, and was appointed King's Serjeant in 1740; in 1741 he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; he was knighted in 1745.

[3] Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury (see Letter 18 n.).

it; it is a neceſsary stuff enough. For ambition, I do not want that neither; but it is not to sit upon a bench. In short, is it not a disagreeable thing to force one's inclination, especially when one's young? not to mention that one ought to have the strength of a Hercules to go through our common law; which, I am afraid, I have not. Well! but then, say they, if one profeſsion does not suit you, you may choose another more to your inclination. Now I protest I do not yet know my own inclination, and I believe, if that was to be my direction, I should never fix at all: There is no going by a weathercock.—I could say much more upon this subject; but there is no talking tête-à-tête croſs the Alps. O the folly of young men, that never know their own interest! they never grow wise till they are ruined! and then nobody pities them, nor helps them.—Dear Gray! consider me in the condition of one that has lived these two years without any person that he can speak freely to. I know it is very seldom that people trouble themselves with the sentiments of those they converse with; so they[4] can chat about trifles, they never care whether your heart aches or no. Are you one of these? I think not. But what right have I to ask you this question? Have we known one another enough, that I should expect or demand sincerity from you? Yes, Gray, I hope we have; and I have not quite such a mean opinion of myself, as to think I do not deserve it. —But, Signor, is it not time for me to ask something about your further[5] intentions abroad? Where do you propose going next? an in Apuliam? nam illò si ad-

[4] Tovey: 'so that they'. [5] Tovey: 'future'.

veneris, tanquam Ulyſses, cognosces tuorum neminem. Vale. So Cicero prophesies in the end of one of his letters[6]—and there I end.

Yours, &c.[7]

122. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Naples, June 14, 1740. N.S.

DEAR WEST,

ONE hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of a subterraneous town? a whole Roman town with all its edifices remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves; which is a caution we are not told that they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the king has a villa. This under-ground city is perhaps one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance about a year and half ago.

[6] To L. Valerius (*Epist. ad Fam.* i. 10).

[7] Mason notes that 'this letter was written apparently in much agitation of mind, which Mr. West endeavours to conceal by an unusual carelessness of manner'. West's trouble was no doubt on account of his mother (see Letter 114, n. 4).

LETTER 122.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 448–50.

They began digging, they found statues; they dug further, they found more. Since that they have made a very considerable progreſs, and find continually. You may walk the compaſs of a mile; but by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together; on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick plastered over, and painted with architecture: almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner; and what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the stairs, of white marble, and the seats are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found among other things some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the king's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted; and 'tis

difficult to see them—but we shall. I forgot to tell you, that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs[1]. Besides scrutinising this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:

Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egerit iras,

[1] Pompeia was not then discovered. *Walpole.*—The existence of the buried city of Pompeii was revealed in 1748; systematic excavations were commenced in 1763.

Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.
Mira fides! credetne virûm ventura propago,
Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,
Infra urbes populosque premi?
SYLV. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me,
Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

123. ASHTON TO WEST.

[1740]

TIS an observation very old & very just, that Adversity is the Touchstone of Friendship, & I little doubt that many hundreds of quondam Christians within the bills of Mortality, lay entombd under the venerable inscription of the SINCEREST FRIEND; for no other reason than that no other opportunity presented to them a sufficient temptation to cancel their Sincerity: but these charitable times make no Scruple to pronounce every Man *true*, that is not apparently false. And indeed Humanity demands so much of us; to esteem our fellow-Creatures as what they are, not as what they might have been; tho' in reality their honesty be rather the effect of good fortune & accident, than the product of noble Sentiments & virtuous resolution. Nevertheleſs I cannot but think that the Pleasure arising from the

LETTER 123.—Now first printed from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 203 ff.). The letter, which is undated, is assigned to this place conjecturally. West, as appears from the address, was still in London; in August of this year (1740) he was at Tunbridge Wells (see Letter 126).

continued Prosperity of a friend, is as great, if not greater than any Consideration that may result from my constant attachment to his Adversity. The latter may redound more to my Honor, but the former is manifestly more conducive to his Happineſs. Wherefore as I shall never put any glory in competition with your good, let my Sincerity remain ever unattested, if it must receive its Testimony from the exigencies of a friend, & raise its fame upon your misfortunes. But albeit, that I esteem it an instance of ungenerous ostentation, to pray for occasions of discovering my veracity. yet do I notwithstanding hold that Man guilty of the most monstrous Meanneſs, who having an opportunity of performing what he has proposed can whisper to his little soul, 'Why should I do it?' The former Part of the Case is now my own, the latter never was, nor ever shall be. Altho' I rejoice that 'tis now in my Power to aſsist you, it grieves me that you have need of such aſsistance. You have honord me with the name of friend, and I will endeavor to endue myself with the nature of one. In consequence whereof I lye under indisputable Obligations to detect & defeat, as much as in me lyes, all conspiracies, Plots & Combinations whatever, or however laid against your Person or Character. Conspiracies! I doubt not you are surprizd at the name. but suspend your Admiration awhile. you will be more surprizd at their Nature. Alas Zephyrille. what Asylum has Life for virtue, when well doing exposes us to danger & Desert is the Pander to our destruction? Be not secure, for you are not safe. Know then that your Continency has objected you to the Resentment of

a troop of Amazonian Spinsters inhabiting in the Confines of St. Ann's Westminster. You have the alternative of losing your Chastity or your Life. The Plot is formd against you, and the 2d of January next aſsignd for the Execution of the horrid design [1]; which Heaven & you prevent. I can propose but one expedient for your Preservation. 'Tis observd by Moralists, that there is no Accomp . . . . .[2] Man to which he may not receive an instructive lecture from the Contemplation of Actions in the Brute Creation. Let me recommend to your imitation the Sagacity of the Beaver, in order to avoid the disastrous fortune of your brother Orpheus. If you find it impoſsible to elude the Pursuit of Publishers you must bite of, or if your Teeth cannot extend so far, make an Amputation of those Members whose Scent they pursue, & sacrifice some of your Parts to the Preservation of the whole [3].

What remains, relates to your Character. a wound so much the deeper, as it is more your interest and leſs in your Power to prevent. Tis alledgd & that too by

[1] There is nothing in the correspondence to throw light on this somewhat clumsy badinage of Ashton's as to West's being threatened with the fate of Abelard.

[2] Hiatus in transcript.

[3] Solinus, *Memorabilia*, xiii. 2: 'Fiber . . . quem alio vocabulo dicunt castorem . . . Testiculi ejus adpetuntur in usum medellarum: idcirco cum urgeri se intellegit, ne captus prosit, ipse geminos suos devorat.' Cf. Brunetto Latini, *Trésor*, i. 183: 'Castoire est une beste qui converse vers la mer de Ponto . . . et si coillon sont molt profitable à medicine et chaut; por ce l'ensuient li païsant et chacent por avoir ses coillons. Mais nature, qui à toz enseigne ses proprietez, lor fait à savoir l'achoison por quoi li hom les chace; car là ou il apercoit que il ne s'en puet aler, il meismes tranche ses coillons à ses dens, et les giete devant les veneors; et ainsi raembre son cors por cele partie qui meillor est; et dès lors en avant, se l'on l'ensuit, il descuevre ses cuisses, et demostre bien que il est escoilliez.'

great ones, that your genius is of such an aspiring nature, that tho' it may by much force, & much Exertion be kept under Water awhile, [it] will notwithstanding, at length, buoy up & at last appear in its real light. That your virtue attends you as neceſsarily as your Shadow, & is like that the fairest when it is discoverd in the clearest Sunshine: that you force People's Love, and do for that reason deserve their hate. In short that your qualifications will at one time or another endanger the State & must therefore be crushd in the Shell, to prevent the impoſsibility of it, when they are ripend into Maturity. In brief this Catalogue of Complaints has pervaded the ears of justice, & it is decreed that your Poetry shall be the handle to your ruin. 'Tis determind then that you be expelld your Country, after a Statute long connivd at, but never yet repeald. I think it is the 14th of King Plato concerning the nuysance of Poets to the Republic[4]. the only remedy I can devise is, to hide (if poſsible) your Candle under a Bushell, till the Owls your enemies being aſsembled in full Divan, then break upon them in a flood of Light, & reign unrivalld God of verse & day.

yours ever

ASHTON.

Addressed: To

Mr Richard West
at Mrs Sherard's
in Princes' Court
near Story's gate
Westminster.

[4] Plato, *Republic* iii. 398; *Laws* vii. 817 (Jowett's translation, 2nd ed., iii. 272; v. 387).

124. GRAY TO WEST.

Florence, July 16, 1740.

YOU do yourself and me justice, in imagining that you merit, and that I am capable of sincerity[1]. I have not a thought, or even a weakneſs, I desire to conceal from you; and consequently on my side deserve to be treated with the same openneſs of heart. My vanity perhaps might make me more reserved towards you, if you were one of the heroic race, superior to all human failings; but as mutual wants are the ties of general society, so are mutual weakneſses of private friendships, supposing them mixt with some proportion of good qualities; for where one may not sometimes blame, one does not much care ever to praise. All this has the air of an introduction designed to soften a very harsh reproof that is to follow; but it is no such matter: I only meant to ask, Why did you change your lodging? Was the air bad, or the situation melancholy? If so, you are quite in the right. Only, is it not putting yourself a little out of the way of a people, with whom it seems neceſsary to keep up some sort of intercourse and conversation, though but little for your pleasure or entertainment, (yet there are, I believe, such among them as might give you both) at least for your information in that study, which, when I left you, you thought of applying to? for that there is a certain study

LETTER 124.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 99–102.

[1] See West's letter to Gray of June 5 (Letter 121).

neceſsary to be followed, if we mean to be of any use in the world, I take for granted; disagreeable enough (as most neceſsities are) but, I am afraid, unavoidable. Into how many branches these studies are divided in England, every body knows; and between that which you and I had pitched upon, and the other two, it was impoſsible to balance long. Examples ſhew one that it is not absolutely neceſsary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profeſsion. The labour is long, and the elements dry and unentertaining; nor was ever any body (especially those that afterwards made a figure in it) amused, or even not disgusted in the beginning; yet, upon a further acquaintance, there is surely matter for curiosity and reflection. It is strange if, among all that huge maſs of words, there be not somewhat intermixed for thought. Laws have been the result of long deliberation, and that not of dull men, but the contrary; and have so close a connexion with history, nay, with philosophy itself, that they must partake a little of what they are related to so nearly. Besides, tell me, Have you ever made the attempt? Was not you frighted merely with the distant prospect? Had the Gothic character and bulkineſs of those volumes (a tenth part of which perhaps it will be no further neceſsary to consult, than as one does a dictionary) no ill effect upon your eye? Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir, and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him up for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him? I know how great an obstacle ill spirits are to resolution. Do you really think, if you rid ten miles every morn-

ing, in a week's time you should not entertain much stronger hopes of the Chancellorship, and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present? The advantages you mention are not nothing; our inclinations are more than we imagine in our own power; reason and resolution determine them, and support under many difficulties. To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them: Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree even dependent upon some men who already are so. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this: If not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one's power, and the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the employment of youth. You are yet young, have some advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity, which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours, see how the first year will agree with you, at the end of it you are still the master; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little somewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom that you are not absolutely determined

against this, and warns you not to mistake mere indolence for inability. I am sensible there is nothing stronger against what I would persuade you to, than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity, than you should be that of mine; and, be assured, the advantage I may receive from it, does not diminish my concern in hearing you want somebody to converse with freely, whose advice might be of more weight, and always at hand. We have some time since come to the southern period of our voyages; we spent about nine days at Naples. It is the largest and most populous city, as its environs are the most deliciously fertile country, of all Italy. We sailed in the bay of Baiæ, sweated in the Solfatara, and died in the grotta del Cane, as all strangers do; saw the Corpus Christi procession, and the King and the Queen, and the city underground[2], (which is a wonder I reserve to tell you of another time) and so returned to Rome for another fortnight; left it (left Rome!) and came hither for the summer. You have seen an Epistle to Mr. Ashton[3], that seems to me full of spirit and thought, and a good deal of poetic fire. I would know your opinion. Now I talk of verses, Mr. Walpole and I have frequently wondered you should never mention a certain imitation.

[2] Herculaneum (see Letter 122).

[3] *An Epistle from Florence to Thomas Ashton Esq., Tutor to the Earl of Plimouth.* It was first printed in Dodsley's *Collection* (vol. ii, pp. 305 ff.) in 1748 (see Gray's letter to Walpole of that year—Letter 168). Walpole subsequently printed it among his *Fugitive Pieces* (see *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. i, pp. 4–16).

of Spencer, published last year by a namesake of yours[4], with which we are all enraptured and enmarvailed.

125. WALPOLE AND GRAY TO WEST.

Florence, July 31, 1740. N.S.

Dear West,

I HAVE advised with the most notable antiquarians of this city on the meaning of *Thur gut Luetis.* I can get no satisfactory interpretation. In my opinion 'tis Welsh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will trust you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwalladhor, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency, by her expreſs order, to the memory of her lord; and that the inscription *Thur gut Luetis* means no more than *her dear Llewis* or *Llewellin.*

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device, a horse; the motto, *Equitas regni.* This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is, a satirical medal struck

[4] Gilbert West (1703–56); his imitation of Spenser (*A Canto of the Faery Queen*) was published in 1739, and afterwards (in 1748) reprinted in Dodsley's *Collection* (vol. ii, pp. 63–87) under the title of 'On the Abuse of Travelling'.

Letter 125.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 450–2.

on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting; the motto, *Se ipsiſsimo*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.

Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the taking of Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon[1] will shine in our medallic history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthagena[2], and the taking Chagre[3]. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the squadron under sir John Norris[4]: we are told the Duke[5] is to be of the expedition: is it true[6]? All the letters too talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be obliged to return through Germany.

The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by

[1] Admiral Edward Vernon (1684–1757), for some years after this event highly popular with the mob.

[2] Unsuccessfully bombarded by Admiral Vernon, 6–9 March 1740.

[3] A small fort, on the Isthmus of Panama, taken by Admiral Vernon, 24 March 1740.

[4] Admiral Sir John Norris (1660–1749), Lord of the Admiralty, 1718–29.

[5] Prince William Augustus (1721–65), second son of King George II; cr. Duke of Cumberland, 1726; K.B., 1725; K.G., 1730; wounded at battle of Dettingen, 1743; Captain-General of the Army, 1747–57; Commander-in-Chief at Fontenoy, 1745; at Culloden, 1746; resigned all his military commands after the signature of the Convention of Klosterzeven (1757).

[6] 'Monday, July 14. Sir John Norris in the "Victory", on board of which was also the Duke of Cumberland, sailed from St. Helen's with his squadron of 20 men of war.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 356.)

breaking into two popes; they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi[7] had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more; the Camerlingo[8] having engaged his faction to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect. I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying.

'On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the Ladies Pomfret[9] and Walpole[10] are to be joined by the Lady Mary Wortley Montague[11]. You have not been witnefs to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate inceſsantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the iſsue of this triple alliance: we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, under-

[7] Cardinal Pompeo Aldovrandi, 'Bolonais, de bonne maison, estimé, tête bien faite; sujet papable.' (De Brosses, *Lettres Familières*, LI.)

[8] Cardinal Annibale Albani, the Pope's Chamberlain.

[9] Henrietta Louisa Jeffreys (d. 1761), daughter and heiress of second Baron Jeffreys; m. (1720) Thomas Fermor, first Earl of Pomfret. Walpole frequently ridicules her affectation of learning.

[10] Margaret Rolle, Baroness Walpole, afterwards Countess of Orford; only daughter and heiress of Samuel Rolle, of Heanton Satchville, Devonshire; m. 1 (1724), Robert Walpole, Lord Walpole, eldest son of the Prime Minister (whom he succeeded in 1745 as second Earl of Orford); 2 (1751), Hon. Sewallis Shirley, son of first Earl Ferrers, from both of whom she was separated.

[11] Lady Mary Pierrepont (d. 1762), daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, by his first wife, Lady Mary Fielding; m. (1712) Edward Wortley-Montagu. Miss Berry represents these three names by initials only.

stood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear West!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Though far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed pour barbouiller une page de 7 pouces et demie en hauteur, et 5 en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany: the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a prince called Great-duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus ○, and the motto *Nihiliſsimo*, which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious succeſses. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore feſsi venimus ad larem nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto:
Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.
O quid solutis est beatius curis?[12]

[12] Catullus, xxxi, *Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam*:

O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.

We shall never come home again; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out; all outlets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingneſs, while you, that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? .Have you learned to say Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble captain![13]

T. Gray.

126. ASHTON TO WEST.

London. Aug 13. 1740

My dear West,

In the first place let me pay my duty to the 9th of August[1] which from hence forward is to put on a red Habit in my Calendar. Je l'y reconnoitrai tous les ans: and next let me endeavor to establish the foundations of my own Structure, without digging up those of yours.

You tell me that I seem to make the sublime no other than good Writing, or at least the bare result of it, and that all my Propositions tend to prove this. Pardonnez moy, Mr., voila ma description de ce que j'appelle le sublime. I take it to be (said I) a proper

[13] West had thoughts of entering the army. (See Letter 137.)

Letter 126.—Now first printed from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 207 ff.).

[1] This presumably is the date of a letter received by Ashton from West.

and lively representation of the grand images & aspects of Nature.. Is this to make the sublime, nothing more than good Writing? it seems to me to make it good Writing about great things— which I still fancy the very essence of the sublime. At least, if the noblest objects of Nature exhibited to the Mind in the most affecting Manner are not to be dignified with the Title of Sublime I own I know nothing else that has, or can have any Pretence to be so.. There are objects, the bare Name of which (like a spark of fire on a train of Gunpowder) awakens a beautiful Succession of images in the Mind of Man: The ideas of Eternity and immensity are to the Eye of the Soul, what an unbounded Prospect is to that of the Body. They satisfy the insatiable thirst of Novelty, by suggesting new groups of Conceptions to an inexhaustible variety.

I believe you will allow these lines the Character of sublime.

—who would lose
Tho full of Pain, this intellectual being
Those thoughts that wander thro' Eternity
To perish rather, swallowd up & lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night
Devoid of Sense & Motion—[2]

Upon what is that Sublimity founded? I conceive upon the ideas of existence, consciousness and eternity, with the Pleasures resulting from them, augmented by the consideration of their reverse, the horror attending the ideas of Inactivity, insensibility and Annihilation. Tho give me leave, (by the bye) without the imputation

[2] Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 146–51.

of Slight[3] Criticism to observe the beauty & propriety of the images excited by the words, *Wander*, & *Uncreated.* the first is an easy metaphor, taken from travelling without any certain direction thro' a wilderneſs, & when applied to cogitation, intimates that particular Modification of it calld, *Resverie*, which carries us thro' an entertaining Labyrinth from one object to another, & is perhaps frequently attended with as pleasing Sensation, as any regular Chain of reflexion whatever.

The second is literal & at the same time that it unites the ideas of darkneſs & non existence suggests to us the pleasure & original Creation of Light when the breath of God first shot its rays thro the prevailing shades of Universal Night.. If you ask me why some appearances in Nature make a deeper impreſsion on the Mind than others; I ask you why a broad Scale makes a richer Character than a narrow one. The ideas of an Army, City, Eternity are as manifestly greater than those of a Man, a Village, or a Moment as the simple idea of *Me*, is leſs than that of one Thousand. In short, the idea of *Greatneſs* is so pleasing to the imagination, that of the Languages I read I know not one that has not transplánted it, from the external Creature, to the internal Works of the Mind, to the Sentiments, to the actions, to the Characters of Men.

But you will tell mé probably that the greater Pleasure which always attends the loftier image arises absolutely from our Pride. With all my Heart. I am no farther concerned than to show, that the *greatest idea* is constantly attended with the greatest delight. How

[3] So apparently Mitford's transcript.

it comes to be so, affects not me, look you to that. That it is so, is evident from Architecture, Painting & Musick as well as from Poetry. You will see it is, when you compare the Parian Marble with the Portland Stone, or the Piller of Trajan with the Obelisk in Red Lion Square[4]. When you set together a Curtius resolutely descending into the gap of the Earth, & a Foxhunter accidentally falling into a Ditch. When you hear the Minuet in Ariadne[5], with the Black Joke[6], or read the 6th book of the Æneid, with Cotton's description of the Devil's Arse of Peak[7].

Forgive me if I go a little farther: you say the Sublime is a Species of the Pathetic. You may as well say that Birds are a Species of Parrots. The Pathetic, 'tis true, is one kind of Sublime, but there are many instances of the Sublime which have nothing to do with any Pasion, but are direct appeals to the imagination,

[4] About the year 1731, Red Lion Square in Holborn, having been for some time in a ruinous condition, was put into repair—the central area was enclosed with iron rails, and 'a plain obelisk' was erected in the centre. (Wheatley's *London*, vol. iii, p. 156.)

[5] Handel's *Ariadne in Crete*, first produced in 1734, in which the minuet (one of 'the very genteelest of tunes', as it was described thirty years later in *She Stoops to Conquer*) was a conspicuous feature.

[6] The name of a dance tune, which appears in the third plate of Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* (1734–5). An allusion to it occurs in Henry Carey's *Chrononhotonthologos* (1734):

'*Fiddler.* Thus to your majesty, says the suppliant muse,
Would you a solo or sonata choose;
Or bold concerto, or soft Siciliano,
Alla Francese overo in Gusto Romano?
When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.
Queen. A civil fellow! Play us the *Black Joak*.
Music plays. Queen and Ladies dance the "Black Joak".'

[7] In Derbyshire—Charles Cotton (1630–87) published a poem entitled *The Wonders of the Peak* in 1681.

& Understanding; & all the Pleasure arising from them, results from the Conformity of the representation to the reality of the Object, supposing still, what must never be[8] forgot, that the objects themselves are proper foundations for the sublime. As I have a little time & much Paper left, I will relieve your Mind with two or three instances of Sublime, unmixd with Paſsion, & yet not inferior to any thing in any Language.

> How sweetly did they float upon the Wings
> Of Silence, thro' the empty-vaulted Night
> At every fall, smoothing the raven down
> Of Darkneſs, till it smild—[9]

What is this, but a lively description of harmonious Sounds, conveyd by a gradual modulation thro' the undisturbd air, & making the very terrors of Night & Solitude agreable.

Give me leave, eh paſsant, to say a Syllable concerning the last Word in that Paſsage. An inferior author would have said, '*till it shined*', which is the opposite to darkneſs & the proper effect of Smoothing. but the easy transition from Darkneſs to Frowning suggested to his Mind, the idea of *Smiling*, as its Contrary, which in my opinion finishd the Picture highly, & is snatching a grace beyond the rules of art. again

> —our great Enemy
> All incorruptible, would on his Throne
> Sit unpolluted, & th' æthereal Mould,
> Incapable of Stain, would soon expell
> Her Mischief, & purge off the baser fire
> Victorious.—[10]

[8] Mitford: 'to be'. [9] Milton, *Comus*, 249–52.
[10] *Par. Lost*, ii. 137–42.

Shall I add?

'Prayers that e'en spoke & Pity seem'd to call
And iſsuing Sighs that smoakd along the Wall
Complaints & hot desires, the Lover's Hell
And scalding tears that wore a Channell where they fell [11].

* * * * [12]

Addressed: To be left,
at Morley's Coffee House,
Tunbridge Wells,
Kent.

127. GRAY TO WEST.

Florence, Sept. 25, N.S. 1740.

WHAT I send you now, as long as it is, is but a piece of a poem [1]. It has the advantage of all fragments, to need neither introduction nor conclusion: Besides, if you do not like it, it is but imagining that which went before, and came after, to be infinitely better. Look in Sandy's Travels [2] for the history of Monte Barbaro, and Monte Nuovo [3].

* * *

[11] This quotation has not been traced.

[12] Rest of Letter torn off. *Mitford.*

LETTER 127.—Reprinted from Mason's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, pp. 105–9.

[1] A copy of a slightly different version of this poem in Gray's handwriting is preserved among the Walpole MSS. in the Waller Collection.

[2] George Sandys (1598–1644) published an account of his travels under the title of *The Relation of a Journey begun an. Dom. 1610, in Four Books*, in 1615.

[3] Mason quotes the passage referred to: 'West of Cicero's villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate mountain, in which there are diverse obscure caverns, choaked almost with earth, where many have consumed much

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, & veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæq, eheu jam nescius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumq, urget latus, exuritq, ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, & molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamq, per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas[4]:

fruitless industry in searching for treasure. The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly from Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus: But is now no other than a little sedgy plash, choaked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption of the new mountain; whereof, as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise, (partly out of a lake and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, unto such a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1538, on the 29th of September, when for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore, (leaving abundance of fish, and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom) this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour of the night, with an hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Puzzol flying through the dark with their wives and children; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this which Nature inflicted.——This new mountain, when newly raised, had a number of issues; at some of them smoking and sometimes flaming; at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters; keeping within a terrible rumbling; and many miserably perished that ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But that hollow on the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain throughout is bereft of its terrors.' (Bk. iv, pp. 275, 277–8.)

[4] Waller MS.: 'Tellurem late surdum mugire cavernas'.

Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisq$_3$ ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosq$_3$ receſsus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâq$_3$ voragine fauces;
Tum[5] piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentiq$_3$ imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perq$_3$ avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans saepè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditq$_3$ audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelsø rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasq$_3$ domos, & dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percuſsum, & pallentes sulphure campos,
Fumumq$_3$, flammasq$_3$, rotataq$_3$ turbine saxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, & lux reddita cælo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, paſsuq$_3$ videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Speſantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve oſsa parentum,
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
Unà colligere, & justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam oſsa parentum
(Spem miseram!) aſsuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemq$_3$ favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemq$_3$ suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloq$_3$ in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosq$_3$ per annos

[5] Waller MS.: 'Et'.

Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, & nullo tellus revirescere cultu:
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros [6], saltusq, vacantes.
Sæpius et [7] longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæq, revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremq, ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atq, aspera saxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, & flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat, seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere ollim rivi, atque effæta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresq, recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans [8] *incendia jam nunc*
(Horrendùm) arcanis *glomerat genti eſse futuræ*
Exitio, sparsos tacitusq, *recolligit ignes.*
Raro per clivos haud [9] *secius ordine vidi*
Canescentem oleam: *longum post tempus amicti*
Vite virent tumuli [10]; *patriamq, revisere gaudens*
Bacchus in aſsuetis *tenerum caput exerit* [11] *arvis*
Vix tandem, infidoq, audet se credere cælo.

There was a certain little ode [12] set out from Rome, in a letter of recommendation to you, but poſsibly fell into the enemies' hands, for I never heard of its arrival. It is a little impertinent to enquire after its welfare;

[6] Waller MS.: 'informes tam durus habebat Horror agros late circum'.

[7] Waller MS.: 'hoc'.

[8] Waller MS.: 'meditata'.

[9] Waller MS.: 'Per clivos raro nec'.

[10] Waller MS.: 'colles' altered to 'tumuli'.

[11] Waller MS.: 'exserit'.

[12] The Alcaic ode ('Mater rosarum') sent with Letter 119.

but you, that are a father, will excuse a parent's foolish fondneſs. Last post I received a very diminutive letter[13]: It made excuses for its unentertainingneſs, very little to the purpose; since it aſsured me, very strongly, of your esteem, which is to me the thing; all the rest appear but as the petits agrémens, the garnishing of the dish. P. Bougeant[14], in his Langage des Bêtes, fancies that your birds, who continually repeat the same note, say only in plain terms, 'Je vous aime, ma chere; ma chere, je vous aime;' and that those of greater genius indeed, with various trills, run divisions upon the subject; but that the *fond*, from whence it all proceeds, is 'toujours je vous aime.' Now you may, as you find yourself dull or in humour, either take me for a chaffinch or nightingale; sing your plain song, or show your skill in music, but in the bottom let there be, toujours, toujours de l'Amitié.

As to what you call my serious letter[15]; be aſsured, that your future state is to me entirely indifferent. Do not be angry, but hear me; I mean with respect to myself. For whether you be at the top of Fame, or entirely unknown to mankind; at the Council-table, or at Dick's coffee-house; sick and simple, or well and wise; whatever alteration mere accident works in you, (supposing it utterly impoſsible for it to make any change in your sincerity and honesty, since these are conditions sine quâ non) I do not see any likelihood of my not being yours ever.

[13] This letter has not been preserved.

[14] See Letter 91, p. 10.

[15] Letter 124.

128. WEST TO ASHTON.

NO more of your civil Prefaces[1], dear Ashton; I am sorry we can't agree, but who can help it? I shall never be of your opinion, till you can convince me: and I beg you'll never be of mine, but upon the same Condition.

Our Controversy, I find, is reduced to this one question. Whether your definition of the Sublime is a just & comprehensive definition of the Sublime[2] or not?

The Sublime, say you, is a just and lively representation of the grand objects and Circumstances of Nature.

Now, I humbly propose another question first i. e. whether your definition is a clear and expreſsive definition or not?

This question indeed is of little importance to yourself, who made the definition & consequently must know your own Meaning: when you made it: but to me, who did not make it, & only gueſs your Meaning from the Words, I read in the definition itself, it is of great importance. For how should I know whether the Meaning of a Definition is just, unleſs the Words are clear to me? How should I judge whether tis comprehensive, unleſs I comprehend it?

I had no doubts about my comprehension till your

LETTER 128.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 145–6); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 170 ff.).

[1] See Letter 126.

[2] These three words are omitted by Tovey.

last letter; but now I have: for you seem there to give a greater latitude of Meaning to some of your Words, than I think the Words will bear.

I shall be in Town very soon & then you shall explain to me, if you'll give yourself the trouble: for I hate all explanations, but oral explanations.

Besides, if you send any more letters, I shall miſs them: for the Company is all gone from here, & the Consequence is, that the Post brings us no more letters.

Yours internally
R. W.

Tunbridge Wells. Sept. 31. 1740.

Addressed: To
Thomas Ashton Esq^r^
at the Honble M^rs^ Lewis's
in Hanover Square
London

129. WALPOLE TO WEST.

Florence, Oct. 2, 1740. N.S.

DEAR WEST,

T'OTHER night as we (you know who *we* are) were walking on the charming bridge, just before going to a wedding aſsembly, we said, 'Lord, I wish, just as we are got into the room, they would call us out, and say, West is arrived! We would make him dreſs instantly, and carry him back to the entertainment. How he would stare and wonder at a thousand things, that no longer strike us as odd!' Would not

LETTER 129.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 452–6.

you? One agreed that you should have come directly by sea from Dover, and be set down at Leghorn, without setting foot in any other foreign town, and so land at *Us*, in all your first full amaze; for you are to know, that astonishment rubs off violently; we did not cry out Lord! half so much at Rome as at Calais, which to this hour I look upon as one of the most surprising cities in the universe. My dear child, what if you were to take this little sea-jaunt? One would recommend sir John Norris's [1] convoy to you, but one should be laughed at now for supposing that he is ever to sail beyond Torbay [2]. The Italians take Torbay for an English town in the hands of the Spaniards, after the fashion of Gibraltar, and imagine 'tis a wonderful strong place, by our fleet's having retired from before it so often, and so often returned.

[1] See Letter 125, n. 4.

[2] *Extract of a letter from on board the Suffolk in Torbay, Sept.* 5, 1740. 'After another ineffectual attempt to get out of the Channel, we are a third time driven back, and obliged to return to this harbour. Our departure from St. Helen's (after the Lyon and Victory had ran foul) was the 23rd of July; we had a wind tolerably fair, but it being that afternoon and next day westerly, we got but a little west of this place, when the wind blowing very hard in our teeth, obliged us to put in here. We arrived the 26th, at 6 in the afternoon. The wind continuing W. & S.W. we remained till the 4th of August, when we weighed and sailed. Wind at N.E. as far as the Bolt Head, next day within 6 leagues of the Lizard, tho' the wind had changed to the W. The 6th it blew so violently S.W. that there was no standing against it, so we returned again to Torbay. The wind continuing between S. and W. we lay till the 22nd, and then sailed with an easy breeze from the East for two days, but did not get up with the Lizard till the 25th at 8 in the morning, when suddenly there blew so rank a storm from the S. that we wondered the Admiral did not give the signal for returning; but at 8 next day, the storm increasing, he was obliged to give way to necessity, and we put in here a third time on the 26th.' (*Gent. Mag.*, 1740, p. 466.)

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming feast: a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the sugar-plums of Florence. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and stuff their pockets and every creek and corner about them. You would be as much amazed at us as at anything you saw: instead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of course to be sure I would be, we are in all the idleneſses and amusements of the town. For me, I am grown so lazy, and so tired of seeing sights, that, though I have been at Florence six months, I have not seen Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, or Pistoia; nay, not so much as one of the Great Duke's villas. I have contracted so great an aversion to inns and postchaises, and have so absolutely lost all curiosity, that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see a jot more of a foreign land; and trust me, when I return, I will not visit Welsh mountains, like Mr. Williams[3]. After Mount Cenis, the Boccheto[4], the Giogo[5], Radicofani, and the Appian Way, one has mighty little hunger after travelling. I shall be mighty apt to set up my staff at Hyde-park-corner: the alehouseman there at Hercules's Pillars[6] was certainly returned from his travels into foreign parts.

Now I'll answer your questions[7].

[3] Presumably the Mr. Williams of Letter 114, n. 4.

[4, 5] Passes in the Ligurian and Etruscan Apennines.

[6] A public-house at Hyde Park Corner.

[7] West's letter here referred to has not been preserved.

I have made no discoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions, and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are. I am very well acquainted with doctor Cocchi[8]; he is a good sort of man, rather than a great man; he is a plain honest creature with quiet knowledge, but I dare say all the English have told you, he has a very particular understanding: I really don't believe they meant to impose on you, for they thought so. As to Bondelmonti[9], he is much leſs; he is a low mimic; the brightest cast of his parts attains to the composition of a sonnet: he talks irreligion with English boys, sentiment with my sister[10], and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will transcribe you a little song that he made t'other day; 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into English; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Asheton into Greek. Here 'tis:

Speſso amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;
Poi si mischia; e si confonde
Con lo sdegno e col rancor.

[8] Antonio Cocchi, a Florentine physician and littérateur (d. 1758). It was he who attended Walpole during his serious illness at Reggio in the following May (see Letter 137, n. 2).

[9] Giuseppe Maria Bondelmonti (1713–57), of the ancient family of that name. He was a good linguist, and made an Italian prose translation of *The Rape of the Lock*.

[10] Lady Walpole (see Letter 125, n. 10).

In pietade ei si trasforma,
Par trastullo e par dispetto;
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto,
Sempre egli è l'istesso amor.

Risit[11] *amicitiæ interdùm velatus amictu,*
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit amor:
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus & in lacrymas:
Ludentem[12] *fuge; nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;*
Idem est dissimili semper in ore deus.

Love often in the comely mien
Of friendship fancies to be seen;
Soon again he shifts his dress,
And wears disdain and rancour's face.

To gentle pity then he changes;
Thro' wantonness, thro' piques he ranges;
But in whatever shape he move,
He 's still himself, and still is love.

See how we trifle! but one can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for one must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bed-staff[13]; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are so many old fools, and so few young ones.

[11] Gray's own version reads *Lusit* (see his letter to West of April 21, 1741—Letter 134).

[12] Miss Berry prints *Sudentem*, which subsequent editors have 'corrected' to *Sudantem*! The correct reading is given in Gray's own version (see n. 11).

[13] Shadwell, *Virtuoso*, i. 1: 'I'll do it instantly, in the twinkling of a bed-staff.'

Now I proceed in my answers.

I made but small collections, and have only bought some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures: one of my busts is to be mentioned; 'tis the famous Vespasian in touch-stone, reckoned the best in Rome except the Caracalla of the Farnese: I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is as great a curiosity: 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in brafs; this reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or small medallion, and the only one with this reverse known in the world: 'twas found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for sixpence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it seven guineas and an half: but to virtuosi 'tis worth any sum.

As to Tartini's[14] musical compositions, ask Gray[15]: I know but little in music.

But for the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in company with it: 'tis all disjointed. Madam ——, who though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalised with the other two dames, especially with Moll Wortlefs[16], who

[14] Giuseppe Tartini (1692–1770).

[15] Gray's knowledge of music is mentioned by Mason (*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Gray*, p. 342): 'His taste in this art was equal to his skill in any more important science. . . . Of Pergolesi's and of Leo's, Bononcini's, Vinci's, and Hasse's works, he made a valuable collection while abroad, chiefly of such of their vocal compositions as he had himself heard and admired, . . . vocal music, and that only (excepting perhaps the lessons of the younger Scarlatti), was what he chiefly regarded.'

[16] Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu.

knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with Lady W.[17] for a certain Mr. ——, whom perhaps you knew at Oxford: If you did not, I'll tell you: he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution; a shallow creature by nature, but a wit by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. He fell into sentiments with my Lady W. and was happy to catch her at Platonic love: but as she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses, when she shall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naught. Lady Mary is so far gone, that to get him from the mouth of her antagonist, she literally took him out to dance country dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at princeſs Craon's[18], where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish: I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of lady Pomfret to Mr. ——, who asked her if she did not approve Platonic love? 'Lord, sir,' says she, 'I am sure any one that knows me, never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it,' pointing to her two daughters.

[17] Lady Walpole.

[18] The Princess Craon was the favourite mistress of Leopold, the last Duke of Lorraine, who married her to M. de Beauvau, and prevailed on the Emperor to make him a Prince of the Empire. They at this time resided at Florence, where Prince Craon was at the head of the council of regency. *Walpole.*

So I have given you a sketch of our employments, and answered your questions, and will with pleasure as many more as you have about you.

Adieu! Was ever such a long letter? But 'tis nothing to what I shall have to say to you. I shall scold you for never telling us any news, public or private, no deaths, marriages, or mishaps; no account of new books: Oh, you are abominable! I could find in my heart to hate you, if I did not love you so well; but we will quarrel now, that we may be the better friends when we meet: there is no danger of that, is there? Good night, whether friend or foe! I am most sincerely

Yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

130. WEST TO WALPOLE.

MY DEAR WALPOLE,

I DID not long for the King's arrival[1], so much as I do for yours. Ashton never sees me but he tells me you are coming, and so he has prevented my writing two or three times. but Now I mind him no longer & I begin not to expect you till you have compleated your two year. But, be that as it will, t'is high time you should return, for, in the first place, you seem a little tired of seeing sights, and in the Next place you have a great inclination to represent

LETTER 130.—Now first printed from original in Waller Collection.

[1] The King left England on May 6, and did not return from Hanover till Oct. 8.

Steyning[2], & in the third place, you long prodigiously to see me & Miſs Conway[3]. I beg Miſs Conway's pardon for putting her so close to Me, but I intended it merely to give this last reason for your coming home it's proper weight, and besides, with all your Kindneſs for me, I began to be a little doubtfull, whether you would think it worth while to come over purely to see me; and so upon this account I preſs'd Miſs Conway's name in to my aſsistance.

You & Gray have done Bondelmonte[4] a great deal of Honour, by turning his Italian into Latin & English. I begun it in Frensh, but miscarried—I begun thus.

L'amour c'est un vray Protée.

But I could not go on, for fear I should spoil Love

[2] Steyning, in Sussex, returned two representatives to Parliament until it was disfranchised in 1832. There was a vacancy at this time owing to the death (14 Sept. 1740) of the junior member, Sir Robert Fagg, Bart. The senior member was the Marquis of Carnarvon, eldest son of the Duke of Chandos. Sir Robert Fagg was succeeded by Hitch Younge, who retained the seat during the next three Parliaments. Walpole entered Parliament in the next year as member for Callington in Cornwall, having been elected (May 14) at the general election of 1741, during his absence from England. He sat for Callington until 1754, when he was elected for Castle Rising in Norfolk, a seat which he vacated in Feb. 1757, in order to be chosen for King's Lynn, which he represented until his retirement from Parliament in 1768.

[3] His first cousin, Hon. Anne Seymour Conway (see Letter 71, n. 15), who in 1755 married John Harris. It seems to have been an open secret that Walpole was attached to her, for he was rallied about her not only by West, but also by his Cambridge tutor, John Whaley, who in a poem addressed to him not long after he left Cambridge writes:

'Flows from thy pen the sweet spontaneous line
While *Seymour's* look supplies the absent nine?'

It is perhaps this attachment which is alluded to in Gray's letter to Walpole of 23 Feb. 1738 (Letter 76).

[4] See Letter 129.

in his Frensh Dreſs, & so make it too evident that he was not sempre l'isteſso—by the by Ashton translated this part into Greek—ἀιει ἀυτοτατος μεν ἐρῶς—but I beleive he never begun it no more than I finish't it.

The part of my last letter[5] you don't understand, I don't understand neither. I doubt not however but it had a meaning when I writ it. After that it is not my fault, if my readers don't understand it.

What News have I to tell you? Humphrey parsons[6] is Lord Mayor, and the Pope[7], the King of Pruſsia[8], the Emperor[9], & the Czarina[10] are all dead. Admiral vernon's birthday[11] has been kept all over the Globe two or three times over—

My dear Walpole I have done. Everything I write is nonsense but only this, that I am ever yours intirely

RW.

Old Bondstreet. Novr. 10.

1740.

Addressed: Al Illustriſsimo Signr.
Il Signr. Horazio Walpole
Signor Inglese
à Firenze.

[5] Neither West's letter nor that of Walpole in reply, here referred to, has been preserved.

[6] Sir Humphrey Parsons (*c.* 1676–1741), 'a Jacobite brewer', twice Lord Mayor (1730–1, 1740–1); he died (March, 1741) during his second term of office.

[7] Clement XII, died 6 Feb. 1740.

[8] Frederick William I of Prussia, died 31 May 1740.

[9] Emperor Charles VI, died 20 Oct. 1740.

[10] Anne, Czarina of Russia, died 28 Oct. 1740.

[11] In a note to his letter of 9 Feb. 1758 to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole wrote: 'On Admiral Vernon's taking Porto Bello in 1740, the populace of London celebrated his birthday, and some doubts arising on the specific day, they celebrated it again, and I think continued to do so for two or three subsequent years.' The actual date was Nov. 12, two days after the date of this letter.

131. WALPOLE TO WEST.

From Florence, Nov. 1740.

CHILD, I am going to let you see your shocking proceedings with us. On my conscience, I believe 'tis three months since you wrote to either Gray or me. If you had been ill, Asheton would have said so; and if you had been dead, the gazettes would have said it. If you had been angry,—but that's impoſsible; how can one quarrel with folks three thousand miles off? We are neither divines nor commentators, and consequently have not hated you on paper. 'Tis to show that my charity for you cannot be interrupted at this distance, that I write to you; though I have nothing to say, for 'tis a bad time for small news; and when emperors[1] and czarinas[2] are dying all up and down Europe, one can't pretend to tell you of anything that happens within our sphere. Not but that we have our accidents too. If you have had a great wind in England[3], we have had a great water at Florence. We have been trying to set out every day, and pop upon you[4] . . . . It is fortunate that we staid, for I don't

LETTER 131.—Reprinted from *Works of Lord Orford*, vol. iv, pp. 456–8.

[1] See Letter 130, n. 9.

[2] See Letter 130, n. 10.

[3] 'Nov. 1. A most dreadful hurricane occurred, the effects of which proved very fatal to many; it began about six o'clock in the evening, and lasted till eleven. . . . One of the spires of Westminster Abbey was blown down, also a great part of the wall of Hyde Park; many stacks of chimneys were destroyed in different parts of London, and numerous lives lost.' (*Univ. Chron.* 1740.)

[4] A line of the manuscript is here torn away. *Berry.*

know what had become of us! Yesterday, with violent rains, there came flouncing down from the mountains such a flood, that it floated the whole city. The jewellers on the Old Bridge removed their commodities, and in two hours after the bridge was cracked. The torrent broke down the quays, and drowned several coach-horses, which are kept here in stables under ground. We were moated into our house all day, which is near the Arno, and had the miserable spectacles of the ruins that were washed along with the hurricane. There was a cart with two oxen not quite dead, and four men in it drowned: but what was ridiculous, there came tiding along a fat hay-cock, with a hen and her eggs, and a cat. The torrent is considerably abated; but we expect terrible news from the country, especially from Pisa, which stands so much lower and nearer the sea. There is a stone here, which when the water overflows, Pisa is entirely flooded. The water rose two ells yesterday above that stone. Judge!

For this last month we have paſsed our time but dully; all diversions silenced on the emperor's death, and every body out of town. I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of cicisbeos. I have literally seen so much love and pharaoh since being here, that I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't believe I should know seven o'clock in the morning again, if I was to see it. But I am returning to England, and shall grow very solemn and wise! Are you wise? Dear West, have pity on one, who

have done nothing of gravity for these two years, and do laugh sometimes. We do nothing else, and have contracted such formidable ideas of the good people of England, that we are already nourishing great black eye-brows, and great black beards, and teasing our countenances into wrinkles. Then for the common talk of the times we are quite at a loſs, and for the dreſs. You would oblige us extremely by forwarding to us the votes of the houses, the king's speech[5], and the magazines; or if you had any such thing as a little book called the Foreigner's Guide through the city of London and the liberties of Westminster; or a Letter to a Freeholder; or the Political Companion: then 'twould be an infinite obligation if you would neatly bandbox-up a baby dreſsed after the newest Temple fashion now in use at both play-houses. Alack-a-day! We shall just arrive in the tempest of elections!

As our departure depends entirely upon the weather, we cannot tell you to a day when we shall say, Dear West, how glad I am to see you! and all the many questions and answers that we shall give and take. Would the day were come! Do but figure to yourself the journey we are to paſs through first! But you can't conceive Alps, Apennines, Italian inns and post-chaises. I tremble at the thoughts. They were just sufferable while new and unknown, and as we met them by the way in coming to Florence, Rome, and Naples; but they are paſsed, and the mountains remain! Well, write to one in the interim; direct to me addreſsed to monsieur Selwyn, *chez monsieur*

[5] Parliament met 18 Nov. 1740.

Alexandre, rüe St. Apolline, à Paris. If Mr. Alexandre is not there, the street is, and I believe that will be sufficient. Adieu, my dear child!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

132. WEST TO ASHTON.

[1740]

I MEAN; 'tis like that Picture of a handsome man, which, at the same time 'tis very well executed, yet owes its Principal beauty to its prototype.

2ndly. I am afraid I talk both superficially & unintelligibly: but I'll proceed, tho' I waste another sheet of paper. The Sublime therefore which I mean, I place neither in the Object, nor in the idea immediately rising from it. I must place it therefore at last either in the Sentiment or expreſsion, or both: and now methinks I am returnd to what occasiond the debate, between the Lord and the Doctor. Were I to place it in either singly, I should certainly place it in the Sentiment—for there is the Principium & fons. Unleſs you think nobly, I defy you to talk so, or even to look so, much leſs to act so. Noble thoughts are the common Substratum of noble actions & discourses, the orator and the hero are both derived from hence. But I place it in both, tho' more in the Sentiment, than in

LETTER 132.—First printed by Tovey in *Gray and his Friends* (pp. 146–9); now reprinted from Mitford's transcript (MS. Brit. Mus. *Add.* 32,562, foll. 172 ff.). The letter, as Mitford notes, is imperfect; it continues the discussion of Letters 126 and 128.

the Expreſsion. And this perhaps is the reason, why a great Sentiment expreſsd even in the simplest words, will nevertheleſs appear sublime. The true Sublime is like true Beauty. induitur, formosa est; exuitur, ipsa forma est!—it rather loses[1], than gains by ornament. It thunders, it lightens, it bursts immediately from the mind of the Orator upon his Hearers, it convinces them, it amazes them, its authority is irresistible. Such are[2] the Speech of Henry the IV[th] of France to his Soldiers[3]—There are your Ennemyes—remember you are Frenshmen—and that Henry is your General—Supposing these words accompanied with their proper emphasis and Fire, in Speaking, do you think there was any Frenshman, there, who would not have fought to the last drop in his veins? and so much, Sirs, for the Sentiment.

3. I come now to the Expreſsion, which is all, that is further requisite in the Writer; but in the Orator there would be pronunciation, gesture &c. which it would be foreign to talk of here: nor have I room to talk much more about its Expreſsion, I shall only make this one observation i.e.—That in the description of the Sublime, objects such [as] are so naturally 'tis usual to give into sounding Phrases and noble Metaphors—but

[1] Tovey: 'looses'.

[2] So Mitford's transcript.

[3] At the battle of Ivry—cf. Voltaire's *Henriade*, viii. 146–50):

'Vous êtes nés Français, et je suis votre roi;
Voilà vos ennemis, marchez, et suivez-moi;
Ne perdez point de vue, au fort de la tempête,
Ce panache éclatant qui flotte sur ma tête;
Vous le verrez toujours au chemin de l'honneur.'

when the Sublime is in the Sentiment itself, 'tis generally cloathd in simple expreſsions.

If I may give the Preference, I should prefer the last kind, but I doubt—and you are tired I see, and think I have been talking nonsense for a good while together —so—Finis

R. West.

Δόξα μόνω τω Θεω

P.S.

Alexander[4], the Great, Banquier à Paris, is in the Bastile. Pray how are we to send our letters.

Addressed: To Thomas Ashton Esq
at Mrs Lewes's, at her
House in Hanover Square
London.

[4] See Letter 131, *ad fin.*

END OF VOL. I

PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 11 March, 2020